THE WORKS OF Mr Abraham Cowley.

Conſiſting of

Thoſe which were formerly Printed:

AND

Thoſe which he Deſign'd for the Preſs,

Now Publiſhed out of the Authors

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M^r: Abraham Cowley

An account of the

LIFE
AND
WRITINGS
OF
Mr *ABRAHAM COWLEY.*

Written to

Mr *M. CLIFFORD.*

SIR,



R. *Cowley* in his Will recommended to my care the reviſing of all his Works that were formerly printed, and the collecting of thoſe Papers which he had deſign'd for the Preſs. And he did it with this particular Obligation, *That I ſhould be ſure to let nothing paſs, that might ſeem the leaſt offence to Religion, or good Manners.* A Caution which you will judge to have been altogether needleſs. For certainly, in all Ancient or Modern Times, there can ſcarce any Author be found, that has handled ſo many different Matters in ſuch various ſorts of Style, who leſs wants the correction of his Friends, or has leſs reaſon to fear the ſeverity of Strangers.

According to his deſire and his own intention, I have now ſet forth his Latine and Engliſh Writings, each in a

Volume apart; and to that which was before extant in both Langages, I have added all that I could find in his Closet, which he had brought to any manner of perfection. I have thus, Sir, performed the Will of the Dead: But I doubt I shall not satisfie the expectation of the Living, unless some account be here premis'd concerning this excellent Man. I know very well, that he has given the World the best Image of his own mind in these immortal Monuments of his Wit. Yet there is still room enough left, for one of his familiar acquaintacne to say many things of his Poems, and chiefly of his life, that may serve for the information of his Readers, if not for the encrease of his Fame; which without any such helps, is already sufficiently establish'd.

This, Sir, were an Argument most proper for you to manage, in respect of your great abilities, and the long friendship you maintain'd with him. But you have an obstinate aversion from publishing any of your Writings. I guess what pretence you have for it, and that you are confirm'd in this resolution by the prodigious multitude and imperfections of Us Writers of this Age. I will not now dispute, whether you are in the right, though I am confident you would contribute more to our reformation by your example, than reproofs. But however, seeing you persist in your purpose, and have refus'd to adorn even this very subject, which you love so well, I beg your assistance while I my self undertake it. This I do with the greater willingness, because I believe there is no man, who speaks of Mr. *Cowley*, that can want either matter or words. I only therefore intreat you to give me leave to make you a party in this Relation, by using your Name and your Testimony. For by this means, though the memory of our Friend shall not be delivered to posterity, with the advantage of your Wit, which were most to be desir'd; yet his praise will be strengthen'd by the consent of your judgment, and the authority of your approbation.

Mr. *A. Cowley* was born in the City of *London*, in the Year One thousand six hundred and eighteen. His Parents were Citizens of a virtuous life and sufficient Estate, and so the condition of his Fortune was equal to the tem-

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per of his mind, which was always content with moderate things. The firſt years of his youth were ſpent in *Weſtminſter* School, where he ſoon obtain'd and increas'd the noble Genius peculiar to that place. The occaſion of his firſt inclination to Poetry, was his caſual lighting on *Spencer*'s *Fairy Queen*, when he was but juſt able to read. That indeed is a Poem fitter for the examination of men, than the conſideration of a Child. But in him it met with a Fancy, whoſe ſtrength was not to be judged by the number of his years.

In the thirteenth year of his age there came forth a little Book under his Name, in which there were many things that might well become the vigour and force of a manly Wit. The firſt beginning of his Studies, was a familiarity with the moſt ſolid and unaffected Authors of Antiquity, which he fully digeſted not only in his memory but his judgment. By this advantage he learnt nothing while a Boy, that he needed to forget or forſake, when he came to be a man. His mind was rightly ſeaſon'd at firſt, and he had nothing to do, but ſtill to proceed on the ſame Foundation on which he began.

He was wont to relate that he had this defect in his memory at that time, that his Teachers could never bring it to retain the ordinary Rules of Grammar. However he ſupply'd that want, by converſing with the Books themſelves, from whence thoſe Rules had been drawn. That no doubt was a better way, though much more difficult, and he afterwards found this benefit by it, that having got the Greek and Roman Languages, as he had done his own, not by precept but uſe, he practis'd them, not as a Scholar but a Native.

With theſe extraordinary hopes he was remov'd to *Trinity*-Colledge in *Cambridge*, where by the progreſs and continuance of his Wit, it appear'd that two things were join'd in it, which ſeldom meet together, that it was both early-ripe and laſting. This brought him into the love and eſteem of the moſt eminent members of that famous Society, and principally of your Uncle Mr. *Fotherby*, whoſe favours he ſince abundantly acknowledg'd, when his Benefactor had quite forgot the obligation. His Exerciſes of all kinds, are ſtill remembred in that Uni-

verſity with great applauſe, & with this particular praiſe, that they were not only fit for the obſcurity of an Academical life, but to have been ſhown on the true Theater of the World. There it was that before the twentieth year of his Age, he laid the deſign of divers of his moſt Maſculine Works, that he finiſh'd long after. In which I know not whether I ſhould moſt commend, that a mind ſo young ſhould conceive ſuch great things, or that it ſhould be able to perfect them with ſuch felicity.

The firſt occaſion of his entring into buſineſs, was the Elegy that he writ on Mr. *Harveys* Death; wherein he deſcribed the higheſt Characters of Religion, Knowledge, and Friendſhip, in an Age when moſt other men ſcarce begin to learn them. This brought him into the acquaintance of Mr. *John Harvey*, the Brother of his deceaſed Friend, from whom he received many Offices of kindneſs through the whole courſe of his life, and principally this, that by his means he came into the ſervice of my Lord St. *Albans*.

When the Civil War broke out, his affection to the Kings Cauſe drew him to *Oxford*, aſſoon as it began to be the chief ſeat of the Royal Party. In that Univerſity he proſecuted the ſame Studies with a like ſucceſs. Nor in the mean time was he wanting to his duty in the War it ſelf, for he was preſent and in ſervice in ſeveral of the Kings Journeys and Expeditions. By theſe occaſions and the report of his high deſerts, he ſpeedily grew familiar to the chief men of the Court and the Gown, whom the Fortune of the War had drawn together. And particularly, though he was then very young, he had the entire friendſhip of my Lord *Falkland* one of the Principal Secretaries of State. That affection was contracted by the agreement of their Learning and Manners. For you may remember, Sir, we have often heard Mr. *Cowley* admire him, not only for the profoundneſs of his Knowledge, which was applauded by all the World, but more eſpecially for thoſe qualities which he himſelf more regarded, for his generoſity of mind, and his neglect of the vain pomp of humane greatneſs.

During the heat of the Civil War, he was ſetled in my Lord St. *Albans* Family, and attended her Majeſty the

the Queen-Mother, when by the unjuſt perſecution of her Subjects, ſhe was forc'd to retire into *France*. Upon this wandring condition of the moſt vigorous part of his life, he was wont to reflect, as the cauſe of the long interruption of his Studies. Yet we have no reaſon to think that he loſt ſo great a ſpace of Time, if we conſider in what buſineſs he employ'd his baniſhment. He was abſent from his native Country above twelve years; which were wholly ſpent either in bearing a ſhare in the diſtreſſes of the Royal Family, or in labouring in their Affairs. To this purpoſe he performed ſeveral dangerous journeys into *Jerſey*, *Scotland*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, or whereever elſe the Kings Troubles requir'd his attendance. But the chief Teſtimony of his Fidelity, was the laborious ſervice he underwent in maintaining the conſtant correſpondence between the late King and the Queen his Wife. In that weighty Truſt he behaved himſelf with indefatigable integrity, and unſuſpected ſecrecy. For he cypher'd and decypher'd with his own hand, the greateſt part of all the Letters that paſſed between their Majeſties, and managed a vaſt Intelligence in many other parts: which for ſome years together took up all his days, and two or three nights every week.

At length upon his preſent Majeſties removal out of *France*, and the Queen Mothers ſtaying behind, the buſineſs of that nature paſſed of courſe into other hands. Then it was thought fit by thoſe on whom he depended, that he ſhould come over into *England*, and under pretence of privacy and retirement, ſhould take occaſion of giving notice of the poſture of things in this Nation. Upon his return he found his Country groaning under the oppreſſion of an unjuſt Uſurpation. And he ſoon felt the effects of it. For while he lay hid in *London*, he was ſeiz'd on by a miſtake, the ſearch having been intended after another Gentleman, of conſiderable note in the Kings Party. Being made a Priſoner, he was often examined before the Uſurpers, who tryed all imaginable ways to make him ſerviceable to their ends. That courſe not prevailing, he was committed to a ſevere reſtraint; and ſcarce at laſt obtained his liberty upon the hard terms of a Thouſand pound Bail, which burden Dr. *Scarborough*

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very honourably took upon himſelf. Under theſe Bonds he continued till the general redemption. Yet taking the opportunity of the Confuſions that followed upon *Cromwells* death, he ventured back into *France*, and there remained in the ſame Station as before, till near the time of the Kings return.

This certainly, Sir, is abundantly ſufficient to juſtifie his Loyalty to all the World; though ſome have endeavoured to bring it in queſtion, upon occaſion of a few lines in the Preface to one of his Books. The Objection I muſt not paſs by in ſilence, becauſe it was the only part of his life, that was liable to miſ-interpretation, even by the confeſſion of thoſe that envied his Fame. In this caſe perhaps it were enough, to alledge for him to men of moderate minds, that what he there ſaid was publiſhed before a Book of Poetry, and ſo ought rather to be eſteemed as a Problem of his Fancy and Invention, than as the real Image of his Judgment. But his defence in this matter may be laid on a ſurer foundation. This is the true reaſon that is to be given of his delivering that opinion. Upon his coming over he found the ſtate of the Royal Party very deſperate. He perceived the ſtrength of their Enemies ſo united, that till it ſhould begin to break within it ſelf, all endeavours againſt it were like to prove unſucceſsful. On the other ſide he beheld their zeal for his Majeſties Cauſe, to be ſtill ſo active, that it often hurried them into inevitable ruine. He ſaw this with much grief. And though he approv'd their conſtancy, as much as any man living, yet he found their unſeaſonable ſhewing it, did only diſable themſelves, and give their Adverſaries great advantages of riches and ſtrength by their defeats. He therefore believed that it would be a meritorious ſervice to the King, if any man who was known to have followed his intereſt, could inſinuate into the Uſurpers minds, that men of his Principles were now willing to be quiet, and could perſwade the poor oppreſſed Royaliſts to conceal their affections, for better occaſions. And as for his own particular, he was a cloſe Priſoner, when he writ that againſt which the exception is made; ſo that he ſaw it was impoſſible for him to purſue the ends for which he came hither, if he did not make

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ſome kind of declaration of his peaceable intentions. This was then his opinion. And the ſucceſs of things ſeems to prove, that it was not very ill grounded. For certainly it was one of the greateſt helps to the Kings Affairs, about the latter end of that Tyranny, that many of his beſt Friends diſſembled their Counſels, and acted the ſame Deſigns, under the Diſguiſes and Names of other Parties.

This, Sir, you can teſtifie to have been the innocent occaſion of theſe words, on which ſo much clamour was rais'd. Yet ſeeing his good intentions were ſo ill interpreted, he told me, the laſt time that ever I ſaw him, that he would have them omitted in the next Impreſſion: of which his Friend Mr. *Cook* is a witneſs. However, if we ſhould take them in the worſe ſenſe, of which they are capable: yet methinks for his maintaining one falſe Tenent in the Political Philoſophy, he made a ſufficient atonement by a continual ſervice of twenty years, by the perpetual Loyalty of his diſcourſe, and by many of his other Writings, wherein he has largely defended, and adorned the Royal Cauſe. And to ſpeak of him not as our Friend, but according to the common Laws of Humanity; certainly that life muſt needs be very unblamable, which had been tryed in buſineſs of the higheſt conſequence, and practis'd in the hazardous ſecrets of Courts and Cabinets; and yet there can nothing diſgraceful be produc'd againſt it, but only the errour of one Paragraph, and a ſingle Metaphor.

But to return to my Narration, which this Digreſſion has interrupted: Upon the Kings happy Reſtauration, Mr. *Cowley* was paſt the fortieth year of his Age; of which the greateſt part had been ſpent in a various and tempeſtuous condition. He now thought he had ſacrificed enough of his life to his curioſity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occaſions of obſervation. He had been preſent in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time diſturb'd the Peace of all our Neighbour-States, as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the ſplendour of the higheſt part of mankind. He had lived in the preſence of Princes, and familiarly converſt with greatneſs in all its degrees, which was neceſſa-

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ry for one that would contemn it aright: for to ſcorn the pomp of the World before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill Manners, than a true Magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to Foreign Manners. He was ſatiated with the Arts of Court: which ſort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. Theſe were the reaſons that moved him to forgo all Publick Employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greateſt throng of his former buſineſs, had ſtill called upon him, and repreſented to him the true delights of ſolitary Studies, of temperate Pleaſures, and of a moderate Revenue, below the malice and flatteries of Fortune.

At firſt he was but ſlenderly provided for ſuch a retirement, by reaſon of his Travels, and the Afflictions of the Party to which he adhered, which had put him quite out of all the roads of gain. Yet, notwithſtanding the narrowneſs of his Income, he remained fixed to his reſolution, upon his confidence in the temper of his own mind, which he knew had contracted its deſires into ſo ſmall a compaſs, that a very few things would ſupply them all. But upon the ſettlement of the Peace of our Nation, this hinderance of his deſign was ſoon remov'd: for he then obtain'd a plentiful Eſtate, by the favour of my Lord St. *Albans*, and the bounty of my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*; to whom he was always moſt dear, and whom he ever reſpected, as his principal Patrons. The laſt of which great men, you know, Sir, it is my duty to mention, not only for Mr. *Cowleys* ſake, but my own: though I cannot do it, without being aſham'd, that having the ſame Encourager of my Studies, I ſhould deſerve his Patronage ſo much leſs.

Thus he was ſufficiently furniſhed for his retreat. And immediately he gave over all purſuit of Honour and Riches, in a time, when, if any ambitious or covetous thoughts had remain'd in his mind, he might juſtly have expected to have them readily ſatisfied. In his laſt ſeven or eight years he was conceal'd in his beloved obſcurity,

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and poſſeſs'd that ſolitude, which from his very childhood he had always moſt paſſionately deſired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into buſineſs, yet he never gave ear to any perſwaſions of Profit or Preferment. His viſits to the City and Court were very few: his ſtays in Town were only as a Paſſenger, not an Inhabitant. The places that he choſe for the ſeats of his declining life, were two or three Villages on the Bank of the *Thames*. During this receſs, his mind was rather exerciſed on what was to come, than what was paſt; he ſuffered no more buſineſs, nor cares of life to come near him, than what were enough to keep his ſoul awake, but not to diſturb it. Some few Friends and Books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conſcience, were his conſtant Companions. His Poetry indeed he took with him, but he made that an Anchorite, as well as himſelf: he only dedicated it to the ſervice of his Maker, to deſcribe the great images of Religion and Virtue wherewith his mind abounded. And he employed his Muſick to no other uſe, than as his own *David* did towards *Saul*, by ſinging the praiſes of God and of Nature, to drive the evil ſpirit out of mens minds.

Of his Works that are publiſh'd, it is hard to give one general Character, becauſe of the difference of their ſubjects; and the various forms and diſtant times of their writing. Yet this is true of them all, that in all the ſeveral ſhapes of his ſtyle, there is ſtill very much of the likeneſs and impreſſion of the ſame mind: the ſame unaffected modeſty, and natural freedom, and eaſie vigour, and chearful paſſions, and innocent mirth, which appear'd in all his Manners. We have many things that he writ in two very unlike conditions, in the Univerſity and the Court. But in his Poetry, as well as his Life, he mingled with excellent skill what was good in both ſtates. In his life he joyn'd the innocence, and ſincerity of the Scholar, with the humanity and good behaviour of the Courtier. In his Poems he united the Solidity and Art of the one, with the Gentility and Gracefulneſs of the other.

If any ſhall think that he was not wonderfully curious, in the choice and elegance of all his words: I will affirm with more truth on the other ſide, that he had no manner of affectation in them: he took them as he found them

made to his hands; he neither went before, nor came after the uſe of the Age. He forſook the Converſation, but never the Language, of the City and Court. He underſtood exceeding well, all the variety and power of Poetical Numbers; and practis'd all ſorts with great happineſs. If his Verſes in ſome places ſeem not as ſoft and flowing as ſome would have them, it was his choice not his fault. He knew that in diverting mens minds, there ſhould be the ſame variety obſerv'd as in the proſpects of their Eyes: where a Rock, a Precipice, or a riſing Wave, is often more delightful than a ſmooth, even ground, or a calm Sea. Where the matter required it, he was as gentle as any man. But where higher Vertues were chiefly to be regarded, an exact numeroſity was not then his main care. This may ſerve to anſwer thoſe who upbraid ſome of his Pieces with roughneſs, and with more contractions than they are willing to allow. But theſe Admirers of gentleneſs without ſinews, ſhould know that different Arguments muſt have different Colours of Speech: that there is a kind of variety of Sexes in Poetry, as well as in Mankind: that as the peculiar excellence of the Feminine Kind, is ſmoothneſs and beauty: ſo ſtrength is the chief praiſe of the Maſculine.

He had a perfect maſtery in both the Languages in which he writ: But each of them kept a juſt diſtance from the other: neither did his Latin make his Engliſh too old, nor his Engliſh make his Latin too modern. He excelled both in Proſe and Verſe; and both together have that perfection, which is commended by ſome of the Ancients above all others, that they are very obvious to the conception, but moſt difficult in the imitation.

His Fancy flow'd with great ſpeed, and therefore it was very fortunate to him, that his Judgment was equal to manage it. He never runs his Reader nor his Argument out of breath. He perfectly practiſes the hardeſt ſecret of good Writing, to know when he has done enough. He always leaves off in ſuch a manner, that it appears it was in his power, to have ſaid much more. In the particular expreſſions there is ſtill much to be Applauded, but more in the diſpoſition, and order of the whole. From thence there ſprings a new comelineſs, beſides

ſides the feature of each part. His Invention is powerful, and large as can be deſir'd. But it ſeems all to ariſe out of the Nature of the ſubject, and to be juſt fitted for the thing of which he ſpeaks. If ever he goes far for it, he diſſembles his pains admirably well.

The variety of Arguments that he has manag'd is ſo large, that there is ſcarce any particular of all the paſſions of men, or works of Nature, and Providence, which he has paſs'd by undeſcrib'd. Yet he ſtill obſerves the rules of Decence with ſo much care, that whether he inflames his Reader with the ſofter Affections, or delights him with inoffenſive Raillery, or teaches the familiar manners of Life, or adorns the diſcoveries of Philoſophy, or inſpires him with the Heroick Characters of Charity and Religion: To all theſe matters that are ſo wide aſunder, he ſtill proportions a due figure of Speech, and a proper meaſure of Wit. This indeed is moſt remarkable, that a man who was ſo conſtant and fix'd in the Moral Ideas of his mind, ſhould yet be ſo changeable in his Intellectual, and in both to the higheſt degree of Excellence.

If there needed any excuſe to be made, that his Love-Verſes ſhould take up ſo great a ſhare in his Works, it may be alledg'd that they were compos'd, when he was very young. But it is a vain thing to make any kind of Apology for that ſort of Writings. If Devout or Virtuous men will ſuperciliouſly forbid the minds of the young, to adorn thoſe ſubjects about which they are moſt converſant: They would put them out of all capacity of performing graver matters, when they come to them. For the exerciſes of all Mens Wits, muſt be always proper for their Age, and never too much above it: And by practice and uſe in lighter Arguments, they grow up at laſt to excel in the moſt weighty. I am not therefore aſham'd to commend Mr. *Cowley*'s Miſtreſs. I only except one or two Expreſſions, which I wiſh I could have prevail'd with thoſe that had the right of the other Edition, to have left out. But of all the reſt I dare boldly pronounce, that never yet ſo much was written on a Subject ſo Delicate, that can leſs offend the ſevereſt rules of Morality. The whole Paſſion of Love is intimately deſcrib'd, with all its mighty Train of Hopes,

and Joys, and Diſquiets. Beſides this amorous tenderneſs, I know not how in every Copy, there is ſomething of more uſeful Knowledge very naturally and gracefully inſinuated, and every where there may be ſomething found, to inform the minds of wiſe men, as well as to move the hearts of young Men, or Women.

The occaſion of his falling on the Pindaric way of writing, was his accidental meeting with *Pindars* Works, in a place, where he had no other Books to direct him. Having then conſidered at leiſure the height of his Invention, and the Majeſty of his Style, he try'd immediately to imitate it in *Engliſh*. And he perform'd it without the danger that *Horace* preſag'd to the man who ſhould dare to attempt it.

If any are diſpleas'd at the boldneſs of his Metaphors, and length of his Digreſſion, they contend not againſt Mr. *Cowly*, but *Pindar* himſelf: who was ſo much reverenc'd by all Antiquity, that the place of his Birth was preſerv'd as Sacred, when his Native City was twice deſtroy'd by the fury of two Conquerours. If the irregularity of the number diſguſt them, they may obſerve that this very thing makes that kind of Poeſie fit for all manner of ſubjects: For the Pleaſant, the Grave, the Amorous, the Heroic, the Philoſophical, the Moral, the Divine. Beſides this they will find, that the frequent alteration of the Rhythm and Feet, affects the mind with a more various delight, while it is ſoon apt to be tyr'd by the ſetled pace of any one conſtant meaſure. But that for which I think this inequality of number is chiefly to be preferr'd, is its nearer affinity with Proſe: From which all other kinds of *Engliſh* Verſe are ſo far diſtant, that it is very ſeldom found that the ſame man excells in both ways. But now this looſe and unconfin'd meaſure has all the Grace and Harmony of the moſt confin'd. And withal, it is ſo large and free, that the practice of it will only exalt, not corrupt our Proſe: which is certainly the moſt uſeful kind of Writing of all others: for it is the ſtyle of all buſineſs and converſation.

Beſides this imitating of *Pindar*, which may perhaps be thought rather a new ſort of Writing, than a reſtoring of an Ancient; he has alſo been wonderfully happy, in

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Tranſlating many difficult parts of the Nobleſt Poets of Antiquity. To perform this according to the Dignity of the attempt, he had, as it was neceſſary he ſhould have, not only the Elegance of both the Languages; but the true ſpirit of both the Poetries. This way of leaving Verbal Tranſlations, and chiefly regarding the Senſe and Genius of the Author, was ſcarce heard of in *England*, before this preſent Age. I will not preſume to ſay, that Mr. *Cowley* was the abſolute Inventor of it. Nay, I know that others had the good luck to recommend it firſt in Print. Yet I appeal to you, Sir, whether he did not conceive it, and diſcourſe of it, and practiſe it aſſoon as any man.

His *Davideïs* was wholly written in ſo young an Age; that if we ſhall reflect on the vaſtneſs of the Argument, and his manner of handling it, he may ſeem like one of the Miracles, that he there adorns, like a Boy attempting *Goliah*. I have often heard you declare, that he had finiſh'd the greateſt part of it, while he was yet a young Student at *Cambridge*. This perhaps may be the reaſon, that in ſome few places, there is more youthfulneſs, and redundance of Fancy, than his riper judgment would have allow'd. I know, Sir, you will give me leave to uſe this liberty of cenſure; for I do not here pretend to a profeſſed Panegyrick, but rather to give a juſt opinion concerning him. But for the main of it, I will affirm, that it is a better inſtance and beginning of a Divine Poem, than I ever yet ſaw in any Language. The contrivance is perfectly Ancient, which is certainly the true form of Heroick Poetry, and ſuch as was never yet outdone by any new Devices of Modern Wits. The ſubject was truly Divine, even according to Gods own heart. The matter of his invention, all the Treaſures of Knowledge and Hiſtories in the Bible. The model of it comprehended all the Learning of the Eaſt. The Characters lofty and various: The Numbers firm and powerful: The Digreſſions beautiful and proportionable: The Deſign to ſubmit mortal Wit to heavenly Truths: in all there is an admirable mixture of humane Virtues and Paſſions, with religious Raptures.

The truth is, Sir, methinks in other matters, his Wit excell'd

excell'd moſt other mens: but in his Moral and Divine Works it out-did it ſelf. And no doubt it proceeded from this Cauſe, that in other lighter kinds of Poetry, he chiefly repreſented the humours and affections of others; but in theſe he ſat to himſelf, and drew the figure of his own mind. I know it has been objected againſt him by ſome moroſe Zealots, that he has done an injury to the Scripture, by ſprinkling all his Works with many Alluſions and Similitudes that he took out of the Bible. But to theſe men it were a ſufficient reply, to compare their own Practice with his, in this particular. They make uſe of Scripture Phraſes and Quotations, in all their common Diſcourſe. They employ the words of Holy Writ, to countenance the extravagance of their own opinions and affections. And why then might not he take the liberty to fetch from thence ſome ornament, for the innocent Paſſions, and natural Truths, and moral Virtues which he deſcribes?

This is confutation enough to that ſort of men. As to the thing it ſelf, it is ſo far from being a debaſing of Divinity, to make ſome parts of it the ſubjects of our Fancy, that it is a ſure way to eſtabliſh it familiarly on the hearts of the people, and to give it a durable impreſſion on the minds of wiſe men. Of this we have a powerful inſtance amongſt the Ancients. For their Wit has laſted much longer than the Practice of any of their Religions. And the very memory of moſt of their Divine Worſhip had periſhed, if it had not been expreſſed and preſerved by their Poets. But Mr. *Cowley* himſelf did of all men living abhor the abuſe of Scripture by licentious Raillery: which ought not only to be eſteemed the meaneſt kind of Wit, but the worſt ſort of ill Manners. This perhaps ſome men would be loth to hear proved, who practiſe it under the falſe title of a Gentile Quality: but the truth of it is unqueſtionable. For the ordinary ill breeding is only an indecence and offence againſt ſome particular Cuſtom, or Geſture, or Behaviour in uſe. But this profaneneſs is a violation of the very ſupport of humane Society, and a rudeneſs againſt the beſt manners, that all Mankind can practiſe, which is a juſt reverence of the Supreme Power of all the World.

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In his Latine Poems he has expreſſed to admiration, all the Numbers of Verſes, and Figures of Poeſie, that are ſcattered up and down amongſt the Ancients. There is hardly to be found in them all, any good faſhion of Speech, or colour of Meaſure, but he has comprehended it, and given inſtances of it, according as his ſeveral Arguments required either a Majeſtick Spirit, or a paſſionate or a pleaſant. This is the more extraordinary, in that it was never yet performed by any ſingle Poet of the Ancient Romans themſelves. They had the Language natural to them, and ſo might eaſily have moulded it into what from or humour they pleas'd: Yet it was their conſtant Cuſtom, to confine all their thoughts and practice to one or two ways of Writing, as deſpairing ever to compaſs all together. This is evident in thoſe that excelled in Odes and Songs, in the Comical, Tragical, Epical, Elegiacal, or Satyrical way. And this perhaps occaſioned the firſt diſtinction and number of the Muſes. For they thought the task too hard for any one of them, though they fancied them to be Goddeſſes. And therefore they divided it amongſt them all, and only recommended to each of them, the care of a diſtinct Character of Poetry and Muſick.

The occaſion of his chuſing the ſubject of his ſix Books of Plants, was this; when he returned into *England*, he was adviſed to diſſemble the main intention of his coming over, under the diſguiſe of applying himſelf to ſome ſetled profeſſion. And that of Phyſick was thought moſt proper. To this purpoſe, after many Anatomical Diſſertions he proceeded to the conſideration of Simples; and having furniſh'd himſelf with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might ſhew him the real Figures of thoſe Plants, of which he read. Thus he ſpeedily maſter'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the ſtudy of the Law, inſtead of employing his Skill for practice and profit, he preſently digeſted it into that form which we behold.

The two firſt Books treat of Herbs, in a ſtyle reſembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the ſweetneſs and freedom of the Verſe: But excelling them in the ſtrength of the Fancy, and vigour of the Senſe. The third

third and fourth diſcourſe of Flowers in all the variety of *Catullus* and *Horaces* Numbers: For the laſt of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the ſtately and numerous pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar eaſineſs of his Epiſtles, and Speeches. The two laſt ſpeak of Trees, in the way of *Virgils Georgicks* Of theſe the ſixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *Britiſh* Oak to preſide in the Aſſembly of the Foreſt Trees, upon that occaſion he enlarges on the Hiſtory of our late Troubles, the Kings Affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch* War: and manages all in a ſtyle, that (to ſay all in a word) is equal to the Greatneſs and Valour of the *Engliſh* Nation.

I told you, Sir, that he was very happy in the way of *Horaces* Speeches. But of this there are but two Inſtances preſerv'd: that part of an Epiſtle to Mr. *Creſwel*, with which he concludes his Preface to his Book of Plants: and that Coppy which is written to your ſelf. I confeſs I heartily wiſh he had left more Examples behind him of this kind: becauſe I eſteem it to be one of the beſt and moſt difficult, of all thoſe that Antiquity has taught us. It is certainly the very Original of true Raillery; and differs as much from ſome of the other Latine *Satyrs*, as the pleaſant reproofs of a Gentleman, from the ſeverity of a School-maſter. I know ſome men diſ-approve it, becauſe the Verſe ſeems to be looſe, and near to the plainneſs of common Diſcourſe. But that which was admir'd by the Court of *Auguſtus*, never ought to be eſteem'd flat, or vulgar. And the ſame judgment ſhould be made of mens ſtyles, as of their behaviour, and carriage: wherein that is moſt courtly, and hardeſt to be imitated, which conſiſts of a Natural eaſineſs, and unaffected Grace, where nothing ſeems to be ſtudied, yet every thing is extraordinary.

This familiar way of Verſe puts me in mind of one kind of Proſe wherein Mr. *Cowly* was excellent; and that is his Letters to his private Friends. In theſe he always expreſs'd the Native tenderneſs, and Innocent gayety of his Mind. I think, Sir, you, and I have the greateſt Collection of this ſort. But I know you agree with me, that nothing

thing of this Nature ſhould be publiſh'd: And herein you have always conſented to approve of the modeſt Judgment of our Country-men above the practice of ſome of our Neighbours, and chiefly of the *French*. I make no manner of queſtion, but the *Engliſh* at this time are infinitely improv'd in this way, above the skill of former Ages, nay, of all Countries round about us, that pretend to greater Eloquence. Yet they have been always judiciouſly ſparing, in Printing ſuch compoſures, while ſome other Witty Nations have tyr'd all their Preſſes, and Readers with them. The truth is, the Letters that paſs between particular Friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can ſcarce ever be fit to ſee the light. They ſhould not conſiſt of fulſom Complements, or tedious Polities, or elaborate Elegancies, or general Fancies. But they ſhould have a Native clearneſs and ſhortneſs, a Domeſtical plainneſs, and a peculiar kind of Familiarity; which can only affect the humour of thoſe to whom they were intended. The very ſame paſſages, which make Writings of this Nature delightful amongſt Friends, will loſe all manner of taſte, when they come to be read by thoſe that are indifferent. In ſuch Letters the Souls of Men ſhould appear undreſs'd: And in that negligent habit, they may be fit to be ſeen by one or two in a Chamber, but not to go abroad into the Streets.

The laſt Pieces that we have from his hands, are Diſcourſes by way of Eſſays, upon ſome of the graveſt ſubjects that concern the Contentment of a Virtuous Mind. Theſe he intended as a real Character of his own thoughts, upon the point of his Retirement. And accordingly you may obſerve, that in the Proſe of them, there is little Curioſity of Ornament, but they are written in a lower and humbler ſtyle than the reſt, and as an unfeigned Image of his Soul ſhould be drawn without Flattery. I do not ſpeak this to their diſadvantage. For the true perfection of Wit is, to be plyable to all occaſions, to walk or fly, according to the Nature of every ſubject. And there is no doubt as much Art, to have only plain Conceptions on ſome Arguments, as there is in others to have extraordinary Flights.

To theſe that he has here left ſcarce finiſh'd, it was his

deſign to have added many others. And a little before his death he communicated to me his reſolutions, to have dedicated them all to my Lord St. *Albans*, as a teſtimony of his entire reſpects to him; and a kind of Apology for having left humane Affairs, in the ſtrength of his Age, while he might ſtill have been ſerviceable to his Country. But though he was prevented in this purpoſe by his death: yet it becomes the Office of a Friend to make good his intentions. I therefore here preſume to make a Preſent of them to his Lordſhip. I doubt not but according to his uſual humanity, he will accept this imperfect Legacy, of the man whom he long honoured with his domeſtic converſation. And I am confident his Lordſhip will believe it to be no injury to his Fame, that in theſe Papers my Lord St. *Albans* and Mr. *Cowleys* name ſhall be read together by poſterity.

I might, Sir, have made a longer Diſcourſe of his Writings, but that I think it fit to direct my Speech concerning him, by the ſame rule by which he was wont to judge of others. In his eſteem of other men, he conſtantly preferr'd the good temper of their minds, and honeſty of their Actions, above all the excellencies of their Eloquence or Knowledge. The ſame courſe I will take in his praiſe, which chiefly ought to be fixed on his life. For that he deſerves more applauſe from the moſt virtuous men, than for his other abilities he ever obtained from the Learned.

He had indeed a perfect natural goodneſs, which neither the uncertainties of his condition, nor the largeneſs of his wit could pervert. He had a firmneſs and ſtrength of mind, that was a proof againſt the Art of Poetry it ſelf. Nothing vain or fantaſtical, nothing flattering or inſolent appeared in his humour. He had a great integrity and plainneſs of Manners; which he preſerv'd to the laſt, though much of his time was ſpent in a Nation, and way of life, that is not very famous for ſincerity. But the truth of his heart was above the corruption of ill examples: and therefore the ſight of them rather confirmed him in the contrary Virtues.

There was nothing affected or ſingular in his habit, or perſon, or geſture. He underſtood the forms of good breeding

breeding enough to practiſe them without burdening himſelf, or others. He never oppreſt any mans parts, nor ever put any man out of countenance. He never had any emulation for Fame, or contention for Profit with any man. When he was in buſineſs he ſuffer'd others importunities with much eaſineſs: When he was out of it he was never importunate himſelf. His modeſty and humility were ſo great, that if he had not had many other equal Virtues, they might have been thought diſſimulation.

His Converſation was certainly of the moſt excellent kind; for it was ſuch as was rather admired by his familiar Friends, than by Strangers at firſt ſight. He ſurpriz'd no man at firſt with any extraordinary appearance: he never thruſt himſelf violently into the good opinion of his company. He was content to be known by leiſure and by degrees: and ſo the eſteem that was conceiv'd of him, was better grounded and more laſting.

In his Speech, neither the pleaſantneſs excluded gravity, nor was the ſobriety of it inconſiſtent with delight. No man parted willingly from his Diſcourſe: for he ſo ordered it, that every man was ſatisfied that he had his ſhare. He govern'd his Paſſions with great moderation. His Virtues were never troubleſom or uneaſie to any. Whatever he diſliked in others, he only corrected it, by the ſilent reproof of a better practice.

His Wit was ſo temper'd, that no man had ever reaſon to wiſh it had been leſs: he prevented other mens ſeverity upon it by his own: he never willingly recited any of his Writings. None but his intimate friends ever diſcovered he was a great Poet, by his diſcourſe. His Learning was large and profound, well compos'd of all Ancient and Modern Knowledge. But it ſat exceeding cloſe and handſomly upon him: it was not imboſſed on his mind, but enamelled.

He never guided his life by the whiſpers, or opinions of the World: Yet he had a great reverence for a good reputation. He hearkened to Fame when it was a juſt Cenſurer: But not when an extravagant Babler. He was a paſſionate lover of Liberty and Freedom from reſtraint both in Actions and Words. But what honeſty others receive from the direction of Laws, he had by

native Inclination: And he was not beholding to other mens wills, but to his own for his Innocence.

He perform'd all his Natural and Civil Duties, with admirable tenderneſs. Having been Born after his Fathers Death, and bred up under the Diſcipline of his Mother, he gratefully acknowledg'd her care of his Education, to her Death, which was in the Eightieth year of her Age. For his three Brothers he always maintain'd a conſtant affection. And having ſurviv'd the two firſt, he made the third his Heir. In his long dependance on my Lord St. *Albans*, there never happened any manner of difference between them: except a little at laſt, becauſe he would leave his ſervice: which only ſhewed the innocence of the Servant, and the kindneſs of the Maſter. His Friendſhips were inviolable. The ſame men with whom he was familiar in his Youth, were his neareſt acquaintance at the day of his Death. If the private Courſe of his laſt years made him contract his Converſation to a few, yet he only withdrew, not broke off from any of the others.

His thoughts were never above nor below his condition. He never wiſhed his Eſtate much larger. Yet he enjoyed what he had with all innocent Freedom; he never made his preſent life uncomfortable, by undue expectations of future things. Whatever diſappointments he met with, they only made him underſtand Fortune better, not repine at her the more: His Muſe indeed once complain'd, but never his Mind. He was accompliſh'd with all manner of Abilities, for the greateſt buſineſs: If he would but have thought ſo himſelf.

If any thing ought to have been chang'd in his Temper, and Diſpoſition: It was his earneſt Affection for Obſcurity and Retirement. This, Sir, give me leave to condemn, even to you, who I know agreed with him in the ſame humour. I acknowledge he choſe that ſtate of Life, not out of any Poetical Rapture, but upon a ſteady and ſober experience of Humane things. But however I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great diſparagement to Virtue, and Learning it ſelf, that thoſe very things which only make men uſeful in the World, ſhould encline them to leave it. This ought never to be allow'd

to

to good men, unleſs the bad had the ſame moderation, and were willing to follow them into the Wilderneſs. But if the one ſhall contend to get out of Employment, while the other ſtrive to get into it, the affairs of Mankind are like to be in ſo ill a poſture, that even the good men themſelves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in ſecurity.

Yet I confeſs if any deſerv'd to have this priviledge, it ought to have been granted to him, as ſoon as any man living, upon conſideration of the manner in which he ſpent the Liberty that he got. For he withdrew himſelf out of the Crowd, with deſires of enlightning, and inſtructing the minds of thoſe that remain'd in it. It was his reſolution in that Station to ſearch into the Secrets of Divine and Humane Knowledge, and to communicate what he ſhould obſerve. He always profeſs'd, that he went out of the world, as it was mans, into the ſame world as it was Natures, and as it was Gods. The whole compaſs of the Creation, and all the wonderful effects of the Divine Wiſdom, were the conſtant Proſpect of his Senſes, and his Thoughts. And indeed he enter'd with great advantage on the ſtudies of Nature, even as the firſt great Men of Antiquity did, who were generally both Poets and Philoſophers. He betook himſelf to its Contemplation, as well furniſh'd with ſound Judgment, and diligent Obſervation, and good Method to diſcover its Myſteries, as with Abilities to ſet it forth in all its Ornaments.

This labour about Natural Science was the perpetual, and uninterrupted task of that obſcure part of his life. Beſides this, we had perſwaded him to look back into his former Studies, and to publiſh a Diſcourſe concerning Style. In this he had deſign'd, to give an account of the proper ſorts of writing, that were fit for all manner of Arguments, to compare the perfections and imperfections of the Authors of Antiquity, with thoſe of this preſent Age, and to deduce all down to the particular uſe of the Engliſh Genius, and Language. This ſubject he was very fit to perform : It being moſt proper for him to be the Judge, who had been the beſt Practiſer. But he ſcarce lived to draw the firſt lines of it. All the footſteps that I can find remaining of it, are only ſome indigeſted Characters

racters of Ancient and Modern Authors. And now for the future, I almoſt deſpair ever to ſee it well accompliſhed, unleſs you, Sir, would give me leave to name the man that ſhould undertake it.

But his laſt and principal Deſign, was that which ought to be the principal to every wiſe man; the eſtabliſhing his mind in the Faith he profeſſed. He was in his practice exactly obedient to the Uſe and Precepts of our Church. Nor was he inclined to any uncertainty and doubt, as abhorring all contention in indifferent things, and much more in ſacred. But he beheld the Diviſions of Chriſtendom: he ſaw how many controverſies had been introduced by Zeal or Ignorance, and continued by Faction. He had therefore an earneſt intention of taking a Review of the Original Principles of the Primitive Church: believing that every true Chriſtian had no better means to ſettle his ſpirit, than that which was propoſed to *Æneas* and his Followers, to be the end of their wandrings, *Antiquam exquirite Matrem.*

This examination he purpoſed ſhould reach to our Saviours and the Apoſtles lives, and their immediate Succeſſors, for four or five Centuries; till Intereſt and Policy prevailed over Devotion. He hoped to have abſolutely compaſſed it in three or four years, and when that was done, there to have fixed for ever, without any ſhaking or alteration in his judgment. Indeed it was a great damage to our Church, that he lived not to perform it. For very much of the Primitive Light might have been expected from a mind that was endued with the primitive meekneſs and innocence. And beſides, ſuch a Work coming from one that was no Divine, might have been very uſeful for this Age; wherein it is one of the principal Cavils againſt Religion, that it is only a matter of intereſt, and only ſupported for the gain of a particular Profeſſion.

But alas! while he was framing theſe great things in his thoughts, they were unfortunately cut off together with his life. His Solitude from the very beginning, had never agreed ſo well with the conſtitution of his Body, as of his Mind. The chief cauſe of it was, that out of haſte to be gone away from the Tumult and Noiſe of the

the City, he had not prepar'd ſo healthful a ſituation in the Country, as he might have done, if he had made a more leiſurable choice. Of this he ſoon began to find the inconvenience at *Barn Elms*, where he was afflicted with a dangerous and lingring *Feaver*. After that he ſcarce ever recover'd his former health, though his mind was reſtor'd to its perfect vigour: as may be ſeen by his two laſt Books of Plants, that were written ſince that time, and may at leaſt be compar'd with the beſt of his other Works. Shortly after his removal to *Chertſea*, he fell into another conſuming Diſeaſe Having languiſh'd under this for ſome months, he ſeem'd to be pretty well cured of its ill Symptoms. But in the heat of the laſt Summer, by ſtaying too long amongſt his Labourers in the Medows; he was taken with a violent Defluxion, and ſtoppage in his Breaſt, and Throat. This he at firſt neglected as an ordinary Cold, and refus'd to ſend for his uſual Phyſicians, till it was paſt all remedies; and ſo in the end after a fortnight ſickneſs, it prov'd mortal to him.

Who can here, Sir, forbear exclaiming on the weak hopes, and frail condition of humane Nature? For as long as Mr. *Cowley* was purſuing the courſe of Ambition, in active life, which he ſcarce eſteem'd his true life: he never wanted a conſtant health and ſtrength of body. But as ſoon as ever he had found an opportunity of beginning indeed to live, and to enjoy himſelf in ſecurity, his contentment was firſt broken by ſickneſs, and at laſt his death was occaſion'd by his very delight in the Country and the Fields, which he had long fancied above all other Pleaſures. But let us not grieve at this fatal accident upon his account, leſt we ſhould ſeem to repine at the happy change of his condition, and not to know that the loſs of a few years, which he might longer have lived, will be recompenc'd by an immortal Memory. If we complain, let it only be for our own ſakes: that in him we are at once depriv'd of the greateſt natural, and improv'd abilities, of the uſefulleſt converſation, of the faithfulleſt Friendſhip, of a mind that practis'd the beſt Virtues it ſelf, and a Wit that was beſt able to recommend them to others.

His Body was attended to *Weſtminſter-Abby*, by a great number of Perſons of the moſt eminent quality, and follow'd with the praiſes of all good, and Learned Men. It lies near the Aſhes of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, the two moſt Famous *Engliſh* Poets,

Poets, of former times. But whoever would do him right, ſhould not only equal him to the Principal Ancient Writers of our own Nation, but ſhould alſo rank his Name amongſt the Authors of the true Antiquity, the beſt of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. In that place there is a Monument deſign'd for him, by my Lord Duke of *Buckingham*, in Teſtimony of his Affection. And the King himſelf was pleas'd to beſtow on him the beſt Epitaph, when upon the news of his death his Majeſty declar'd, *That Mr.* Cowley *had not left a better Man behind him in* England.

This, Sir, is the account that I thought fit to preſent the World concerning him. Perhaps it may be judged, that I have ſpent too many words on a private man, and a Scholar: whoſe life was not remarkable for ſuch a variety of Events, as are wont to be the Ornaments of this kind of Relations. I know it is the cuſtom of the World to prefer the pompous Hiſtories of great Men, before the greateſt Virtues of others, whoſe lives have been led in a courſe leſs illuſtrious. This indeed is the general humour. But I believe it to be an errour in mens judgments. For certainly that is a more profitable inſtruction, which may be taken from the eminent goodneſs of men of lower rank, than that which we learn from the ſplendid repreſentation of the Battels, and Victories, and Buildings, and Sayings of great Commanders and Princes. Such ſpecious matters, as they are ſeldom delivered with fidelity, ſo they ſerve but for the imitation of a very few, and rather make for the oſtentation than the true information of humane life. Whereas it is from the practice of men equal to our ſelves, that we are more naturally taught how to command our Paſſions, to direct our Knowledge, and to govern our Actions.

For this reaſon I have ſome hope, that a Character of Mr. *Cowley* may be of good advantage to our Nation. For what he wanted in Titles of Honour & the Gifts of Fortune, was plentifully ſupplied by many other Excellencies, which make perhaps leſs noiſe, but are more beneficial for Example. This, Sir, was the principal end of this long Diſcourſe. Beſides this, I had another deſign in it, that only concerns our ſelves; that having this Picture of his life ſet before us, we may ſtill keep him alive in our memories, and by this means we may have ſome ſmall reparation, for our inexpreſſible loſs by his death.

Sir, I am
Your moſt humble, and moſt
affectionate Servant
T. SPRAT,

ELEGIA

DEDICATORIA;

AD

ILLUSTRISSIMAM

Academiam

CANTABRIGIENSEM.

HOC tibi de *Nato ditiſſima Mater egeno*
Exiguum immenſi pignus *Amoris* habe.
Heu meliora tibi depromere dona volentes
Aſtringit gratas parcior arca manus.
Túne tui poteris *vocem* hîc agnoſcere *Nati*
Tam malè formatam, diſſimilemq; *tuæ?*
Túne hîc *materni* veſtigia ſacra decoris,
Tu *Speculum* poteris hîc reperire tuum?
Poſt longum, dices, *Coulei*, ſic mihi tempus?
Sic mihi ſperanti, *perfide*, multa redis?
Quæ, dices, *Sagæ Lemuréſq*; *Deæq*; *nocentes*,
Hunc mihi in *Infantis* ſuppoſuêre loco?
At *Tu*, ſancta *Parens*, *crudelis tu quoque*, *Nati*
Ne tractes dextrâ vulnera cruda rudi.
Hei mihi, quid *Fato Genitrix* accedis iniquo?
Sit *Sors*, ſed non ſis *Ipſa Noverca* mihi.
Si mihi natali *Muſarum* adoleſcere in arvo,
Si benè dilecto luxuriare ſolo,
Si mihi de doctâ licuiſſet pleniùs undâ
Haurire, ingentem ſi ſatiare ſitim,
Non ego degeneri *dubitabilis* ore redirem,
Nec legeres *Nomen* fuſa rubore meum.

Scis benè, ſcis quæ me *Tempeſtas publica Mundi*
Raptatrix veſtro ſuſtulit è gremio,
Nec pede adhuc firmo, nec firmo dente, negati
Poſcentem querulo murmure *Lactis* opem.
Sic quondam aerium *Vento* bellante per æquor,
Cum gravidum *Autumnum* ſæva flagellat *Hyems*,
Immatura ſuâ velluntur ab arbore poma
Et vi victa cadunt ; *Arbor* & ipſa gemit.
Nondum ſuccus ineſt terræ generoſus avitæ,
Nondum *Sol* roſeo redditur ore *Pater*.
O mihi jucundum *Grantæ* ſuper omnia *Nomen* !
O penitùs toto corde receptus *Amor* !
O pulchræ *ſine Luxu Ædes*, vitæq; beatæ,
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuúſq; decor !
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine *Regum*
Digna *Domus* ! *Trini* nomine digna *Dei* !
O nimium *Cereris* cumulati munere Campi,
Poſthabitis *Ennæ* quos colit illa jugis !
O ſacri *Fontes* ! & ſacræ *Vatibus Umbræ*,
Quas recreant *Avium Pieridúmq*; chori !
O *Camus* ! *Phœbo* nullus quo gratior amnis !
Amnibus *auriferis* invidioſus *inops* !
Ah mihi ſi veſtræ reddat bona gaudia ſedis,
Detq; Deus doctâ poſſe quiete frui ;
Qualis eram cum me tranquillâ mente ſedentem
Vidiſti in ripâ, *Came* ſerene, tuâ ;
Mulcentem audiſti puerili flumina cantu ;
Ille quidèm immerito, ſed tibi gratus erat.
Nam, memini ripâ cum tu dignatus utrâque,
Dignatum eſt totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitiſq; ſimul mea vita diebus,
Et ſimilis veſtræ candida fluxit aquæ.
At nunc cœnoſæ luces, atq; obice multo
Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.
Quid mihi *Sequanâ* opus, *Tameſiſve* aut *Thybridis unda* ?
Tu potis es noſtram tollere, *Came*, ſitim.
Fœlix qui nunquam plus *uno* viderit *amne* !
Quiq; eadem *Salicis* littora more colit !
Fœlix cui *non tentatus* ſordeſcere *Mundus*,
Et cui *Pauperies nota* nitere poteſt !

Tempore

Tempore cui nullo miſera *experientia* conſtat,
Ut res humanas ſentiat eſſe *Nihil*!
At nos exemplis *Fortuna* inſtruxit opimis,
Et documentorum ſatq; ſupérq; dedit.
Cum *Capite* avulſum *Diadema*, infractaq; *ſceptra*,
Contuſáſq; *Hominum Sorte* minante minas,
Parcarum ludos, & *non tractabile Fatum*,
Et verſas fundo vidimus orbis opes.
Quis poterit fragilem poſt talia credere puppim
Infami ſcopulis naufragiiſq; *Mari?*
Tu quoq; in hoc *Terræ* tremuiſti, *Academia Motu*,
(Nec fruſtrà) atq; ædes contremuêre tuæ.
Contremuêre ipſæ *pacatæ Palladis* arces;
Et timuit *Fulmen Laurea* ſancta novum.
Ah quanquam iratum, peſtem hanc avertere *Numen*,
Nec ſaltem *Bellis iſta* licere, velit!
Nos, tua progenies, pereamus; & ecce, perimus!
In nos jus habeat: Jus habet omne malum.
Tu ſtabilis brevium genus immortale nepotum
Fundes; nec tibi *Mars* ipſa *ſuperſtes* erit.
Semper plena manens uteri de fonte perenni
Formoſas mittes *ad Mare Mortis* aquas.
Sic *Venus* humanâ quondam, *Dea* ſaucia dextrâ,
(Namq; ſolent ipſis *Bella* nocere *Deis*)
Imploravit opem ſuperûm, queſtúſq; cievit,
Tinxit adorandus candida membra cruor.
Quid quereris? contemne *breves* ſecura dolores;
Nam tibi ferre *Necem vulnera* nulla valent.

THE PREFACE
OF THE AUTHOR.

AT my return lately into *England*, I met by great accident (for ſuch I account it to be, that any Copy of it ſhould be extant any where ſo long, unleſs at his houſe who printed it) a *Book* entituled, *The Iron Age*, and publiſhed under *my name*, during the time of my abſence. I wondred very much how one who could be ſo *fooliſh* to write ſo ill Verſes, ſhould yet be ſo *wiſe* to ſet them forth as another *Mans* rather than his *own*; though perhaps he might have made a better choice, and not fathered the *Baſtard* upon ſuch a perſon, whoſe ſtock of Reputation is, I fear, little enough for maintenance of his own numerous *Legitimate Off-ſpring* of that kind. It would have been much leſs injurious, if it had pleaſed the *Author* to put forth ſome of my Writings under his *own name*, rather than his own under *mine*: He had been in that a more pardonable Plagiary, and had done leſs wrong by *Robbery*, than he does by ſuch a *Bounty*; for no body can be *juſtified* by the *Imputation* even of anothers *Merit*; and our own coarſe *Cloaths* are like to become us better, than thoſe of another mans, though never ſo *rich*: but theſe, to ſay the truth, were ſo *beggarly*, that I my ſelf was aſhamed to *wear* them. It was in vain for me, that I avoided cenſure by the concealment of my own writings, if my reputation could be thus *Executed in Effigie*; and impoſſible it is for any good *Name* to be in ſafety, if the malice of *Witches* have the power to conſume and deſtroy it in an *Image* of their own making. This indeed was ſo ill made, and ſo *unlike*, that I hope the *Charm* took no effect. So that I eſteem my ſelf leſs prejudiced by it, than by that which has been done to me ſince, almoſt in the ſame kind, which is the publication of ſome things of mine without my conſent or knowledge, and thoſe ſo mangled and imperfect, that I could neither with honour acknowledge, nor with honeſty quite diſavow them. Of which ſort, was a *Comedy* called

called *The Guardian*, printed in the year 1650. but made and acted before the *Prince*, in his paſſage through *Cambridge* towards *York*, at the beginning of the late unhappy War; or rather neither *made* nor *acted*, but *rough-drawn* only, and *repeated*; for the haſte was ſo great, that it could neither be *reviſed* or *perfected* by the *Author*, nor *learned without-book* by the *Actors*, nor ſet forth in any meaſure tolerably by the *Officers* of the *College*. After the *Repreſentation* (which, I confeſs, was ſomewhat of the *lateſt*) I began to look it over, and changed it very much, ſtriking out ſome whole parts, as that of the *Poet* and the *Souldier*; but I have loſt the *Copy*, and dare not think it deſerves the pains to write it again, which makes me omit it in this publication, though there be ſome things in it which I am not aſhamed of, taking the excuſe of my age and ſmall experience in humane converſation when I made it. But as it is, it is only the haſty *firſt-ſitting* of a *Picture*, and therefore like to reſemble me accordingly. From this which has hapned to my ſelf, I began to reflect on the fortune of almoſt all *Writers*, and eſpecially *Poets*, whoſe *Works* (commonly printed after their deaths) we find ſtuffed out, either with *counterfeit pieces*, like *falſe Money* put in to fill up the *Bag*, though it adde nothing to the *ſum*; or with ſuch, which though of their own *Coyn*, they would have called in themſelves, for the baſeneſs of the *Allay*: whether this proceed from the indiſcretion of their *Friends*, who think a vaſt *heap* of Stones or Rubbiſh a better *Monument*, than a little *Tomb* of *Marble*, or by the unworthy avarice of ſome *Stationers*, who are content to diminiſh the value of the *Author*, ſo they may encreaſe the price of the *Book*; and like *Vintners* with ſophiſticate mixtures, ſpoil the whole Veſſel of wine, to make it yield more *profit*. This hath been the caſe with *Shakeſpear*, *Fletcher*, *Johnſon*, and many others; part of whoſe *Poems* I ſhould take the boldneſs to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any ſcruple to cut off from ſome the unneceſſary young *Suckers*, & from others the old withered *Branches*; for *a great Wit* is no more tyed to live in a *Vaſt Volume*, than in a *Gigantick Body*; on the

the contrary, it is commonly more vigorous the leſs ſpace it animates, and as *Statius* ſays of little *Tydeus*,

------*Totos infuſa per artus*
Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus. *Stat. 1. l. Theb.*

I am not ignorant, that by ſaying this of others, I expoſe my ſelf to ſome Raillery, for not uſing the ſame ſevere diſcretion in my own caſe, where it concerns me nearer: But though I publiſh here, more than in ſtrict wiſdom I ought to have done, yet I have ſuppreſt and caſt away more than I *publiſh*; and for the eaſe of my ſelf and others, have *loſt*, I believe too, more than *both*. And upon theſe conſiderations I have been perſwaded to overcome all the juſt repugnances of my own *modeſty*, and to produce theſe *Poems* to the light and view of the World; not as a thing that I approved of in it ſelf, but as a leſs evil, which I choſe rather than to ſtay till it were done for me by ſome body elſe, either ſurreptitiouſly before, or avowedly after my death: and this will be the more excuſable, when the *Reader* ſhall know in what reſpects he may look upon me as a *Dead*, or at leaſt a *Dying Perſon*, and upon my *Muſe* in this action, as appearing, like the *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, and *aſſiſting* at her own *Funeral*.

For to make my ſelf abſolutely dead in a *Poetical* capacity, my reſolution at preſent, is never to exerciſe any more that faculty. It is, I confeſs, but ſeldom ſeen that the *Poet* dies before the *Man*; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching *Art*, we do not uſe to court it as a *Miſtreſs*, but marry it as a *Wife*, and take it for better or worſe, as an *Inſeparable Companion* of our whole life. But as the *Mariages* of *Infants* do but rarely proſper, ſo no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to *Poeſie*; to which I had contracted my ſelf ſo much under *Age*, and ſo much to my own prejudice in regard of thoſe more profitable matches which I might have made among the *richer Sciences*. As for the *Portion* which this brings of *Fame*, it is an *Eſtate* (if it be any, for men are not oftner deceived in their hopes of *Widows*, than in their opinion of, *Exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilſt we are *Living* to enjoy it,

but

but is a *fantaſtical kind of Reverſion to our own ſelves:* neither ought any man to envy *Poets* this poſthumous and imaginary happineſs, ſince they find commonly ſo little in preſent, that it may be truly applied to them, which S. *Paul* ſpeaks of the firſt *Chriſtians*, *If their reward be in this life, they are of all men the moſt miſerable.*

And if in quiet and flouriſhing times they meet with ſo ſmall encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? if *Wit* be ſuch a *Plant*, that it ſcarce receives heat enough to preſerve it alive even in the *Summer* of our cold *Climate*, how can it chuſe but wither in a long and ſharp *Winter*? a warlike, various, and a tragical Age is beſt to *write of*, but worſt to *write in.* And I may, though in a very unequal proportion, aſſume that to my ſelf, which was ſpoken by *Tully* to a much better perſon, upon occaſion of the *Civil Wars* and Revolutions in his time, *Sed in te intuens, Brute, doleo, cujus in adoleſcentiam per medias laudes quaſi quadrigis vehentem tranſverſa incurrit miſera fortuna Reipublicæ.*

Cic. de Clar. Orator.

Neither is the preſent conſtitution of my *Mind* more proper than that of the *Times* for this exerciſe, or rather divertiſement. There is nothing that requires ſo much ſerenity and chearfulneſs of *Spirit*; it muſt not be either overwhelmed with the cares of *Life*, or overcaſt with the *Clouds of Melancholy* and *Sorrow*, or ſhaken and diſturbed with the ſtorms of injurious *Fortune*; it muſt like the *Halcyon*, have *fair weather* to breed in. The *Soul* muſt be filled with bright and delightful *Idea's*, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others; which is the main end of *Poeſie.* One may ſee through the ſtile of *Ovid de Triſt.* the humbled and dejected condition of *Spirit* with which he wrote it; there ſcarce remains any footſteps of that *Genius*,

Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes, &c.

The *cold* of the Country had ſtrucken through all his faculties, and benummed the very *feet* of his *Verſes.* He is himſelf, methinks, like one of the *Stories* of his *own Metamorphoſis*; and though there remain ſome weak *reſemblances* of *Ovid* at *Rome*, It is but as he ſays of *Niobe*,

In

In vultu color eſt ſine ſanguine, lumina mœſtis
Stant immota genis; nihil eſt in Imagine vivum
Flet tamen----

Ovid Met. lib. 6.

The truth is, for a man to write well, it is neceſſary to be in good humor; neither is *Wit* leſs eclipſed with the unquietneſs of *Mind*, than *Beauty* with the *Indiſpoſition* of *Body*. So that 'tis almoſt as hard a thing to be a *Poet* in deſpight of *Fortune*, as it is in deſpight of *Nature*. For my own part, neither my obligations to the *Muſes*, nor expectations from them are ſo great, as that I ſhould ſuffer my ſelf on no conſiderations to be *divorced*; or that I ſhould ſay like *Horace*,

Quiſquis erit vitæ, Scribam, color.

Hor. Sat. 1. l. 2. Ser.

I ſhall rather uſe his words in another place,

Vixi Camænis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine gloriâ,
Nunc arma defunctúmq; bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit.

L. 3. Car. Ode. 26. Vixi puellis, &c.

And this reſolution of mine does the more befit me, becauſe my deſire has been for ſome years paſt (though the execution has been accidentally diverted) and does ſtill vehemently continue, to retire my ſelf to ſome of our *American Plantations*, not to ſeek for *Gold*, or inrich my ſelf with the traffick of thoſe parts (which is the end of moſt men that travel thither; ſo that of *theſe Indies* it is truer than it was of the former,

Improbus extremos currit Mercator ad Indos
Pauperiem fugiens----

But to forſake this World for ever, with all the *Vanities* and *Vexations* of it, and to bury my ſelf there in ſome obſcure retreat (but not without the conſolation of *Letters* and *Philoſophy*.)

Oblitúſq; meorum, obliviſcendus & illis.

As my former *Author* ſpeaks too, who has inticed me here, I know not how, into the *Pedantry* of this heap of *Latine Sentences*. And I think *Doctor Donnes Sun Dyal in a Grave*

is not more uſeleſs and ridiculous than *Poetry* would be in that *retirement*. As this therefore is in a true ſenſe a kind of *Death* to the *Muſes*, and a real *literal quitting* of this *World*: So, methinks, I may make a juſt claim to the undoubted priviledge of *Deceaſed Poets*, which is to be read with more *favour*, than the *Living*;

Mart. *Tanti eſt ut placeam tibi, Perire.*

Having been forced for my own neceſſary *juſtification* to trouble the *Reader* with this long Diſcourſe of the *Reaſons* why I trouble him alſo with all the reſt of the *Book*; I ſhall only add ſomewhat concerning the ſeveral parts of it, and ſome other Pieces, which I have thought fit to reject in this Publication: As firſt, all thoſe which I wrote at *School* from the age of ten years, till after fifteen; for even ſo far backward there remain yet ſome *traces* of me in the little *footſteps* of a *Child*; which though they were then looked upon as *commendable extravagances* in a *Boy* (men ſetting a value upon *any kind* of *fruit* before the uſual *ſeaſon* of it) yet I would be loth to be bound now to read them all over *my ſelf*; and therefore ſhould do ill to expect that patience from *others*. Beſides, they have already paſt through ſeveral *Editions*, which is a longer *Life* than uſes to be enjoyed by *Infants* that are born before the ordinary *terms*. They had the good fortune then to find the world ſo *indulgent* (for conſidering the time of their production, who could be ſo hard-hearted to be *ſevere*?) that I ſcarce yet apprehend ſo much to be cenſured for *them*, as for not having made *advances* afterwards proportionable to the ſpeed of my *ſetting out*, and am obliged too in a manner by Diſcretion to conceal and ſuppreſs them, as *Promiſes* and *Inſtruments* under my own hand, whereby I ſtood *engaged* for more than I have been able to *perform*; in which truly, if I have failed, I have the real excuſe of the *honeſteſt* ſort of *Bankrupts*, which is, to have been made *Unſolvable*, not ſo much by their own *negligence* and *ill-husbandry*, as by ſome notorious accidents and publick diſaſters. In the next place, I have caſt away all ſuch pieces as I wrote during the time of the late troubles, with any relation to the differences that cauſed

cauſed them; as among others, *three Books of the Civil War it ſelf*, reaching as far as the firſt *Battel* at *Newbury*, where the ſucceeding *misfortunes* of the *party* ſtopt the *work*.

As for the enſuing Book, it conſiſts of four parts: The firſt is a *Miſcellanie* of ſeveral Subjects, and ſome of them made when I was very young, which it is perhaps *ſuperfluous* to tell the *Reader*; I know not by what chance I have kept *Copies* of them; for they are but a very few in compariſon of thoſe which I have loſt, and I think they have no extraordinary virtue in them, to deſerve more care in preſervation, than was beſtowed upon their *Brethren*; for which I am ſo little concerned, that I am aſhamed of the *arrogancy* of the *World*, when I ſaid *I had loſt them.*

The *Second*, is called, *The Miſtreſs*, or *Love-Verſes*; for ſo it is, that *Poets* are ſcarce thought *Free-men* of their *Company*, without paying ſome duties, and obliging themſelves to be true to *Love*. Sooner or later they muſt all paſs through that *Tryal*, like ſome *Mahumetan Monks*, that are bound by their Order, once at leaſt, in their life, to make a *Pilgrimage* to *Meca.*

In furias ignémque ruunt; Amor omnibus idem.

But we muſt not always make a judgment of their *manners* from their *writings* of this kind; as the *Romaniſts* uncharitably do of *Beza*, for a few laſcivious *Sonnets* compoſed by him in his youth. It is not in this ſenſe that *Poeſie* is ſaid to be a kind of *Painting*; it is not the *Picture* of the *Poet*, but of *things* and *perſons* imagined by him. He may be in his own practice and diſpoſition a *Philoſopher*, nay a *Stoick*, and yet ſpeak ſometimes with the ſoftneſs of an amorous *Sappho.*

Feret & rubus aſper Amomum.

He profeſſes too much the uſe of *Fables* (though without the malice of deceiving) to have his teſtimony taken even againſt himſelf. Neither would I here be miſunderſtood, as if I affected ſo much Gravity, as to be aſhamed to be thought really in *Love*. On the contrary, I cannot have a good opinion of any man who is not

at leaſt capable of being ſo. But I ſpeak it to excuſe ſome expreſſions (if ſuch there be) which may happen to offend the ſeverity of ſupercilious *Readers*; for much *Exceſs* is to be allowed in *Love*, and even more in *Poetry*; ſo we avoid the two unpardonable Vices in both, which are *Obſcenity* and *Profaneneſs*, of which I am ſure, if my *words* be ever guilty, they have ill repreſented my *thoughts* and *intentions*. And if, notwithſtanding all this, the lightneſs of the matter here diſpleaſe any body, he may find wherewithal to content his more ſerious inclinations in the weight and height of the enſuing Arguments.

For as for the *Pindarick Odes* (which is the third part) I am in great doubt whether they will be underſtood by moſt *Readers*; nay, even by very many who are well enough acquainted with the common Roads, & ordinary Tracks of *Poeſie*. They either are, or at leaſt were meant to be, of that kind of *Stile* which *Dion. Halicarnaſſus* calls Μεγαλοφυὲς καὶ ἁρμονίας δεινότητος, and which he attributes to *Alcæus*: The digreſſions are many, and ſudden, and ſometimes long, according to the faſhion of all *Lyriques*, and of *Pindar* above all men living. The *Figures* are unuſual and *bold*, even to *Temerity*, and ſuch as I durſt not have to do withal in any other kind of *Poetry*: The *Numbers* are various and irregular, and ſometimes (eſpecially ſome of the long ones) ſeem harſh and uncouth, if the juſt meaſures and cadencies be not obſerved in the *Pronunciation*. So that almoſt all their *Sweetneſs* and *Numeroſity* (which is to be found, if I miſtake not, in the roughеſt, if rightly repeated) lies in a manner wholly at the *Mercy* of the *Reader*. I have briefly deſcribed the nature of theſe Verſes, in the *Ode* entituled, *The Reſurrection*: And though the *liberty* of them may incline a man to believe them eaſie to be compoſed, yet the undertaker will find it otherwiſe.

----Ut ſibi quivis
Speret idem, multum ſudet fruſtráq; laboret
Auſus idem---

I come now to the laſt part, which is *Davideis*, or an *Heroical Poem* of the *Troubles* of *David*; which I deſigned into *Twelve Books*; not for the *Tribes* ſake, but after the *Pattern* of our Maſter *Virgil*; and intended to cloſe all with that moſt Poetical and excellent *Elegie* of *Davids* on the death of *Saul* and *Jonathan*: For I had no mind to carry him quite on to his *Anointing* at *Hebron*, becauſe it is the cuſtom of *Heroick Poets* (as we ſee by the examples of *Homer* and *Virgil*, whom we ſhould do ill to forſake to imitate others) never to come to the full end of their *Story*; but only ſo near, that every one may ſee it; as men commonly play not out the game, when it is evident that they can win it, but lay down their Cards, and take up what they have won. This, I ſay, was the *whole Deſign*, in which there are many noble and fertil Arguments behind; as, The barbarous cruelty of *Saul* to the *Prieſts* at *Nob*, the ſeveral flights and eſcapes of *David*, with the manner of his living in the *Wilderneſs*, the Funeral of *Samuel*, the love of *Abigail*, the ſacking of *Ziglag*, the loſs and recovery of *Davids* Wives from the *Amalekites*, the *Witch* of *Endor*, the War with the *Philiſtines*, and the Battel of *Gilboa*; all which I meant to interweave upon ſeveral occaſions, with moſt of the illuſtrious *Stories* of the *Old Teſtament*, and to embelliſh with the moſt remarkable *Antiquities* of the *Jews*, and of other Nations before or at that *Age*. But I have had neither *Leiſure* hitherto, nor have *Appetite* at preſent to finiſh the work, or ſo much as to reviſe that part which is done with that care which I reſolved to beſtow upon it, and which the *Dignity* of the *Matter* well deſerves. For what worthier *ſubject* could have been choſen among all the *Treaſuries* of paſt times, than the *Life* of this young *Prince*; who from ſo ſmall beginnings, through ſuch infinite troubles and oppoſitions, by ſuch miraculous virtues and excellencies, and with ſuch incomparable variety of wonderful actions and accidents, became the greateſt *Monarch* that ever ſat on the moſt *famous* Throne of the whole Earth? whom ſhould a *Poet* more juſtly ſeek to *honour*, than the higheſt Perſon who ever *honoured* his Profeſſion? whom a *Chriſtian Poet*, rather than the *man after Gods own heart*, and the

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man who had that ſacred pre-eminence above all other *Princes*, to be the beſt and mightieſt of that Royal Race from whence *Chriſt* himſelf, according to the fleſh, diſdained not to deſcend? When I conſider this, and how many other bright and magnificent ſubjects of the like nature, the *Holy Scripture* affords and *proffers*, as it were, to *Poeſie*, in the wiſe managing and illuſtrating whereof, the *Glory* of *God Almighty* might be joyned with the ſingular utility and nobleſt delight of *Mankind*: It is not without grief and indignation that I behold that *Divine Science* employing all her inexhauſtible riches of *Wit* and *Eloquence*, either in the wicked and beggarly *Flattery* of great perſons, or the unmanly *Idolizing* of *Fooliſh Women*, or the wretched affectation of ſcurril *Laughter*, or at beſt on the confuſed antiquated *Dreams* of ſenſeleſs *Fables* and *Metamorphoſes*. Amongſt all holy and conſecrated things which the *Devil* ever ſtole and alienated from the ſervice of the *Deity*; as *Altars*, *Temples*, *Sacrifices*, *Prayers*, and the like; there is none that he ſo univerſally, and ſo long uſurpt, as *Poetry*. It is time to recover it out of the *Tyrants* hands, and to reſtore it to the *Kingdom* of *God*, who is the *Father* of it. It is time to *Baptize* it in *Jordan*, for it will never become clean by bathing in the *Water* of *Damaſcus*. There wants, methinks, but the *Converſion* of *That*, and the *Jews*, for the accompliſhment of the *Kingdom of Chriſt*. And as men before their receiving of the *Faith*, do not without ſome carnal reluctancies, apprehend the *bonds* and *fetters* of it, but find it afterwards to be the trueſt and greateſt *Liberty*: It will fare no otherwiſe with this *Art*, after the *Regeneration* of it; it will meet with wonderful variety of new, more beautiful, and more delightful *Objects*; neither will it want *Room*, by being *confined to Heaven*. There is not ſo great a *Lye* to be found in any *Poet*, as the vulgar conceit of men, that *Lying* is *Eſſential* to good *Poetry*. Were there never ſo wholeſom *Nouriſhment* to be had (but alas, it breeds nothing but *Diſeaſes*) out of theſe boaſted *Feaſts* of *Love* and *Fables*; yet, methinks, the unalterable continuance of the *Diet* ſhould make us *Nauſeate* it: For it is almoſt impoſſible to ſerve up any *new Diſh* of that kind. They are all but

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the *Cold meats* of the *Ancients*, new-heated, and new ſet forth. I do not at all wonder that the old *Poets* made ſome rich crops out of theſe grounds; the heart of the *Soil* was not then wrought out with continual *Tillage*: But what can we expect now, who come a *Gleaning*, not after the firſt *Reapers*, but after the very *Beggars*? Beſides, though thoſe mad ſtories of the *Gods* and *Heroes*, ſeem in themſelves ſo ridiculous; yet they were then the *whole Body* (or rather *Chaos*) of the *Theologie* of thoſe times. They were believed by all but a few *Philoſophers*, and perhaps ſome *Atheiſts*, and ſerved to good purpoſe among the *vulgar*, (as pitiful things as they are) in ſtrengthening the authority of *Law* with the terrors of *Conſcience*, and expectation of certain rewards, and unavoidable puniſhments. There was no other *Religion*, and therefore *that* was better than *none at all*. But to us who have no need of them, to us who deride their *folly*, and are wearied with their *impertinencies*, they ought to appear no better arguments for *Verſe*, than thoſe of their worthy *Succeſſors*, the *Knights Errand*. What can we imagine more proper for the ornaments of *Wit* or *Learning* in the ſtory of *Deucalion*, than in that of *Noah*? why will not the actions of *Samſon* afford as plentiful matter as the *Labours* of *Hercules*? why is not *Jephtha's daughter* as *good a woman* as *Iphigenia*? and the friendſhip of *David* and *Jonathan* more worthy celebration, than that of *Theſeus* and *Perithous*? Does not the paſſage of *Moſes* and the *Iſraelites* into the *Holy Land*, yield incomparably more Poetical variety, than the voyages of *Ulyſſes* or *Æneas*? Are the obſolete thread-bare tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*, half ſo ſtored with great, heroical and ſupernatural actions (ſince *Verſe* will needs *find* or *make* ſuch) as the wars of *Joſhua*, of the *Judges*, of *David*, and divers others? Can all the *Transformations* of the *Gods* give ſuch copious hints to flouriſh and expatiate on, as the true *Miracles* of *Chriſt*, or of his *Prophets*, and *Apoſtles*? what do I inſtance in theſe few Particulars? All the *Books* of the *Bible* are either already moſt admirable, and exalted pieces of *Poeſie*, or are the beſt *Materials* in the world for it. Yet, though they be in themſelves ſo proper to be made uſe of for this purpoſe; None but a

good

good *Artiſt* will know how to do it: neither muſt we think to cut and poliſh *Diamonds* with ſo little pains and skill as we do *Marble*. For if any man deſign to compoſe a *Sacred Poem*, by only turning a ſtory of the *Scripture*, like Mr. *Quarls*'s, or ſome other godly matter, like Mr. *Heywood of Angels*, into *Rhyme*; he is ſo far from elevating of *Poeſie*, that he only *abaſes Divinity*. In brief, he who can write a *prophane Poem well*, may write a *Divine one better*; but he who can do that but ill, will do this much worſe. The ſame fertility of *Invention*; the ſame wiſdom of *Diſpoſition*; the ſame *Judgment* in obſervance of *Decencies*; the ſame luſtre and vigour of *Elocution*; the ſame modeſty and majeſty of *Number*; briefly the ſame kind of *Habit*, is required to both; only this latter allows better *ſtuff*, and therefore would look more deformedly, if ill dreſt in it. I am far from aſſuming to my ſelf to have fulfilled the duty of this weighty undertaking: But ſure I am, that there is nothing yet in our *Language* (nor perhaps in *any*) that is in any degree anſwerable to the *Idea* that I conceive of it. And I ſhall be ambitious of no other fruit from this weak and imperfect attempt of mine, but the opening of a way to the courage and induſtry of ſome other perſons, who may be better able to perform it throughly and ſucceſsfully.

Miſcellanies.

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via eſt, &c.

WHat ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the *Age to come* my own?
I ſhall like *Beaſts* or *Common People* dy,
Unleſs you write my *Elegy*;
Whilſt others great by being born are grown,
Their *Mothers Labour*, not their own.
In this ſcale *Gold*, in th'other *Fame* does ly,
The *weight* of *that* mounts this ſo *high*.
Theſe men are *Fortunes Jewels*, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light.
If I, her *vulgar ſtone* for either look;
Out of *my ſelf* it muſt be *ſtrook*.
Yet I muſt on; what ſound is't ſtrikes mine ear?
Sure I *Fames Trumpet* hear.
It ſounds like the *laſt Trumpet*; for it can
Raiſe up the *buried Man*.
Unpaſt *Alpes* ſtop me, but I'll cut through all,
And march, the *Muſes Hannibal*.
Hence all the *flattering vanities* that lay
Nets of *Roſes* in the way.

Hence the deſire of *Honours*, or *Eſtate*;
And all, that is not above *Fate*.
Hence *Love* himſelf, that *Tyrant* of my days,
Which intercepts my coming praiſe.
Come my beſt *Friends*, my *Books*, and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gon.
Welcome great *Stagirite*, and teach me now
All I was born to know.
Thy *Scholars vict'ries* thou doſt far out-do;
He conquer'd th' *Earth*, the whole *World you*.
Welcome learn'd *Cicero*, whoſe bleſt *Tongue* and *Wit*
Preſerves *Romes Greatneſs yet*.
Thou art the *firſt* of *Ora'tors*; only he
Who beſt can *praiſe Thee*, *next* muſt be.
Welcome the *Mantua'n Swan*, *Virgil* the *Wiſe*,
Whoſe verſe *walks higheſt*, but not flies.
Who brought green *Poeſie* to her perfect Age;
And made that *Art* which was a *Rage*.
Tell me, ye mighty *Three*, what ſhall I do
To be like one of you.
But you have climb'd the *Mountains* top, there ſit
On the calm flouri'ſhing head of it,
And whilſt with wearied ſteps we upward go,
See *Us*, and *Clouds* below.

ODE.

Of Wit.

1.

TEll me, O tell, what kind of thing is *Wit*,
Thou who *Maſter* art of it.
For the *Firſt matter* loves *Variety* leſs;
Leſs *Women* love't, either in *Love* or *Dreſs*.
A thouſand different ſhapes it bears,
Comely in thouſand ſhapes appears.
Yonder we ſaw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like *Spirits* in *a Place*, we know not *How*.

2.

London that vents of *falſe Ware* ſo much ſtore,
In no *Ware* deceives us more.
For men led by the *Colour*, and the *Shape*,
Like *Zeuxes Birds* fly to the painted *Grape*;
Some things do through our Judgment paſs
As through a *Multiplying Glaſs*.
And ſometimes, if the *Object* be too far,
We take a *Falling Meteor* for a *Star*.

Hence

3.

Hence 'tis a *Wit* that greateſt *word* of *Fame*
Grows ſuch a common Name.
And *Wits* by our *Creation* they become,
Juſt ſo, as *Tit'lar Biſhops* made at *Rome*.
'Tis not a *Tale*, 'tis not a *Jeſt*
Admir'd with *Laughter* at a Feaſt,
Nor florid *Talk* which can the *Title* gain;
The *Proofs* of *Wit* for ever muſt remain.

4.

'Tis not to force ſome lifeleſs meet
With their five gowty feet.
All ev'ry where, like *Mans* muſt be the *Soul*,
And *Reaſon* the *Inferiour Powers* controul.
Such were the *Numbers* which could call
The *Stones* into the *Theban* Wall.
Such *Miracles* are ceaſt; and now we ſee
No *Towns* or *Houſes* rais'd by *Poetrie*.

5.

Yet 'tis not to adorn, and guild each part;
That ſhows more *Coſt*, than *Art*.
Jewels at *Noſe* and *Lips* but ill appear;
Rather than *all things Wit*, let none be there.
Several *Lights* will not be ſeen,
If there be nothing elſe between.
Men doubt, becauſe they ſtand ſo thick i'th' skie,
If thoſe be *Stars* which paint the *Galaxie*.

6.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noiſe;
Jeſts for *Dutch Men*, and *Engliſh Boys*.
In which who finds out *Wit*, the ſame may ſee
In *An'grams* and *Acroſtiques Poetrie*.
Much leſs can that have any place
At which a *Virgin* hides her face,
Such *Droſs* the *Fire* muſt purge away; 'tis juſt
The *Author bluſh*, there where the *Reader* muſt.

7.

'Tis not ſuch *Lines* as almoſt crack the *Stage*.
When *Bajazet* begins to rage.
Nor a tall *Met'phor* in the *Bombaſt way*,
Nor the dry chips of ſhort-lung'd *Seneca*.
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force ſome odd *Similitude*.
What is it then, which like the *Power Divine*
We only can by *Negatives* define?

8.

In a true piece of *Wit* all things muſt be,
Yet all things there *agree*.
As in the *Ark*, joyn'd without force or ſtrife,
All *Creatures* dwelt; all *Creatures* that had *Life*.
Or as the *Primitive Forms* of all
(If we compare great things with ſmall)
Which without *Diſcord* or *Confuſion* lie,
In that ſtrange *Mirror* of the *Deitie*.

9.

But *Love* that moulds *One Man* up out of *Two*,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took *you* for *my ſelf* ſure when I thought
Th t you in any thing were to be *Taught*.
Correct my error with thy Pen;
And if any ask me then,
What thing right *Wit*, and height of *Genius* is,
I'll only ſhew your *Lines*, and ſay, *'Tis This*.

To the Lord Falkland.

For his ſafe Return from the Northern Expedition *againſt the* SCOTS.

GReat is thy *Charge*, O *North*; be wiſe and juſt,
England commits her *Falkland* to thy truſt;
Return him ſafe: *Learning* would rather chooſe
Her *Bodley*, or her *Vatican* to looſe,
All things that are but *writ* or *Printed* there,
In his unbounded Breaſt *engraven are*.
There all the *Sciences* together meet,
And every *Art* does all her *Kindred* greet,
Yet juſtle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in ſome *Common principle*.
So in an *Army* govern'd right we ſee
(Though out of ſeveral Countries rais'd it be)
That all their Order and their Place maintain,
The *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, the *Frenchmen* and the *Dane*.
So thouſand divers *Species* fill the aire,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there,
Beaſts, Houſes, Trees, and Men together lie,
Yet enter *undiſturb'd* into the Eye.
And this great *Prince* of *Knowledge* is by Fate
Thruſt into th'noiſe and buſineſs of a State,

All

All *Virtues*, and ſome *Cuſtoms* of the *Court*,
Other mens *Labour*, are at leaſt his *Sport*.
Whilſt we who can no action undertake,
Whom *Idleneſs* it ſelf might *Learned* make,
Who hear of nothing, and as yet ſcarce know,
Whether the *Scots* in *England* be or no,
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often ſtay,
Yet ſee his nimble *Pegaſus* fly away.
'Tis *Natures* fault who did thus partial grow,
And her *Eſtate* of *Wit* on *One* beſtow.
Whileſt we like *younger Brothers*, get at beſt
But a *ſmall ſtock*, and muſt *work* out the reſt.
How could he anſwer't, ſhould the State think fit
To queſtion a *Monopoly* of *Wit?*
Such is the *Man* whom we require, the ſame
We lent the *North*; untoucht as is his *Fame*.
He is too good for *War*, and ought to be
As far from *Danger*, as from *Fear* he's free.
Thoſe *Men* alone (and thoſe are uſeful too)
Whoſe *Valour* is the only *Art* they know,
Were for ſad *War* and bloody *Battles* born;
Let *Them* the *State Defend*, and *He Adorn*.

On the Death of Sir Henry Wootton.

WHat ſhall we ſay, ſince *ſilent* now is *He*
Who when he *Spake*, all things would *Silent* be?
Who had ſo many *Languages* in ſtore,
That only *Fame* ſhall ſpeak of him in *More*.
Whom *England* now no more return'd muſt ſee.
He's gone to *Heaven* on his *Fourth Embaſſie*.
On Earth he travell'd often; not to ſay
H'had been abroad, or paſs'd looſe *Time* away.
In what ſo ever Land he chanc'd to come,
He read the *Men* and *Manners*, bringing home
Their *Wiſdom*, *Learning*, and their *Pietie*,
As if he went *to Conquer*, not to *See*.
So well he underſtood the moſt and beſt
Of *Tongues* that *Babel* ſent into the *Weſt*,
Spoke them ſo truly, that he had (you'd ſwear)
Not only *Liv'd*, but *been Born* every where.
Juſtly each *Nations* Speech to him was known,
Who for the *World* was made, not *Us* alone.
Nor ought the *Language* of that Man be leſs
Who in his Breaſt had *all things* to *expreſs*.
We ſay that *Learning*'s endleſs, and blame Fate
For not allowing Life a longer date.

He

He did the utmoſt *Bounds* of *Knowledge* find,
He found them not ſo large as was his *Mind*.
But, like the brave *Pelæan Youth*, did mone
Becauſe that *Art* had no more *worlds* than *One*.
And when he ſaw that he through all had paſt,
He *dy'd*, leſt he ſhould *Idle* grow at laſt.

On the Death of Mr. Jordan,

Second Maſter *at* Weſtminſter *School*.

HEnce, and make room for me, all you who come
Only to read the *Epitaph* on this *Tombe*.
Here lies the *Maſter* of my tender years,
The *Guardian* of my *Parents Hope* and *Fears*,
Whoſe *Government* ne'r ſtood me in a *Tear*;
All *weeping* was reſerv'd to ſpend it *here*.
Come hither all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with *Me*: He was *your Tutor* too.
Let's joyn our *Sighs*, till they fly far, and ſhew
His native *Belgia* what ſhe's now to do.
The *League* of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither ſent
In payment of all Men we there had loſt,
And all the *Engliſh Blood* thoſe Wars have coſt.
Wiſely did *Nature* this learn'd *Man* divide;
His *Birth* was *Theirs*, his *Death* the mournful pride
Of *England*; and t'avoid the envious ſtrife
Of other *Lands* all *Europe* had his *Life*,
But we in chief; our Country ſoon was grown
A *Debter* more to *Him*, than *He* t'his *Own*.
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up *Men* againſt the future times,
For deeds of *Age* are in their *Cauſes* then,
And though he *taught* but *Boys*, he *made* the *Men*.
Hence 'twas, a *Maſter* in thoſe ancient days
When men ſought *Knowledge* firſt and by it *Praiſe*,
Was a thing full of *Reverence*, *Profit*, *Fame*;
Father it ſelf was but a *Second Name*.
He ſcorn'd the profit; his Inſtructions all
Were like the *Science*, *Free* and *Liberal*.
He *deſerv'd honours*, but *deſpis'd* them too
As much as thoſe who have them, others do.
He knew not that which *Compliment* they call;
Could *Flatter* none, but *Himſelf* leaſt of all.
So true, ſo faithful, and ſo juſt as he,
Was nought on earth, but his own *Memorie*.

His

His *Memory*, where all things written were
As ſure and fixt as in *Fates Books* they are.
Thus he in *Arts* ſo vaſt a treaſure gain'd,
Whileſt ſtill the *Uſe* came in, and *Stock* remain'd.
And having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with't to enrich others now.
Did thus a new, and harder task ſuſtain,
Like thoſe that work in *Mines* for others gain.
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To ſearch the *Vein*, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my *Excuſe* would be, I muſt confeſs,
Much better had his *Diligence* been leſs.
But if a *Muſe* hereafter ſmile on me,
And ſay, *Be thou* a *Poet*, men ſhall ſee
That none could a more *grateful Scholar* have;
For what I ow'd his *Life*, I'll pay his *Grave*.

On his Majſties Return out of Scotland.

1.

WElcome, great Sir, with all the joy that's due
To the return of *Peace* and *You*.
Two greateſt *Bleſſings* which this age can know.
For *that* to *Thee*, for *Thee* to *Heav'n* we ow.
Others by *War* their *Conqueſts* gain,
You like a *God* your ends obtain.
Who when rude *Chaos* for his help did call,
Spoke but the *Word*, and ſweetly *Order'd* all.

2.

This happy *Concord* in no *Blood* is writ,
None can grudge heav'n *full thanks* for it.
No *Mothers* here lament their *Childrens* fate,
And like the *Peace* but think it comes *too late*.
No *Widows* hear the jocund *Bells*,
And take them for their *Husbands Knells*.
No drop of *Blood* is ſpilt which might be ſaid
To mark our joyful *Holiday* with *Red*.

3.

'Twas only *Heav'n* could work this wondrous thing,
And only work't by ſuch a *King*.
Again the *Northern Hindes* may ſing and plow,
And fear no harm but from the *weather* now.
Again may Tradeſmen love their pain
By knowing now for whom they gain.
The *Armour* now may be hung up to ſight,
And only in their *Halls* the *Children* fright.

The

4.

The gain of *Civil Wars* will not allow
Bay to the *Conquerours Brow.*
At ſuch a *Game* what fool would venture in,
Where one moſt *loſe*, yet neither ſide can *win?*
How juſtly would our *Neighbours* ſmile
At theſe mad quarrels of our Iſle
Swell'd with proud hopes to ſnatch the whole away,
Whilſt we *Bet all*, and yet for *nothing Play?*

5.

How was the ſilver *Tine* frighted before,
And durſt not kiſs the armed ſhore?
His waters ran more ſwiftly than they uſe,
And haſted to the Sea to tell the News.
The *Sea* it ſelf, how rough ſo ere
Could ſcarce believe ſuch fury here.
How could the *Scots* and we be *Enemies* grown?
That, and its *Maſter Charles* had made us *One.*

6.

No *Blood* ſo loud as that of *Civil War*;
It calls for Dangers from afar.
Let's rather go, and ſeek out *Them*, and *Fame*;
Thus our *Fore-fathers got*, thus left a *Name.*
All their rich blood was ſpent with gains,
But that which ſwells their *Childrens Veins.*
Why ſit we ſtill, our *Spir'its* wrapt up in *Lead?*
Not like them whileſt they *Liv'd*, but now they're *Dead.*

7.

This noiſe at home was but *Fates* policie
To raiſe our Spir'its more high.
So a bold *Lyon* ere he ſeeks his prey,
Laſhes his ſides, and roars, and then away.
How would the *German Eagle* fear,
To ſee a new *Guſtavus* there?
How would it ſhake, though as't was wont to do
For *Jove* of old, it now bore *Thunder* too!

8.

Sure there are actions of this height and praiſe
Deſtin'd to *Charles* his days.
What will the *Triumphs* of his *Battels* be,
Whoſe very *Peace* it ſelf is *Victorie?*
When *Heaven* beſtows the beſt of *Kings*,
It bids us think of mighty things.
His *Valour*, *Wiſdom*, *Off-ſpring* ſpeak no leſs;
And *we* the *Prophets Sons*, write not by *Gueſs.*

On

On the Death of Sir Anthony Vandike,

The famous Painter.

Vandike is *Dead*; but what *Bold Muſe* ſhall dare
(Though *Poets* in that word with *Painters* ſhare)
T'expreſs her ſadneſs? *Po'eſie* muſt become
An *Art*, like *Painting* here, an *Art*, that's *Dumb*.
Let's all our ſolemn grief in ſilence keep,
Like ſome ſad *Picture* which he made to weep,
Or thoſe who ſaw't, for none his works would view
Unmov'd with the ſame *Paſſions* which he drew.
His pieces ſo with their live *Objects* ſtrive,
That both or *Pictures* ſeem, or both *Alive*.
Nature her ſelf amaz'd, does doubting ſtand,
Which is *her own*, and which the *Painters Hand*,
And does attempt the like with leſs ſucceſs,
When her own work in *Twins* ſhe would expreſs.
His All-reſembling *Pencil* did out-paſs
The mimick *Imag'ry* of *Looking-glaſs*.
Nor was his *Life* leſs perfect than his *Art*,
Nor was his *Hand* leſs *erring* than his *Heart*.
There was no falſe, or fading *Colour* there,
The *Figures* ſweet and well proportion'd were.
Moſt other men, ſet next to him in view,
Appear'd more *ſhadows* than the Men he *drew*.
Thus ſtill he liv'd till heav'n did for him call,
Where reverent *Luke* ſalutes him firſt of all:
Where he beholds new ſights, divinely fair;
And could almoſt wiſh for his *Pencil* there;
Did he not gladly ſee how all things ſhine,
Wondrouſly *painted* in the *Mind Divine*,
Whilſt he for ever raviſht with the ſhow
Scorns his own *Art* which we admire below.
Only his beauteous *Lady* ſtill he loves;
(The love of heav'nly *Objects Heav'n* improves)
He ſees bright *Angels* in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left ſo like them here.
And you, fair *Widow*, who ſtay here alive,
Since he ſo much rejoyces, ceaſe to grieve.
Your joys and griefs were wont the ſame to be;
Begin not now, bleſt *Pair* to *Diſagree*.
No wonder *Death* mov'd not his gen'rous mind,
You, and a *new born You*, he left behind.
Even *Fate* expreſt his love to his dear *Wife*,
And let him end *your Picture* with his *Life*.

Prometheus ill-painted.

HOw wretched does *Prometheus* ſtate appear,
Whileſt he his *Second Miſ'ery* ſuffers here!
Draw him no more, leſt as he tortur'd ſtands,
He blame great *Joves* leſs than the *Painters* hands.
It would the *Vulturs* cruelty outgo,
If once again his *Liver* thus ſhould *grow*.
Pity him *Jove*, and his bold *Theft* allow,
The *Flames* he once *ſtole* from thee *grant* him now.

ODE.

1.

HEre's to thee *Dick*; this whining *Love* deſpiſe;
Pledge me, my *Friend*, and drink till thou be'ſt *wiſe*.
It ſparkles brighter far than *ſhe:*
'Tis pure, and right without deceit;
And ſuch no *woman* ere will be:
No; they are all *Sophiſticate*.

2.

With all thy ſervile pains what canſt thou win,
But an *ill-favour'd*, and *uncleanly Sin?*
A thing ſo vile, and ſo ſhort-liv'd,
That *Venus Joys* as well as ſhe
With reaſon may be ſaid to be
From the neglected *Foam* deriv'd.

3.

Whom would that painted toy a *Beauty* move,
Whom would it ere perſwade to court and love,
Could he a *womans Heart* have ſeen,
(But, oh, no *Light* does thither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay ſhut up in her *womb*?

4.

Follies they have ſo numberleſs in ſtore,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their *Sighs* nor *Tears* are true;
Thoſe idlely blow, theſe idlely fall,
Nothing like to ours at all.
But *Sighs* and *Tears* have *Sexes* too.

5.

Here's to thee again; thy ſenſeleſs ſorrows drown'd;
Let the *Glaſs walk*, till all things too *go round*; Again

Again; till theſe *Two Lights* be *Four*;
No error here can dangerous prove;
Thy *Paſſion*, Man, deceiv'd thee more;
None *Double* ſee like Men in *Love*.

Friendſhip in Abſence.

1.

WHen chance or cruel buſineſs parts us two,
What do our *Souls* I wonder do?
Whilſt ſleep does our dull Bodies tie
Methinks, at home they ſhould not ſtay,
Content with *Dreams*, but boldly flie
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

2.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix I know not *How*, nor *Where*.
Their friendly Lights together twine,
Though we perceive't not to be ſo,
Like loving *Stars* which oft combine,
Yet not themſelves their own *Conjunctions* know.

3.

'Twere an ill World, I'll ſwear, for every friend,
If *Diſtance* could their *Union* end:
But *Love* it ſelf does far advance
Above the power of *Time* and *Space*,
It ſcorns ſuch outward *Circumſtance*,
His *Time's for ever*, *every where his Place*.

4.

I am there with *Thee*, yet here with *Me thou* art,
Lodg'd in each others heart.
Miracles ceaſe not yet in *Love*,
When he his mighty Power will try,
Abſence it ſelf does *Bounteous* prove,
And ſtrangely ev'n our *Preſence Multiply*.

5.

Pure is the flame of *Friendſhip*, and divine
Like that which in Heav'ns *Sun* does ſhine;
He in the upper ayr and sky
Does no effects of Heat beſtow,
But as his beams the farther fly
He begets *Warmth*, *Life*, *Beauty* here below.

6.

Friendſhip is leſs apparent when too nigh,
Like *Objects*, if they *touch* the *Eye*.

Leſs *Meritorious* than is *Love*,
For when we Friends together ſee
So much, ſo much *Both One* do prove,
That their *Love* then ſeems but *Self-love* to be.

7.

Each day think on me, and each day I ſhall
For thee make *Hours Canonical.*
By every *Wind* that comes this way,
Send me at leaſt a *ſigh* or two,
Such and ſo many I'll repay
As ſhall themſelves make *Winds* to get to you.

8.

A thouſand pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our *Separation.*
Alas, ten thouſand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer ſtay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks againſt the *Breaſt* to get away.

9.

And when no Art affords me help or eaſe,
I ſeek with verſe my griefs t'appeaſe.
Juſt as a *Bird* that flies about
And beats it ſelf againſt the *Cage*,
Finding at laſt no paſſage out
It ſits and ſings, and ſo o'recomes its rage.

To the Biſhop of Lincoln.

Upon his Enlargement out of the Tower.

PArdon, my Lord, that I am come ſo late
T'expreſs my joy for your return of Fate.
So when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of *Liberty*, at firſt I could not grieve;
My thoughts a while, like you, *Impriſon'd* lay;
Great *Joys* as well as *Sorrows* make a *Stay*;
They hinder one another in the *Crowd*,
And none are heard, whilſt all would ſpeak aloud.
Should every mans officious gladneſs haſt,
And be afraid to ſhew it ſelf the laſt;
The throng of Gratulations now would be
Another *Loſs* to you of *Libertie.*
When of your freedom men the news did hear
Where it was wiſht for, that is every where,

'Twas

'Twas like the Speech which from your Lips does fall,
As ſoon as it was heard it raviſht all.
So *Eloquent Tully* did from exile come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cheriſht *Rome*,
Which could no more his *Tongue* and *Counſels* miſs;
Rome, the *Worlds head*, was nothing without *His*.
Wrong to thoſe ſacred Aſhes I ſhould do,
Should I compare any to *Him* but *You*;
You to whom *Art* and *Nature* did diſpence
The *Conſulſhip* of *Wit* and *Eloquence*.
Nor did your Fate differ from his at all,
Becauſe the doom of *Exile* was his fall,
For the whole *World* without a native home
Is nothing but a *Priſ'on* of larger room.
But like a melting *Woman* ſuffer'd He,
He who before out-did *Humanitie*.
Nor could his *Spi'rit* conſtant and *ſtedfaſt* prove,
Whoſe Art 'thad been, and greateſt end to *Move*.
You put *ill Fortune* in ſo good a dreſs
That it out-ſhone other mens *Happineſs*,
Had your *Proſper'ity* always clearly gon
As your high *Merits* would have led it on,
You'had *Half* been loſt, and an *Example* then
But for the *Happy* the *leaſt part* of men.
Your very ſufferings did ſo graceful ſhew,
That ſome ſtraight *envy'd* your *Affliction* too.
For a clear *Conſcience* and *Heroick Mind*
In *Ills* their *Buſineſs* and their *Glory* find.
So though leſs worthy ſtones are drown'd in *night*,
The faithful *Diamond* keeps his native *Light*,
And is oblig'd to *Darkneſs* for a ray
That would be more *oppreſt* than *helpt* by *Day*.
Your *Soul* then moſt ſhew'd her unconquer'd power,
Was ſtronger and more armed than the *Tower*.
Sure unkind fate will tempt your *Spi'rit* no more,
Sh'has try'd your *Weakneſs* and your *Strength* before.
T'oppoſe him ſtill who once has *Conquer'd* ſo,
Were now to be your *Rebel*, not your *Foe*.
Fortune henceforth will more of *Provi'dence* have,
And rather be your *Friend*, than be your *Slave*.

To a Lady who made Poſies *for* Rings.

1.

I Little thought the time would ever bee,
That I ſhould *Wit* in *Dwarfiſh Poſies* ſee.
As all *Words* in Few *Letters* live,
Thou to few *Words* all *Senſe* doſt give.
'Twas *Nature* taught you this rare art
In ſuch a *Little Much* to ſhew,
Who all the good ſhe did impart
To Womankind *Epitomiz'd* in you.

2.

If as the Ancients did not doubt to ſing,
The turning *Years* be well compar'd to a *Ring*,
We'll write what ere from you we hear,
For that's the *Poſie* of the *Year*.
This difference only will remain,
That *Time* his former face does ſhew;
Winding into himſelf again,
But your unweari'd *Wit* is always *New*.

3.

'Tis ſaid that *Conju'rers* have an *Art* found out
To carry *Spi'rits* confin'd in *Rings* about.
The wonder now will leſs appear
When we behold your *Magick* here.
You by your *Rings* do *Pris'ners* take,
And chain them with your myſtick Spells,
And the ſtrong *Witchcraft* full to make,
Love, the great *Dev'il*, charm'd to thoſe *Circles* dwells.

4.

They who above do various *Circles* find,
Say, like a *Ring* th' *Æquator Heav'n* does bind.
When Heaven ſhall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more *Heav'n* than 'tis will be)
'Tis thou muſt write the *Poſie* there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the *Sun* paſs through't twice a year,
The *Sun* who is eſteem'd the God of *Wit*.

5.

Happy the Hands which wear ſacred *Rings*,
They'll teach thoſe Hands to write myſterious things.

Let

Let other *Rings* with *Jewels* bright,
Caſt around their coſtly light,
Let them want no noble *Stone*
By Nature rich, and Art refin'd,
Yet ſhall thy *Rings* give place to none,
But only that which muſt thy *Marriage* bind.

Prologue to the Guardian.

Before the Prince.

WHO ſays the *Times* do *Learning* diſallow?
'Tis falſe; 'twas never *Honour'd* ſo as *Now*.
When you appear, *Great Prince*, our *Night* is done;
You are our *Morning Star*, and ſhall be our *Sun*.
But our *Scene's London* now; and by the rout
We periſh, if the *Round-heads* be about.
For now no ornament the *Head* muſt wear,
No *Bays*, no *Mitre*, not ſo much as *Hair*.
How can a *Play* paſs ſafely when ye know
Cheapſide Croſs falls for making but a *Show*.
Our only *Hope* is this, that it may be
A *Play* may paſs too, made *Extempore*.
Though other *Arts* poor and neglected grow,
They'l admit *Po'eſie* which was *always* ſo.
But we contemn the fury of theſe days,
And ſcorn no leſs their *Cenſure* than their *Praiſe*.
Our *Muſe*, bleſt *Prince*, does only'on you relye;
Would gladly *Live*, but not refuſe to *Dye*.
Accept our *haſty zeal*; a thing that's *play'd*
Ere't is a *Play*, and *Acted* ere 'tis *Made*.
Our *Ign'orance*, but our *Duty* too we ſhow;
I would *all ignorant People* would do ſo!
At other Times expect our *Wit* or *Art*;
This *Comedy* is *Acted* by the *Heart*.

The Epilogue.

THE *Play*, great Sir, is done; yet needs muſt fear,
Though you brought all your *Fathers Mercies* here,
It many offend your *Highneſs*, and we have now
Three hours done *Treaſon* here for ought we know.
But power your grace can above *Nature* give,
It can give power to make *Abortives Live.*
In which if our bold wiſhes ſhould be croſt,
'Tis but the *Life* of one poor week t'has loſt;
Though it ſhould fall beneath your mortal ſcorn,
Scarce could it *Dye* more quickly than 'twas *Born.*

On the Death of Mr. William Hervey.

Immodicis brevis eſt ætas, & rara Senectus. Mart.

1.

IT was a diſmal, and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th'unwilling Light,
When *Sleep*, *Deaths Image*, left my troubled breſt
By ſomething *liker Death* poſſeſt.
My eyes with Tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my Soul hung the dull weight
Of ſome *Intolerable Fate.*
What Bell was that? Ah me! Too much I know.

2.

My ſweet *Companion*, and my gentle *Peere*,
Why haſt thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy *end* for ever, and my *Life* to mone?
O thou haſt left me all alone!
Thy *Soul* and *Body* when *Deaths Agonie*
Beſieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than *I*, my deareſt *Friend*, do part from *Thee.*

3.

My deareſt *Friend*, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this *World* henceforth will tedious be.
Nor ſhall I know hereafter what to do
If once my *Griefs* prove *tedious* too.

Silent

Silent and ſad I walk about all day,
As ſullen *Ghoſts* ſtalk ſpeechleſs by
Where their hid *Treaſures* ly;
Alas, my *Treaſure's* gone, why do I ſtay?

4.

He was my *Friend*, the trueſt *Friend* on earth;
A ſtrong and mighty *Influence* joyn'd our *Birth*.
Nor did we envy the moſt ſounding *Name*
By *Friendſhip* given of old to *Fame*.
None but his *Brethren* he, and *Siſters* knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to Me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above my ſelf I lov'd them too.

5.

Say, for you ſaw us, ye immortal *Lights*,
How oft unweari'd have we ſpent the Nights?
Till the *Ledæan Stars* ſo fam'd for *Love*,
Wondred at us from above.
We ſpent them not in toys, in luſts, or wine;
But ſearch of deep *Philoſophy*,
Wit, *Eloquence*, and *Poetry*,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my *Friend*, were *Thine*.

6.

Ye fields of *Cambridge*, our dear *Cambridge*, ſay,
Have ye not ſeen us walking every day?
Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
The *Love* betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees* for ever fade;
Or your ſad branches thicker joyn,
And into darkſome ſhades combine.
Dark as the *Grave wherein* my *Friend* is laid.

7.

Henceforth no learned *Youths* beneath you ſing,
Till all the tuneful *Birds* to'your boughs they bring;
No tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted chear,
And call the learned *Youths* to hear;
No whiſtling *Winds* through the glad branches fly,
But all with ſad ſolemnitie,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* does ly.

8.

To him my *Muſe* made haſte with every ſtrain
Whilſt it was new, and *warm* yet from the *Brain*,
He lov'd my worthleſs *Rhimes*, and like a *Friend*
Would find out ſomething to *commend*.

Hence now, my *Muſe*, thou canſt not me delight;
Be this my lateſt verſe
With which I now adorn his *Herſe*,
And this my *Grief*, without *thy* help ſhall write.

8.

Had I a wreath of *Bays* about my brow,
I ſhould contemn that flouriſhing honour now,
Condemn it to the *Fire*, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Inſtead of *Bays*, crown with ſad *Cypreſs* me;
Cypreſs which *Tombs* does beautifie;
Not *Phœbus* griev'd ſo much as I
For him, who firſt was made that mournful *Tree*.

10.

Large was his *Soul*; as large a *Soul* as ere
Submitted to *inform* a *Body* here.
High as the Place 'twas ſhortly' in *Heaven* to have,
But low, and humble as his *Grave*.
So *high* that all the *Virtues* there did come
As to their chiefeſt ſeat
Conſpicuous, and great;
So *low* that for *Me* too it made a room.

11.

He ſcorn'd this buſie world below, and all
That we, *Miſtaken Mortals*, Pleaſure call;
Was fill'd with inn'ocent *Gallantry* and *Truth*,
Triumphant ore the ſins of *Youth*.
He like the *Stars*, to which he now is gone,
That ſhine with beams like *Flame*,
Yet burn not with the ſame,
Had all the *Light* of *Youth*, of the *Fire* none.

12.

Knowledge he only ſought, and ſo ſoon caught,
As if for him *Knowledge* had rather *ſought*.
Nor did more *Learning* ever crowded lie
In ſuch a ſhort *Mortalitie*.
When ere the skilful *Youth* diſcourſt or writ,
Still did the *Notions* throng
About his eloquent Tongue,
Nor could his *Ink* flow faſter than his *Wit*.

13.

So ſtrong a *Wit* did *Nature* to him frame,
As all things but his *Judgment* overcame;
His *Judgment* like the Heav'nly *Moon* did ſhow,
Temp'ring that mighty *Sea* below.

Oh

Oh had he liv'd in *Learnings World*, what bound
Would have been able to controul
His over-powering Soul?
We'have loſt in him *Arts* that not yet are *found*.

14.

His *Mirth* was the pure *Spirits* of various Wit,
Yet never did his *God* or *Friends* forget.
And when deep talk and wiſdom came in view,
Retir'd and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of *Books* he always took,
Though his own ſearching mind before
Was ſo with *Notions* written o're
As if wiſe *Nature* had made that her *Book*.

15.

So many *Virtues* joyn'd in him, as we
Can ſcarce pick here and there in *Hiſtorie*.
More than old *Writers Practice* ere could reach,
As much as they could ever *teach*.
Theſe did *Religion*, *Queen* of Virtues ſway,
And all their ſacred *Motions* ſtear,
Juſt like the Firſt and *Higheſt Sphere*
Which wheels about, and turns all *Heav'n* one way.

16.

With as much Zeal, Devotion, Pietie,
He always *Liv'd*, as other Saints do *Die*.
Still with his Soul ſevere account he kept,
Weeping all *Debts* out ere he ſlept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the *Suns* laborious light,
Which ſtill in *Water* ſets at Night,
Unſullied with his *Journey* of the *Day*.

17.

Wondrous young Man, why wert thou made ſo good,
To be ſnatcht hence ere better *underſtood*?
Snatcht before half of thee enough was ſeen!
Thou Ripe, and yet thy *Life* but *Green!*
Nor could thy Friends take their laſt ſad Farewel,
But Danger and *infectious Death*
Maliciouſly ſeiz'd on that Breath
Where *Life*, *Spirit*, *Pleaſure* always us'd to dwell.

18.

But happy Thou, ta'ne from this frantick age,
Where *Igno'rance* and *Hypocriſie* does rage!
A fitter *time* for Heav'n no Soul ere choſe,
The place now only free from thoſe.

There 'mong the *Bleſt* thou doſt for ever ſhine,
And whereſoe're thou caſts thy view
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'ſt not a *Soul* cloath'd with more *Light* than *Thine*.

19.

And if the glorious *Saints* ceaſe not to know
Their wretched Friends who *fight* with *Life* below;
Thy Flame to *Me* does ſtill the ſame abide,
Only more pure and rarifi'd.
There whilſt immortal Hymns thou doſt reherſe,
Thou doſt with holy pity ſee
Our dull and earthly *Poeſie*,
Where *Grief* and *Miſ'ery* can be joyn'd with *Verſe*.

ODE.

In imitation of Horaces *Ode.*

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfuſus, &c. Lib. 1. Od. 5.

1.

TO whom now *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?
To what heart-raviſht Lover,
Doſt thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden ſweets diſcover,
And with large bounty open ſet
All the bright ſtores of thy rich *Cabinet?*

2.

Ah ſimple *Youth*, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd *Faith* complain?
And his own *Fortunes* find to be
So airy and ſo vain,
Of ſo *Cameleon*-like an hew,
That ſtill *their colour* changes with *it* too?

3.

How oft, alas, will he admire
The blackneſs of the Skies?
Trembling to hear the Winds ſound higher
And ſee the Billows riſe;
Poor *unexperienc'ed* He
Who ne're, alas, before had been at *Sea!*

He

4.

He enjoys thy calmy *Sun-ſhine* now,
And no breath ſtirring hears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No ſmalleſt *Cloud* appears.
He ſees the gentle, fair, and gay,
And truſts the *faithleſs April* of thy *May*.

5.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy He,
T' whom *Thou untry'ed* doſt ſhine!
But there's no danger now for *Me*,
Since o're *Loretto's Shrine*
In witneſs of the *Shipwrack* paſt
My conſecrated *Veſſel* hangs at laſt.

In imitation of Martials *Epigram.*

Si tecum mihi chare Martialis, &c. L. 5. Ep. 21.

IF, deareſt *Friend*, it my good Fate might be
T'enjoy at once a *quiet Life* and *Thee*;
If we for *Happineſs* could *leiſure* find,
And *wandring Time* into a *Method* bind,
We ſhould not ſure the *Great mens* favour need,
Nor on long *Hopes*, the *Courts thin Diet*, feed.
We ſhould not *Patience* find daily to hear,
The *Calumnies*, and *Flatteries* ſpoken there.
We ſhould not the *Lords Tables* humbly uſe,
Or talk in *Ladies* Chambers *Love* and *News*;
But *Books*, and wiſe *Diſcourſe*, *Gardens* and *Fields*,
And all the joys that *unmixt Nature* yields.
Thick *Summer* ſhades where winter ſtill does ly,
Bright *Winter* Fires that *Summers* part ſupply.
Sleep not controll'd by *Cares*, confin'd to *Night*,
Or bound in any rule but *Appetite*.
Free, but not ſavage or ungracious *Mirth*,
Rich *Wines* to give it quick and eaſie birth.
A few *Companions*, which our ſelves ſhould chuſe,
A *Gentle Miſtreſs*, and a *Gentler Muſe*.
Such, deareſt Friend, ſuch without doubt ſhould be
Our *Place*, our *Buſineſs*, and our *Company*.
Now to *Himſelf*, alas, does neither *live*,
But ſees good *Suns*, of which we are to give
A ſtrict *account*, ſet and march thick away;
Knows a man how to Live, and does he ſtay?

The

The Chronicle.

A Ballad.

1.

Margarita firſt poſſeſt,
If I remember well, my breſt,
Margarita firſt of all;
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my reſtleſs Heart had plaid,
Martha took the flying Ball.

2.

Martha ſoon did it reſign
To the beauteous *Catharine*.
Beauteous *Catharine* gave place
(Though loth and angry ſhe to part
With the poſſeſſion of my heart)
To *Eliſa*'s conqu'ering face.

3.

Eliſa till this Hour might reign
Had ſhe not *Evil Counſels* ta'ne,
Fundamental Laws ſhe broke,
And ſtill new *Favorites* ſhe choſe,
Till up in *Arms* my *Paſſions* roſe,
And caſt away her yoke.

4.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both to reign at once began.
Alternately they ſway'd,
And ſometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And ſometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And ſometimes *Both* I' obey'd.

5.

Another *Mary* then aroſe
And did rigorous Laws impoſe.
A mighty *Tyrant* ſhe!
Long, alas, ſhould I have been
Under that *Iron-Scepter'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* ſet me free.

When

6.

When fair *Rebecca* ſet me free,
'Twas then a *golden Time* with me.
But ſoon thoſe pleaſures fled,
For the gracious Princeſs dy'd
In her Youth and Beauties pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her ſted.

7.

One Month, three Days, and half an hour
Judith held the *Soveraign Power.*
Woudrous beautiful her Face,
But ſo weak and ſmall her Wit,
That ſhe to govern was unfit,
And ſo *Suſanna* took her place.

8.

But when *Iſabella* came
Arm'd with a reſiſtleſs flame
And th' Artillery of her Eye,
Whilſt ſhe proudly marcht about
Greater Conqueſts to find out,
She beat out *Suſan* by the By.

9.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd *Beſs*, her *Viceroy-Maid*,
To whom enſu'd a *Vacancy.*
Thouſand worſe *Paſſions* then poſſeſt
The *Interregnum* of my breſt.
Bleſs me from ſuch an *Anarchy!*

10.

Gentle *Henriette* than
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then *Jone*, and *Jane*, and *Audria.*
And then a pretty *Thomaſine*,
And then another *Katharine*,
And then a *long Et cætera.*

11.

But ſhould I now to you relate,
The ſtrength and riches of their *ſtate*,
The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,
The *Ribbans*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
The *Lace*, the *Paint*, *and warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazins:*

If

12.

If I ſhould tell the politick Arts
To take and keep mens hearts,
The Letters, Embaſſies, and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberleſs, *Nameleſs Myſteries!*

13.

And all the *Little Lime-twigs* laid
By *Matchavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;
I more voluminous ſhould grow
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All Change of *Weathers* that befell)
Than *Holinſhead* or *Stow*.

14.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with Me.
An higher and a nobler ſtrain
My preſent *Empereſs* does claim,
Heleonora, Firſt o'th' Name;
Whom *God grant long to reign.*

To Sir William D'avenant.

Upon his two firſt Books of Gundibert, *finiſhed before his voyage to* America.

METhinks *Heroick Poeſie* till now
Like ſome fantaſtick *Fairy Land* did ſhow,
Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches and *Gyants race,*
And all but *Man* in *Mans chief work* had place.
Thou like ſome worthy *Knight* with ſacred Arms
Doſt drive the *Monſters* thence, and end the *Charm*
In ſtead of thoſe doſt *Men* and *Manners* plant,
The things which that rich *Soil* did chiefly want.
Yet ev'en thy *Mortals* do their *Gods* excell
Taught by thy *Muſe* to *Fight* and *Love* ſo well.
By fatal hands whilſt *preſent Empires* fall,
Thine from the Grave *paſt Monarchies* recall.
So much more thanks from humane kind does merit
The *Poets Fury*, than the *Zelot Spirit.*
And from the *Grave* thou mak'eſt this *Empire* riſe,
Not like ſome dreadful *Ghoſt* t'affright our Eyes,
But with more Luſter and triumphant ſtate,
Than when it *crown'd* at proud *Verona* ſate.

So

So will our *God rebuild* mans periſht frame,
And raiſe him up much *Better*, yet the *ſame*.
So *God-like Poets* do paſt things rehearſe,
Not *change*, but *heighten* Nature by their Verſe.
With ſhame, methinks, great *Italy* muſt ſee
Her *Conqu'erors* rais'd to *Life* again by *Thee*.
Rais'd by ſuch pow'rful Verſe, that ancient *Rome*
May bluſh no leſs to ſee her *Wit o'recome*.
Some men their *Fancies* like their *Faith* derive,
And think all Ill but that which *Rome* does give.
The Marks of *Old* and *Catholick* would find,
To the ſame *Chair* would *Truth* and *Fiction* bind.
Thou in thoſe beaten paths diſdain'ſt to tread,
And ſcorn'ſt to *Live* by robbing of the *Dead*.
Since Time does all things change, thou think'ſt not fit
This latter *Age* ſhould ſee *all New but Wit*.
Thy *Fancy* like a *Flame* its way does make,
And leave bright *Tracks* for following Pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldneſs of the *Muſe*
Did thy deſire to ſeek new *Worlds* infuſe,
And ne're did Heav'n ſo much a *Voyage* bleſs,
If thou canſt *Plant* but *there* with like ſucceſs.

An Anſwer to a Copy of Verſes ſent me to Jerſey.

AS to *a Northern People* (whom the Sun
Uſes juſt as the *Romiſh Church* has done
Her Prophane *Laity*, and does aſſign
Bread only both to ſerve for *Bread* and *Wine*)
A rich *Canary Fleet* welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your Letter gives,
Fraught with brisk *racy Verſes*, in which we
The *Soil* from whence they came, taſt, ſmell and ſee:
Such is your *Preſent* to us; for you muſt know,
Sir, that *Verſe* does not in this *Iſland grow*
No more than *Sack*; One lately did not fear
(Without the *Muſes* leave) to plant it here.
But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge
Rhymes, as ev'n ſet the hearers *Ears* on *Edge*.
Written By ——————— *Eſquire, the*
Year of our Lord ſix hundred thirty three.
Brave *Jerſey Muſe!* and he's for his high ſtile
Call'd to this day the *Homer* of the *Iſle*.
Alas to men here no *Words leſs* hard be
To Rhime with, than * *Mount Orgueil* is to me.

* The name of one of the Caſtles in *Mount Jerſey*.

Mount Orgueil, which in ſcorn o'th' *Muſes* law
With no *yoke-fellow Word* will daign to draw.
Stubborn *Mount Orgueil*! 'tis a work to make it
Come into *Rhime*, more hard than 'twere to *take* it.
Alas, to bring your *Tropes* and *Figures* here,
Strange as to bring *Camels* and *Ele'phants* were.
And *Metaphor* is ſo unknown a thing,
'Twould need the *Preface* of *God ſave the King*.
Yet this I'll ſay for th' honor of the place,
That by Gods extraordinary *Grace*
(Which ſhows the people have *judgment*, if not *Wit*)
The land is *undefil'd* with *Clinches* yet.
Which in my poor opinion I confeſs,
Is a moſt ſing'ular bleſſing, and no leſs
Than *Irelands* wanting *Spiders*. And ſo far
From th' *Actual Sin* of *Bombaſt* too they are,
(That other *Crying Sin* o'th' *Engliſh Muſe*)
That even *Satan* himſelf can accuſe
None here (no not ſo much as the *Divines*)
For th' *Motus primò primi* to *Strong lines*.
Well, ſince the ſoil then does not natu'rally bear
Verſe, who (*a Devil*) ſhould *import* it here?
For that to me would ſeem as ſtrange a thing
As who did firſt *Wild Beaſts* into' *Iſlands* bring.
Unleſs you think that it might taken be
As *Green* did *Gond'ibert*, in a *Prize* at Sea.
But that's a Fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true *Green* was made by it; for they ſay
The *Parl'ament* did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the *whole Prize*, their *Tenths* and *Fifteens* too.

The Tree of Knowledge.

That there is no Knowledge.

Againſt the Dogmatiſts.

I.

THE ſacred *Tree* midſt the fair *Orchard* grew;
The *Phœnix Truth* did on it reſt,
And built his perfum'd Neſt.
That right *Porphyrian Tree* which did true *Logick* ſhew,
Each *Leaf* did learned *Notions* give,
And th' *Apples* were *Demonſtrative*.
So clear their *Colour* and divine,
The very *ſhade* they caſt did other *Lights* out-ſhine.

Taſte

2.

Taſte not, ſaid *God*; 'tis *mine* and *Angels* meat;
A certain *Death* doth ſit
Like an ill *Worm* i'th' *Core* of it.
Ye cannot *Know* and *Live*, nor *Live*, or *Know* and *Eat*.
Thus ſpoke *God*, yet *man* did go
Ignorantly on to *Know*;
Grew ſo *more blind*, and *ſhe*
Who tempted him to this, grew yet *more blind* than *He*.

3.

The only *Science* Man by this did get,
Was but to *know* he nothing *Knew*:
He ſtraight his *Nakedneſs* did view,
His ign'orant poor eſtate, and was aſham'd of it.
Yet ſearches *Probabilities*,
And *Rhetorick*, and *Fallacies*,
And ſeeks by uſeleſs pride
With ſlight and withering *Leaves* that *Nakedneſs* to hide.

4.

Henceforth, ſaid *God*, the wretched Sons of earth
Shall ſweat for Food in vain
That will not long ſuſtain,
And bring with *Labor* forth each fond *Abortive Birth*.
That *Serpent* too, their *Pride*,
Which aims at things deny'd,
That learn'd and eloquent *Luſt*
Inſtead of *Mounting high*, ſhall creep upon the *Duſt*.

The Reaſon.

The uſe of it in Divine *Matters.*

1.

SOme *blind* themſelves, 'cauſe poſſibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on *Sands*, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but becauſe there was no *Wind*.
Leſs hard 'tis, not to *Erre our ſelves*, than know
If our *Fore-Fathers err'd* or no.
When we truſt *Men* concerning *God*, we then
Truſt not *God* concerning *Men*.

2.

Viſions and *Inſpirations* ſome expect
Their courſe here to direct,
Like ſenſeleſs *Chymiſts* their own wealth deſtroy,
Imaginary Gold t'enjoy.
So *Stars appear* to drop to us from Skie,
And gild the paſſage as they fly:
But when they fall, and meet th'oppoſing ground,
What but a ſordid *Slime* is found?

3.

Sometimes their *Fancies* they 'bove *Reaſon* ſet,
And faſt that they may dream of meat.
Sometimes *ill Spi'rits* their ſickly Souls delude,
And *Baſtard-Forms* obtrude.
So *Endors* wretched *Sorcereſs*, although
She *Saul* through his diſguiſe did know,
Yet when the *Dev'il* comes up *diſguis'd*, ſhe cries,
Behold the *Gods* ariſe.

4.

In vain, alas, theſe outward Hopes are try'd;
Reaſon within's our only *Guide*.
Reaſon, which (God be prais'd!) ſtill *Walks*, for all
Its old Original *Fall*.
And ſince it ſelf the boundleſs *Godhead* joyn'd
With a *Raeſonable Mind*,
It plainly ſhows that *Myſteries Divine*,
May with our *Reaſon* joyn.

5.

The *Holy Book*, like the eighth *Sphere*, does ſhine
With thouſand Lights of *Truth Divine*.
So numberleſs the *Stars*, that to the Eye,
It makes but all one *Galaxie*.
Yet *Reaſon* muſt aſſiſt too, for in *Seas*
So vaſt and dangerous as theſe,
Our courſe by *Stars* above we cannot know,
Without the *Compaſs* too *below*.

6.

Though *Reaſon* cannot through *Faiths Myſt'eries* ſee,
It ſees that *There* and ſuch they be;
Leads to *Heav'ens Door*, and there does humbly keep,
And there through *Chinks* and *Key-holes* peep.
Though it, like *Moſes* by a ſad command
Muſt not come into th' *Holy Land*,
Yet thither it infallibly does *Guide*,
And from afar 'tis all *Deſcry'd*.

On the Death of Mr. Craſhaw.

Poet and *Saint*! to thee alone are given
The two moſt ſacred *Names* of *Earth* and *Heav'n*.
The hard and rareſt *Union* which can be
Next that of *Godhead* with *Humanitie*.
Long did the *Muſes* baniſht *Slaves* abide,
And built vain *Pyramids* to mortal pride;
Like *Moſes* Thou (though Spells and Charms withſtand)
Haſt brought them nobly home back to their *Holy Land*.
Ah wretched *We*, *Poets* of *Earth*! but *Thou*
Wert *Living* the ſame *Poet* which thou'rt *Now*.
Whilſt *Angels* ſing to thee their ayres divine,
And joy in an applauſe ſo great as *thine*.
Equal ſociety with them to hold,
Thou needſt not make *new Songs*, but ſay the *Old*.
And they (kind Spirits!) ſhall all rejoyce to ſee
How little leſs than *They*, *Exalted Man* may be.
Still the old *Heathen Gods* in *Numbers* dwell,
The *Heav'enlieſt* thing on Earth ſtill keeps up *Hell*.
Nor have we yet quite purg'd the *Chriſtian Land*;
Still *Idols* here, like *Calves* at *Bethel* ſtand.
And though *Pans Death* long ſince all *Oracles* broke,
Yet ſtill in Rhyme the *Fiend Apollo* ſpoke:
Nay with the worſt of Heathen dotage We
(Vain men!) the *Monſter Woman Deifie*;
Find *Stars*, and tye our *Fates* there in a *Face*,
And *Paradiſe* in them by whom we *loſt* it, place.
What different faults corrupt our *Muſes* thus?
Wanton as *Girles*, as *old Wives*, *Fabulous!*
Thy ſpotleſs *Muſe*, like *Mary*, did contain
The boundleſs *Godhead*; ſhe did well diſdain
That her *eternal Verſe* employ'd ſhould be
On a leſs ſubject than *Eternitie*;
And for a ſacred *Miſtreſs* ſcorn'd to take,
But her whom *God* himſelf ſcorn'd not his *Spouſe* to make.
It (in a kind) *her Miracle* did do;
A fruitful *Mother* was, and *Virgin* too.
* How well (bleſt Swan) did Fate contrive thy death;
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great *Miſtreſs* Arms? thou moſt divine
And richeſt *Offe'ring* of *Lorettos Shrine!*
Where like ſome holy *Sacrifice* t'expire,
A *Fever* burns thee, and *Love* lights the *Fire*.
Angels (they ſay) brought the ſam'ed *Chappel* there,
And bore the ſacred Load in Triumph through the air.

*Mr. *Craſhaw* died of a Fever at *Loretto*, being newly choſen Canon of that Church.

'Tis

'Tis ſurer much they brought thee there, and *They*,
And *Thou*, their charge, went *ſinging* all the way.
Pardon, my *Mother Church*, if I conſent
That *Angels* led him when from thee he went,
For even in *Error* ſure no *Danger* is
When joyn'd with ſo much *Piety* as *His*.
Ah, mighty *God*, with ſhame I ſpeak't, and grief,
Ah that our greateſt *Faults* were in *Belief!*
And our weak *Reaſon* were ev'en weaker yet,
Rather than thus our *Wills* too ſtrong for it.
His *Faith* perhaps in ſome nice Tenents might
Be wrong; his *Life*, I'm ſure, was *in the right.*
And I my ſelf a *Catholick* will be,
So far at leaſt, great *Saint*, to *Pray* to thee.
Hail *Bard Triumphant!* and ſome care beſtow
On *us*, the *Poets Militant* Below!
Oppos'ed by our old En'emy, adverſe *Chance*,
Attacqu'ed by *Envy*, and by *Ignorance*,
Enchain'ed by *Beauty*, tortur'ed by *Deſires*,
Expos'ed by *Tyrant-Love* to ſavage *Beaſts* and *Fires*.
Thou from low earth in nobler *Flames* didſt riſe,
And like *Elijah*, mount alive the Skies.
Eliſha-like (but with a wiſh much leſs,
More fit thy *Greatneſs*, and my *Littleneſs*)
Lo here I beg (I whom thou once didſt prove
So humble to *Eſteem*, ſo Good to *Love*)
Not that thy *Spirit* might on me *Doubled* be,
I ask but half thy mighty *Spirit* for Me.
And when my *Muſe* ſoars with ſo ſtrong a Wing,
'Twill learn of things *Divine*, and firſt of *Thee* to ſing.

Ana-

Anacreontiques:

OR,

Some Copies of Verſes Tranſlated Paraphraſtically out of *Anacreon.*

I.

Love.

I'll ſing of *Heroes*, and of *Kings*;
In mighty Numbers, mighty things,
Begin, my *Muſe*; but lo the ſtrings
To my great *Song* rebellious prove;
The ſtrings will ſound of nought but *Love*,
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing ſure will do.
Theſe ſure (ſaid I) will me obey;
Theſe ſure *Heroick Notes* will play.
Straight I began with thundering *Jove*,
And all th'immortal Pow'ers but *Love*.
Love ſmil'd, and from my'enfeebled *Lyre*
Came gentle airs, ſuch as inſpire
Melting Love, ſoft deſire.
Farewel then *Heroes*, farewel *Kings*,
And mighty *Numbers*, mighty *Things*;
Love tunes my *Heart* juſt to my *ſtrings*.

Drinking.

II.

Drinking.

THE thirſty *Earth* ſoaks up the *Rain*,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The *Plants* ſuck in the *Earth*, and are
With conſtant drinking freſh and fair.
The *Sea* it ſelf, which one would think
Should have but little need of *Drink*,
Drinks ten thouſand *Rivers* up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the *Cup*.
The buſie *Sun* (and one would gueſs
By's drunken fiery face no leſs)
Drinks up the *Sea*, and when h'as done,
The *Moon* and *Stars* drink up the *Sun*.
They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in *Nature's Sober* found.
But an eternal *Health* goes round.
Fill up the *Bowl* then, fill it high,
Fill all the *Glaſſes* there for why
Should every creature drink but *I*,
Why, *Men* of *Morals*, tell me why?

III.

Beauty.

LIberal *Nature* did diſpence
To all things *Arms* for their defence;
And ſome ſhe arms with ſin'ewy force,
And ſome with ſwiftneſs in the courſe;
Some with hard Hoofs, or forked claws,
And ſome with Horns, or tusked jaws.
And ſome with Scales, and ſome with Wings,
And ſome with Teeth, and ſome with Stings.
Wiſdom to *Man* ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for *Shield*, and *Wit* for *Sword*.
What to beauteous *Woman-kind*,
What *Arms*, what *Armour* has ſhe'aſſign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the *Fair*
What *Arms*, what *Armour* can compare?

What

What *Steel*, what *Gold*, or *Diamond*,
More *Impaſſible* is found?
And yet what *Flame*, what *Lightning* e're
So great an *Active* force did bear?
They are *all weapon*, and they dart
Like *Porcupines* from every part.
Who can, alas, their ſtrength expreſs,
Arm'd, when they themſelves undreſs,
Cap-a-pe with *Nakedneſs?*

IV.

The Duel.

YES, I will love then, I will love,
I will not now *Loves Rebel* prove,
Though I was once his *Enemy*;
Though ill-advis'd and ſtubborn I,
Did to the Combate him defy,
An Helmet, Spear, and mighty Shield,
Like ſome new *Ajax* I did wield.
Love in one hand his *Bow* did take,
In th'other hand a *Dart* did ſhake.
But yet in vain the *Dart* did throw,
In vain he often drew the *Bow*.
So well my *Armor* did reſiſt,
So oft by flight the blow I miſt.
But when I thought all danger paſt,
His *Quiver* empty'd quite at laſt,
Inſtead of *Arrow*, or of *Dart*,
He ſhot *Himſelf* into my Heart.
The *Living* and the *Killing Arrow*
Ran through the Skin, the Fleſh, the *Blood*,
And broke the Bones, and ſcorcht the Marrow,
No *Trench* or *Work* of *Life* withſtood.
In vain I now the *Walls* maintain,
I ſet out *Guards* and *Scouts* in vain,
Since th' *En'emy* does within remain.
In vain a *Breaſtplate* now I wear,
Since in my *Breaſt* the Foe I bear.
In vain my *Feet* their ſwiftneſs try;
For from the *Body* can they fly?

V.

Age.

OFt am I by the Women told,
Poor *Anacreon* thou grow'ſt old.
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor *Anacreon* how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th'effects I do not know.
This I know without being told,
'Tis time to *Live* if I grow *Old*,
'Tis Time ſhort pleaſures now to take,
Of little *Life* the beſt to make,
And manage *wiſely* the *laſt ſtake*.

VI.

The Account.

WHen all the *Stars* are by thee told,
(The endleſs Sums of heav'nly Gold)
Or when the *Hairs* are reckon'd all,
From ſickly *Autumns Head* that fall,
Or when the drops that make the *Sea*,
Whilſt all her *Sands* thy *Counters* be;
Thou then, and Thou alone maiſt prove
Th' *Arithmetician* of my *Love*.
An hundred Loves at *Athens* ſcore,
At *Corinth* write an hundred more.
Fair *Corinth* does ſuch Beauties bear,
So few is an *Eſcaping* there.
Write then at *Chios* ſeventy three;
Write then at *Lesbos* (let me ſee)
Write me at *Lesbos* ninety down,
Full ninety *Loves*, and half a One.
And next to theſe let me preſent,
The fair *Ionian Regiment*.
And next the *Carian Company*,
Five hundred both *Effectively*.
Three hundred more at *Rhodes* and *Crete*;
Three hundred 'tis I'am ſure *complete*.
For arms at *Crete* each *Face* does bear,

And

And every *Eye's* an *Archer* there.
Go on; this ſtop why doſt thou make?
Thou think'ſt, perhaps, that I miſtake
Seems this to thee too great a *Summe?*
Why many *Thouſands* are to come;
The mighty *Xerxes* could not boaſt
Such different *Nations* in his Hoſt.
On; for my love, if thou be'ſt weary,
Muſt find ſome better *Secretary.*
I have not yet my *Perſian* told,
Nor yet my *Syrian Loves* enroll'd,
Nor *Indian*, nor *Arabian*;
Nor *Cyprian* Loves, nor *Affrican*;
Nor *Schthian*, nor *Italian* flames;
There's a whole *Map* behind of *Names.*
Of gentle Love i'th' *temperate Zone*,
And cold enes in the *Frigid One*,
Cold frozen *Loves* with which I pine,
And parched *Loves* beneath the *Line.*

VII.

Gold.

A Mighty pain *to Love* it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to *miſs.*
But of all pains the greateſt pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble *Blood*,
Nor *Wit* by *Love* is underſtood.
Gold alone does paſſion move,
Gold monopolizes love!
A *curſe* on her, and on the Man
Who this traffick firſt began!
A *curſe* on him who found the Ore!
A *curſe* on him who digg'd the ſtore!
A *curſe* on him who did refine it!
A *curſe* on him who firſt did coyn it!
A *curſe* all curſes elſe above
On him, who us'd it firſt in *Love!*
Gold begets in Brethren hate,
Gold in *Families* debate;
Gold does Friendſhips ſeparate,
Gold does Civil Wars create.
Theſe the ſmalleſt harms of it!
Gold, alas, does *Love beget.*

VIII.

The Epicure.

FIll the *Bowl* with roſie Wine,
Around our temples *Roſes* twine,
And let us chearfully awhile,
Like the *Wine* and *Roſes* ſmile.
Crown'd with Roſes we contemn
Gyge's wealthy *Diadem.*
To day is *Ours*; what do we fear?
To day is *Ours*; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wiſh at leaſt with us to ſtay.
Let's baniſh *Buſineſs*, baniſh *Sorrow*;
To the *Gods* belongs *To morrow.*

IX.

Another.

UNderneath this Myrtle ſhade,
On flowry beds ſupinely laid,
With od'orous Oyls my head o'reflowing,
And around it Roſes growing,
What ſhould I do but drink away
The *Heat*, and *troubles* of the Day?
In this more than *Kingly* ſtate,
Love himſelf ſhall on me wait.
Fill to me, *Love*, nay fill it up;
And mingled caſt into the Cup,
Wit, and *Mirth*, and noble *Fires*,
Vigorous *Health*, and gay *Deſires.*
The *Wheel* of Life no leſs will ſtay
In a ſmooth than *rugged* way.
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the *Motion* pleaſant be.
Why do we precious *Oyntments* ſhower,
Nobler *wines* why do we pour,
Beauteous *Flowers* why do we ſpread,
Upon the Mon'uments of the *Dead?*
Nothing they but *Duſt* can ſhow,
Or *Bones* that haſten to be ſo.

Crown

Crown me with *Roſes* whileſt I *Live*,
Now your *Wines* and *Oyntments* give.
After *Death* I nothing crave,
Let me *Alive* my pleaſures have,
All are *Stoicks* in the *Grave*.

X.

The Graſhopper.

HAppy *Inſect*, what can be
In happineſs compar'd to Thee?
Fed with nouriſhment divine,
The dewy *Mornings* gentle *Wine!*
Nature waits upon thee ſtill,
And thy verdant Cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou doſt tread,
Nature ſelfe's *thy Ganymed.*
Thou doſt drink, and dance, and ſing;
Happier than the happieſt *King!*
All the *Fields* which thou doſt ſee,
All the *Plants* belong to *Thee*,
All that *Summer Hours* produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does ſow and plow;
Farmer He, and *Land-lord Thou!*
Thou doeſt innocently joy;
Nor does thy *Luxury* deſtroy;
The *Shepherd* gladly heareth thee,
More *Harmonious* than *He.*
Thee Country Hinds with gladneſs hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inſpire;
Phœbus is himſelf thy *Sire.*
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy *Mirth.*
Happy *Inſect*, happy Thou,
Doſt neither *Age*, nor *Winter* know.
But when thou'ſt drunk, and danc'd, and ſung
Thy fill, the flowry Leaves among
(*Voluptuous*, and *Wiſe* withal,
Epicuræan Animal!)
Satiated with thy *Summer Feaſt*,
Thou retir'eſt to endleſs *Reſt.*

The

XI.

The Swallow.

FOoliſh *Prater*, what do'ſt thou
So early at my window do
With thy tuneleſs *Serenade?*
Well t'had been had *Tereus* made
Thee as *Dumb* as *Philomel*;
There his Knife had done but well.
In thy undiſcover'ed Neſt
Thou doſt all the winter reſt,
And dreameſt o're thy ſummer joys
Free from the ſtormy ſeaſons noiſe:
Free from th' Ill thou'ſt done to me;
Who diſturbs, or ſeeks out *Thee?*
Had'ſt thou all the charming notes
Of the Woods *Poetick Throats*,
All thy Art could never pay
What thou'ſt ta'ne from me away;
Cruel *Bird*, thou'ſt ta'ne away
A *Dream* out of my arms to day,
A *Dream* that ne're muſt equall'd be
By all that *waking Eyes* may ſee.
Thou this damage to repair,
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good can'ſt bring,
Though men ſay, *Thou bring'ſt the Spring.*

ELEGIE
UPON
ANACREON,

Who was choaked by a GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the God of Love.

HOW ſhall I lament thine end,
My beſt *Servant*, and my *Friend?*
Nay and, if from a *Deity*
So much *Deifi'ed* as I,
It ſound not too prophane and odd,
Oh my *Maſter*, and my *God!*
For 'tis true moſt mighty *Poet*,
(Though I like not Men ſhould know it)
I am in naked *Nature* leſs,
Leſs by much than in thy *Dreſs*.
All thy Verſe is ſofter far
Than the downy Feathers are,
Of my Wings, or of my *Arrows*,
Of my Mothers *Doves*, or *Sparrows*.
Sweet as Lovers freſheſt *kiſſes*,
Or their riper following bliſſes,
Graceful, cleanly, ſmooth and round,
All with *Venus Girdle* bound,
And thy *Life* was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy *Stile*.
The ſmooth-pac'd *Hours* of ev'ery day
Glided numerouſly away.
Like thy *Verſe* each *Hour* did paſs,
Sweet and ſhort, like that it was.
Some do but their *Youth* allow me,
Juſt what they by *Nature* owe me,
The Time that's *mine*, and not their *own*,
The certain *Tribute* of my *Crown*,
When they grow old, they grow to be
Too *Buſie*, or too *wiſe* for me.
Thou wert *wiſer*, and did'ſt know
None too *wiſe* for Love can grow,

Love

Love was with thy *Life* entwin'd
Cloſe as *Heat* with *Fire* is joyn'd;
A powerful *Brand* preſcrib'd the date
Of thine, like *Meleagers* Fate.
Th' *Antiperiſtaſis* of *Age*
More enflam'd thy amorous rage,
Thy *ſilver Hairs* yielded me more
Than even *golden Curls* before.
Had I the power of *Creation*,
As I have of *Generation*,
Where I the matter muſt obey,
And cannot work *Plate* out of *Clay*,
My *Creatures* ſhould be all like *Thee*,
'Tis *Thou* ſhouldſt their *Idæa* be,
They like Thee, ſhould throughly hate
Buſ'ineſs, Honour, Title, State.
Other wealth they ſhould not know
But what my *Living Mines* beſtow;
The pomp of *Kings* they ſhould confeſs
At their *Crownings* to be leſs
Than a Lovers humbleſt guiſe,
When at his *Miſtreſs* feet he lies.
Rumour they no more ſhould mind
Than Men ſafe-landed do the *Wind*,
Wiſdom it ſelf they ſhould not hear
When it preſumes to be *Severe*.
Beauty alone they ſhould admire;
Nor look at *Fortunes* vain attire,
Nor ask what *Parents* it can ſhew;
With *Dead* or *Old* 'thas nought to do.
They ſhould not love yet *All*, or *Any*,
But very *Much*, and very *Many*.
All their Life ſhould gilded be
With Mirth, and Wit, and Gayety,
Well remembring, and *Applying*
The *Neceſſity* of *Dying*.
Their chearful Heads ſhould always wear
All that crowns the flowry year.
They ſhould always laugh, and ſing,
And dance, and ſtrike th'harmonious ſtring.
Verſe ſhould from their Tongue ſo flow,
As if it in the *Mouth* did *grow*,
As ſwiftly anſwering their command,
As tunes obey the artful *Hand*.
And whilſt I do thus diſcover
Th'ingredients of a happy *Lover*,
'Tis, my *Anacreon*, for thy ſake
I of the *Grape* no mention make.
Till my *Anacreon* by thee fell,
Curſed Plant, I lov'd thee well,

And

And 'twas oft my wanton uſe
To dip my *Arrows* in thy juice.
Curſed Plant, 'tis true I ſee,
Th' old report that goes of Thee,
That with *Gyants* blood the Earth
Stain'd and poys'ned gave thee birth,
And now thou wreak'ſt thy antient ſpight
On *Men* in whom *the Gods* delight.
Thy *Patron Bacchus*, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in *Flames* and *Thunder*,
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worſe than his *Tygers* he delights;
In all our Heaven I think there be
No ſuch *ill-natur'd God* as He.
Thou pretendeſt, *Trayt'rous Wine*,
To be the *Muſes* friend and *Mine*.
With *Love* and *Wit* thou doſt begin,
Falſe Fires, alas, to draw us in.
Which, if our courſe we by them keep,
Miſguide to *Madneſs*, or to *Sleep*.
Sleep were well; thou'haſt learnt a way
To *Death* it ſelf now to betray.
It grieves me when I ſee what Fate
Does on the beſt of *Mankind* wait.
Poets or *Lovers* let them be,
'Tis neither *Love* nor *Poeſie*
Can arm againſt *Deaths* ſmalleſt dart
The *Poets Head*, or *Lovers Heart*.
But when their *Life* in its decline,
Touches th' *Inevitable Line*,
All the *Worlds Mortal* to'em then,
And *Wine* is *Aconite* to men.
Nay in *Deaths hand* the *Grape-ſtone* proves
As ſtrong as *Thunder* is in *Joves*.

FINIS.

THE MISTRESS, OR, SEVERAL COPIES OF LOVE-VERSES.

Written by *A. COWLEY.*

VIRG. Æn. 4.

=Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange.* 1674.

THE MISTRESS, OR, SEVERAL COPIES OF Love-Verſes.

The Requeſt.

1.

I'Have often wiſht to love; what ſhall I do?
Me ſtill the *cruel Boy* does *ſpare*;
And I a double task muſt bear,
Firſt to woo *him*, and then a *Miſtreſs* too.
Come at laſt and ſtrike for ſhame;
If thou art any thing beſides a *name*.
I'le think Thee elſe no *God* to be;
But *Poets* rather *Gods*, who firſt *created Thee*.

2.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow,
Let me but *love*, what e're ſhe be,
She cannot ſeem *deform'd* to *me*;
And I would have her ſeem to *others* ſo.
Deſire takes wings and ſtraight does fly,
It ſtays not *dully* to enquire the *Why*.
That *Happy* thing a *Lover* grown,
I ſhall not ſee with *others* Eyes, ſcarce with *mine own*.

If

3.

If ſhe be coy and ſcorn my noble fire,
If her chill heart I cannot move,
Why I'le *enjoy* the very *Love*,
And make a *Miſtreſs* of my own *Deſire*.
Flames their moſt vigorous heat do hold,
And pureſt light, if compaſt round with *cold*:
So when ſharp *Winter* means moſt harm,
The ſpringing Plants are by the *Snow* it ſelf kept warm.

4.

But do not touch my heart, and ſo be gone;
Strike deep thy burning arrows in:
Lukewarmneſs I account a ſin,
As great in *Love*, as in *Religion*.
Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty Love.
Th' exceſs of heat is but a fable;
We know the *torrid* Zone is now found *habitable*.

5.

Among the Woods and Foreſts thou art found,
There *Bores* and *Lyons* thou doſt tame;
Is not my heart a nobler game?
Let *Venus*, *Men*; and *Beaſts*, *Diana* wound.
Thou doſt the Birds thy *Subjects* make;
Thy nimble *Feathers* do their *wings* o'retake:
Thou all the *Spring* their Songs doſt here,
Make *me Love* too, I'll *ſing* to'thee all the *year*.

6.

What ſervice can *mute Fiſhes* do to Thee?
Yet againſt them thy Dart prevails,
Piercing the armour of their *Scales*;
And ſtill thy *Sea-born Mother* lives i'th' Sea.
Doſt thou deny only to me
The no-great privilege of *Captivitie*?
I *beg* or *challenge* here thy Bow;
Either thy *pity* to me, or elſe thine *anger* ſhow.

7.

Come; or I'll teach the world to ſcorn that Bow:
I'll teach them thouſand *wholſome arts*
Both to reſiſt and cure thy darts,
More than thy skiful *Ovid* e're did know.
Muſick of ſighs thou ſhalt not hear,
Nor drink one wretched *Lovers* taſteful *Tear*:
Nay, unleſs ſoon thou woundeſt me,
My Verſes ſhall not only *wound*, but *murther* Thee.

The

The Thraldome.

1.

I *Came*, I *ſaw*, and was undone;
Lightning did through my bones and marrow run;
A *pointed pain* pierc'd deep my heart;
A ſwift, cold trembling ſeiz'd on every part;
My head turn'd round, nor could it bear
The *Poiſon* that was enter'd there.

2.

So a *Deſtroying Angels breath*
Blows in the *Plague* and with it haſty *Death.*
Such was the pain, did ſo begin
To the poor wretch, when *Legion* entred in.
Forgive me, *God*, I cry'd; for I
Flatter'd my ſelf I was to *die.*

3.

But quickly to my *Coſt* I found,
'Twas cruel *Love*, not *Death* had made the wound:
Death a more generous rage does uſe;
Quarter to all he conquers does refuſe.
Whiſt *Love* with barbarous mercy ſaves,
The vanquiſht lives to make them *ſlaves.*

4.

I am thy *Slave* then; let me know,
Hard *Maſter*, the great task I have to do:
Who pride and ſcorn do undergo,
In Tempeſts and rough *Seas*, thy *Galleys* row;
They pant and groan, and ſigh, but find
Their ſighs encreaſe the angry wind.

5.

Like an *Egyptian Tyrant*, ſome
Thou wearieſt out, in building but a *Tomb.*
Others with ſad and tedious art,
Labour i'th' *Quarries* of a *ſtony Heart*;
Of all the works thou doſt aſſign,
To all the ſeveral ſlaves of thine,
Employ me, mighty *Love*, to dig the *Mine.*

The Given Love.

1.

I'LL on; for what ſhould hinder me
From *Loving*, and *Enjoying* Thee?
Thou canſt not thoſe exceptions make,
Which vulgar ſordid *Mortals* take,
That my Fate's too mean and low;
'Twere pity I ſhould love thee ſo,
If that dull cauſe could hinder me
In *Loving*, and *Enjoying* thee.

2.

It does not me a whit diſpleaſe,
That the rich all honours ſeize;
That you all *Titles* make your own,
Are *Valiant*, *Learned*, *Wiſe* alone.
But if you claim o'r *Women* too
The power which over *Men* ye do;
If you alone muſt *Lovers* be;
For that, Sirs, you muſt pardon me.

3.

Rather than loſe what does ſo near
Concern my *Life* and *Being* here,
I'll ſome ſuch crooked ways invent,
As you, or your *Fore-Fathers* went:
I'll flatter or oppoſe the *King*,
Turn *Puritan*, or *Any Thing*;
I'll force my *Mind* to arts ſo new:
Grow *Rich*, and *Love* as well as *You*.

4.

But rather thus let me remain,
As man in *Paradiſe* did reign;
When perfect *Love* did ſo agree
With *Innocence* and *Povertie*.
Adam did no *Joynture* give,
Himſelf was *Joynture* to his *Eve*:
Untoucht with Av'arice yet or Pride,
The *Rib* came freely back to 's *ſide*.

5.

A curſe upon the man who taught
Women, that *Love* was to be bought;

Rather

Rather dote only on your *Gold*;
And that with greedy av'rice hold;
For if *Woman* too ſubmit
To that, and ſell her ſelf for it,
Fond Lover, you a *Miſtreſs* have
Of her, that's but your *Fellow-ſlave*.

6.

What ſhould thoſe *Poets* mean of old
That made their *God* to woo in *Gold?*
Of all men ſure they had no cauſe
To bind Love to ſuch *coſtly Laws*;
And yet I ſcarcely blame them now;
For who, alas, would not allow,
That *Women* ſhould ſuch gifts receive,
Could They, as He, *Be* what *They give*.

7.

If thou, my Dear, Thy ſelf ſhouldſt prize,
Alas, what value would ſuffice?
The *Spaniard* could not do't, though he
Should to both *Indies joynture thee*.
Thy beauties therefore wrong will take,
If thou ſhouldſt any *bargain* make;
To *give All* will beſit thee well;
But not at *Under-Rates to ſell*.

8.

Beſtow thy *Beauty* then on me,
Freely, as *Nature* gave't to *Thee*;
Tis an exploded *Popiſh* thought
To think that *Heaven* may be *bought*.
Pray'rs, *Hymns*, and *Praiſes* are the way;
And thoſe my thankful *Muſe* ſhall pay;
Thy *Body* in my verſe enſhrin'd
Shall grow *immortal* as thy *Mind*.

9.

I'll fix thy title next in fame
To *Sachariſſas* well-ſung name.
So faithfully will I declare
What all thy wondrous beauties are,
That when at the laſt great *Aſſiſe*,
All *Women* ſhall together riſe,
Men ſtraight ſhall caſt their eyes on Thee
And know at firſt that *Thou art She*.

The Spring.

1.

THough you be abſent here, I needs muſt ſay
The *Trees* as beauteous are, and *flowers* as gay
As ever they were wont to be;
Nay the *Birds* rural muſick too
Is as melodious and free,
As if they ſung to pleaſure you:
I ſaw a *Roſe-bud* o'pe this morn; I'll ſwear
The bluſhing *Morning* open'd not more fair.

2.

How could it be ſo fair, and you away?
How could the *Trees* be beauteous, *Flowers* ſo gay?
Could they remember but laſt year,
How *you* did *Them*, *They you* delight,
The ſprouting leaves which ſaw you here,
And call'd their *Fellows* to the ſight,
Would, looking round for the ſame ſight in vain,
Creep back into their ſilent *Barks* again.

3.

Where ere you walk'd Trees were as reverent made,
As when of old *Gods* dwelt in every ſhade.
Is't poſſible they ſhould not know,
What loſs of honour they ſuſtain,
That thus they ſmile and flouriſh now,
And ſtill their former pride retain;
Dull *Creatures!* 'tis not without Cauſe that ſhe,
Who fled the *God of Wit*, was made a *Tree*.

4.

In ancient times ſure they much wiſer were,
When they rejoyc'd the *Thracian* Verſe to hear;
In vain did *Nature* bid them ſtay,
When *Orpheus* had his ſong begun,
They call'd their wondring *roots* away,
And bad them ſilent to him run.
How would thoſe learned Trees have followed you?
You would have drawn *Them*, and their *Poet* too.

5.

But who can blame them now? for, ſince you're gone,
They're here the *only Fair*, and *Shine alone*.

You

You did their *Natural Rights* invade;
Where ever you did walk or ſit,
The thickeſt Boughs could make no *ſhade*,
Although the Sun had granted it:
The faireſt *Flowers* could pleaſe no more, near you,
Then *Painted Flowers* ſet next to them, could do.

6.

When e're then you come hither, that ſhall be
The time, which this to others is to *Me*.
The little joys which here are now,
The name of Puniſhments do bear;
When by their light they let us know
How we depriv'd of greater are.
'Tis you the beſt of *Seaſons* with you bring;
This is for *Beaſts*, and that for *Men* the *Spring*.

Written in Juice of Lemmon.

1.

WHileſt what I write I do not ſee,
I dare thus, even to *you*, write *Poetry*.
Ah fooliſh Muſe, which do'ſt ſo high aſpire,
And know'ſt her judgment well
How much it does thy power excel,
Yet dar'ſt be read by, thy juſt doom, the *Fire*.

2.

Alas, thou think'ſt thy ſelf ſecure,
Becauſe thy form is *Innocent* and *Pure*:
Like *Hypocrites*, which ſeem unſpotted here;
But when they ſadly come to dye,
And the laſt *Fire* their Truth muſt try,
Scrauld o're like thee, and *blotted* they appear.

3.

Go then, but reverently go,
And ſince thou needs muſt *ſin*, *confeſs* it too:
Confeſs't, and with humility clothe thy ſhame;
For thou who elſe muſt burned be
An *Heretick*, if ſhe pardon thee,
May'ſt like a *Martyr* then *enjoy* the *Flame*.

4.

But if her *wiſdom* grow ſevere,
And ſuffer not her *goodneſs* to be there;

If her large mercies cruelly it reſtrain;
Be not diſcourag'd, but require
A more gentle *Ordeal Fire*,
And bid her by *Loves-Flames* read it again.

5.

Strange power of heat, thou yet doſt ſhow
Like winter earth, *naked*, or *cloath'd* with *Snow*.
But as the quickning *Sun* approaching near,
The *Plants* ariſe up by degrees,
A ſudden paint adorns the trees,
And all kind *Natures Characters* appear.

6.

So, nothing yet in Thee is ſeen,
But when a *Genial heat* warms thee within,
A new-born *Wood* of various Lines there grows;
Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here ſprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flouriſhing *Letters* ſtand in *Rows*.

7.

Still, ſilly *Paper*, thou wilt think
That all this might as well be writ with *Ink*,
Oh no; there's ſenſe in this, and *Myſterie*;
Thou now maiſt change thy *Authors* name,
And to her *Hand* lay noble claim;
For as *She Reads*, ſhe *Makes* the words in Thee.

8.

Yet if thine own unworthineſs
Will ſtill, that thou art mine, not Hers, confeſs;
Conſume thy ſelf with Fire before her Eyes,
And ſo her *Grace* or *Pitty* move;
The *Gods* though *Beaſts* they do not Love,
Yet like them when they're burnt in *Sacrifice*.

Inconſtancy.

FIve years agoe (ſays *Story*) I lov'd you,
For which you call me moſt *Inconſtant* now;
Pardon me, Madam, you miſtake the *Man*;
For I am not the ſame that I was than;
No *Fleſh* is now the ſame 'twas then in Me,
And that my *Mind* is chang'd your ſelf may ſee.
The ſame *Thoughts* to retain ſtill, and *Intents*
Were more inconſtant far; for *Accidents*

Muſt

Muſt of all things moſt ſtrangely '*Inconſtant* prove,
If from one *Subject* they t'another move;
My *Members* then, the *Father Members* were
From whence *Theſe* take their birth, which now are here.
If then this *Body* love what th'other did,
'Twere *Inceſt*; which by Nature is forbid.
You might as well this *Day* inconſtant name,
Becauſe the *Weather* is not ſtill the ſame,
That it was yeſterday: or blame the *Tear*,
Cauſe the *Spring*, *Flowers*; and *Autumn*, *Fruit* does bear.
The *World*'s a *Scene* of *Changes*, and to be
Conſtant, in *Nature* were *Inconſtancy*;
For 'twere to break the *Laws* her ſelf has made:
Our *Subſtances* themſelves do fleet and fade;
The moſt fixt Being ſtill does move and fly,
Swift as the wings of *Time* 'tis meaſur'd by.
T'imagin then that *Love* ſhould never ceaſe
(*Love* which is but the *Ornament* of theſe)
Were quite as ſenſeleſs, as to wonder why
Beauty and *Colour* ſtays not when we dye.

Not Fair.

'TIS very true, I thought you once as fair,
As women in th' *Idea* are,
Whatever here ſeems beauteous, ſeem'd to be
But a faint *Metaphor* of *Thee.*
But then (methoughts) there ſomething ſhin'd within,
Which caſt this *Luſtre* o're thy *skin.*
Nor could I chuſe but count that the *Suns Light*,
Which made this *Cloud* appear ſo bright.
But ſince I knew thy falſhood and thy pride,
And all thy thouſand faults beſide;
A very *Moor* (methinks) plac'd near to Thee,
White as his *Teeth*, would ſeem to be.
So men (they ſay) by Hells deluſions led
Have t'ane a *Succubus* to their bed;
Believe it fair, and themſelves happy call,
Till the *cleft Foot* diſcovers all:
Then they ſtart from't, half *Ghoſts* themſelves with fear;
And *Devil*, as 'tis, it doth *appear.*
So ſince againſt my will I found Thee *foul*,
Deform'd and crooked in thy *Soul*,
My reaſon ſtraight did to my *Senſes* ſhew,
That they might be *miſtaken* too:
Nay when the world but knows how falſe you are,
There's not a man will think you fair.

Thy

Thy ſhape will monſtrous in their fancies be,
They'l call their *Eyes* as *falſe* as *Thee*.
But what thou wilt; *Hate* will preſent thee ſo,
As *Puritans* do the *Pope*, and *Papiſts Luther* do.

Platonick Love.

1.

INdeed I muſt confeſs,
When *Souls* mix 'tis an *Happineſs*;
But not compleat till *Bodies* too combine,
And cloſely as our minds together joyn;
But half of Heaven the *Souls* in glory taſt,
'Till by Love in Heaven at laſt,
Their *Bodies* too are plac't.

2.

In thy immortal part
Man, as well as I, thou art.
But ſomething 'tis that differs *Thee* and *Me*;
And we muſt *one* even in that *difference* be.
I Thee, both as a *man*, and *woman* prize;
For a perfect *Love* implies
Love in *all Capacities*.

3.

Can that for true love paſs
When a fair *Woman* courts her *glaſs?*
Something *unlike* muſt in *Loves likeneſs* be,
His wonder is, *one*, and *Variety*.
For he, whoſe *ſoul* nought but a *ſoul* can move,
Does a new *Narciſſus* prove,
And his own *Image* love.

4.

That *Souls* do beauty know,
'Tis to the *Bodies* help they owe;
If when they know't, they ſtrait abuſe that truſt,
And ſhut the *Body* from't 'tis as unjuſt,
As if I brought my deareſt *Friend* to ſee
My *Miſtreſs*, and at th'inſtant *He*
Should ſteal her quite from *Me*.

The Change.

1.

Love in her Sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleaſant Mazes of her Hair;
Love does on both her Lips for ever ſtray;
And *ſows* and *reaps* a thouſand *kiſſes* there.
In all her outward parts *Love*'s always ſeen;
But, oh, He never went within.

2.

Within *Love*'s foes, his greateſt foes abide,
Malice, Inconſtancy, and Pride.
So the Earths face, Trees, Herbs, and Flowers do dreſs,
With other beauties numberleſs:
But at the *Center*, *Darkneſs* is, and *Hell*;
There wicked *Spirits*, and there the *Damned* dwell.

3.

With me alas, quite contrary it fares;
Darkneſs and *Death* lies in my weeping eyes,
Deſpair and Paleneſs in my face appears,
And Grief, and Fear, Love's greateſt Enemies;
But, like the *Perſian Tyrant*, *Love* within
Keeps his proud *Court*, and ne're is ſeen.

4.

Oh take *my heart*, and by that means you'l prove
Within too ſtor'd enough of *Love*:
Give me but Yours, I'll by that change ſo thrive,
That *Love* in all my parts ſhall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can,
My *outſide Woman*, and your *inſide Man*.

Clad all in White.

FAireſt thing that ſhines below,
Why in this robe doſt thou appear?
Wouldſt thou a *white* moſt perfect ſhow,
Thou muſt at all *no garment wear*:
Thou wilt ſeem much whiter ſo,
Than *Winter* when 'tis *clad* with ſnow.

'Tis

2.

'Tis not the *Linnen* ſhews ſo fair:
Her skin ſhines through, and makes it bright;
So *clouds* themſelves like *Suns* appear,
When the *Sun* pierces them with Light:
So *Lillies* in a glaſs encloſe,
The *Glaſs* will ſeem as white as thoſe.

3.

Thou now *one heap* of *beauty* art;
Nought outwards, or within is foul:
Condenſed beams make every part;
Thy *Body*'s *Clothed* like thy *Soul*.
Thy *Soul*, which does it ſelf diſplay,
Like a *Star* plac'd i'th' *Milkie* way.

4.

Such robes the *Saints* departed wear,
Woven all with *Light* divine;
Such their exalted *Bodies* are,
And with ſuch full glory ſhine.
But they regard not mortals pain;
Men *pray*, I fear, to *both* in vain.

5.

Yet ſeeing thee ſo gently pure,
My hopes will needs continue ſtill;
Thou wouldſt not take this garment ſure,
When thou hadſt an intent to *kill*.
Of *Peace* and *yielding* who would doubt,
When the white *Flag* he ſees hung out?

Leaving Me, and then loving Many.

SO Men, who once have caſt the *Truth* away,
Forſook by *God*, do ſtrange wild luſts obey;
So the vain *Gentiles*, when they left t'adore
One Deity, could not ſtop at thouſands more.
Their zeal was ſenſeleſs ſtraight and boundleſs grown;
They worſhipt many a *Beaſt*, and many a *Stone*.
Ah fair *Apoſtate*! couldſt thou think to flee
From *Truth* and *Goodneſs*, yet keep *Unity*?
I reign'd alone; and my bleſt *Self* could call
The *Univerſal Monarch* of her *All*.
Mine, mine, her fair *Eaſt-Indies* were above,
Where thoſe *Suns* riſe that chear the world of Love;

Where

Where beauties ſhine like Gems of richeſt price;
Where *Coral* grows, and every *breath* is *ſpice:*
Mine too her rich *Weſt-Indies* were below,
Where *Mines* of Gold and endleſs treaſures grow.
But, as when the *Pellæan Conquerour* dy'd,
Many ſmall *Princes* did his *Crown* divide,
So, ſince my *Love* his vanquiſht world forſook,
Murther'd by poyſons from her falſhood took,
An hundred petty *Kings* claim each their part,
And rend that glorious *Empire* of her *Heart.*

My Heart Diſcovered.

HER body is ſo gently bright,
Clear and tranſparent to the ſight,
(Clear as fair *Cryſtal* to the view,
Yet ſoft as that, e're *Stone* it grew)
That through her fleſh, methinks, is ſeen
The brighter *Soul* that dwells within:
Our eyes the ſubtile *covering* paſs,
And ſee that *Lilly* through its *Glaſs.*
I through her *Breaſt* her *Heart* eſpy,
As *Souls* in *Hearts* do *Souls* deſcry,
I ſee 't with gentle *Motions* beat;
I ſee *Light* in't, but find no *Heat.*
Within, like *Angels* in the sky,
A thouſand *gilded thoughts* do fly:
Thoughts of bright and nobleſt kind,
Fair and chaſt, as *Mother-Mind.*
But, oh, what other *Heart* is there,
Which ſighs and crowds to her ſo near?
'Tis all on flame, and does like *fire,*
To that, as to its *Heaven,* aſpire.
The wounds are many in't and deep;
Still does it bleed, and ſtill does weep.
Whoſe ever wretched heart it be,
I cannot chuſe but grieve to ſee;
What *pity* in my Breaſt does raign?
Methinks I *feel* too all its pain.
So torn, and ſo defac'd it lyes,
That it could ne're be known by th' eyes;
But, oh, at laſt I heard it groan,
And knew by th' *Voyce* that 'twas *mine own.*
So poor *Alcyone,* when ſhe ſaw
A ſhipwrackt body tow'ards her draw
Beat by the Waves, let fall a Tear,
Which only then did *Pity* wear:

But when the Corps on ſhore were caſt,
Which ſhe her *Husband* found at laſt;
What ſhould the wretched Widow do?
Grief chang'd her ſtraight; away ſhe flew,
Turn'd to a *Bird*: and ſo at laſt ſhall I,
Both from my *Murther'd Heart*, and *Murth'rer* fly.

Anſwer to the Platonicks.

SO Angels love; ſo let them love for me;
When I'am *all Soul*, ſuch ſhall *my Love* too be:
Who nothing here but like a *Spirit* would do,
In a ſhort time (believ't) will be one too:
But ſhall our Love do what in Beaſts we ſee?
E'ven *Beaſts* eat too, but not ſo well as *We*.
And you as juſtly might in thirſt refuſe
The uſe of *Wine*, becauſe *Beaſts Water* uſe:
They taſte thoſe pleaſures as they do their food;
Undreſt they tak't, devour it *raw* and *crude*:
But to us *Men*, *Love Cooks* it at his fire,
And adds the *poignant ſawce* of ſharp deſire.
Beaſts do the ſame: 'tis true; but ancient fame
Says, *Gods* themſelves turn'd *Beaſts* to do the ſame.
The *Thunderer*, who, without the Female bed,
Could *Goddeſſes* bring forth from out his *head*,
Choſe rather *Mortals* this way to create;
So much he'eſteem'd his *pleaſure*, 'bove his *ſtate*.
Ye talk of Fires which ſhine, but never burn;
In this *cold world* they'l hardly ſerve our turn;
As uſeleſs to deſpairing Lovers grown,
As *Lambent flames*, to men i'th' *Frigid Zone*.
The *Sun* does his pure fires on earth beſtow;
With nuptial warmth, to bring forth things below;
Such is *Loves* nobleſt and divineſt heat,
That *warms* like his, and does, like his, *beget*.
Luſt you call this; a name to yours more juſt,
If an *Inordinate Deſire* be *Luſt*:
Pygmalion, loving what none can enjoy,
More *luſtful* was, than the hot youth of *Troy*.

The vain Love.

Loving one firſt becauſe ſhe could love no body, afterwards loving her with deſire.

WHat new-found *Witchcraft* was in thee;
With thine own *Cold* to *kindle Me?*
Strange art! like him that ſhould deviſe
To make a *Burning-Glaſs of Ice*;
When *Winter* ſo, the Plants would harm,
Her *ſnow* it ſelf does keep them *warm*;
Fool that I was! who having found
A rich, and *ſunny Diamond*,
Admir'd the *hardneſs* of the *Stone*,
But not the *Light* with which it ſhone:
Your brave and haughty ſcorn of all
Was ſtately, and *Monarchical.*
All *Gentleneſs* with that eſteem'd
A *dull* and *ſlaviſh virtue* ſeem'd;
Shouldſt thou have yielded then to me,
Thoud'ſt loſt what I moſt lov'd in thee;
For who would *ſerve* one, whom he ſees
That he can *Conquer* if he pleaſe?
It far'ed with me, as if a *ſlave*
In *Triumph* led, that does perceive
With what a gay majeſtick pride
His *Conqu'eror* through the ſtreets does ride,
Should be *contented* with his wo,
Which makes up ſuch a comely *ſhow.*
I ſought not from thee a return,
But without *Hopes*, or *Fears* did burn;
My *Covetous Paſſion* did approve
The *Hoording* up, not *Uſe* of Love.
My *Love* a kind of *Dream* was grown,
A *Fooliſh*, but a *Pleaſant* one:
From which I'm *waken'd* now, but, oh,
Priſoners to *die* are *wakened ſo.*
For now th' *Effects* of *Loving* are
Nothing, but *Longings* with *deſpair.*
Deſpair, whoſe torments no men ſure,
But *Lovers* and the *Damn'd* endure.
Her *ſcorn* I doted once upon,
Ill *Object* for *Affection*,
But ſince, alas, too much 'tis prov'd,
That yet 'twas *ſomething* that I lov'd;

Now my deſires are worſe and fly
At an *Impoſſibility:*
Deſires, which whilſt ſo high they ſoar,
Are *Proud* as that I lov'd before.
What *Lover* can like me complain,
Who firſt *lov'd vainly*, next *in vain!*

The Soul.

1.

IF mine *Eyes* do e're declare
They've ſeen a ſecond thing that's *fair*;
Or *Ears*, that they have *Muſick* found,
Beſides thy *Voice* in any *Sound*;
If my *Taſt* do ever meet,
After thy *Kiſs*, with ought that's *ſweet*;
If my 'abuſed *Touch* allow
Ought to be *ſmooth*, or *ſoft*, but *Tou*;
If, what ſeaſonable Springs,
Or the Eaſtern Summer brings,
Do my *Smell* perſwade at all,
Ought *Perfume*, but thy *Breath* to call;
If all my *ſenſes Objects* be
Not *contracted* into *Thee*,
And ſo through *Thee* more powe'rful paſs,
As *Beams* do through a *Burning-Glaſs*;
If all things that in *Nature* are
Either ſoft, or ſweet, or fair,
Be not in Thee ſo '*Epitomiz'd*,
That nought *material's* not compriz'd;
May I as worthleſs ſeem to *Thee*
As all, but *Thou*, appears to *Me*.

2.

If I ever *Anger* know,
Till ſome *wrong* be done to *Tou*;
If *Gods* or *Kings* my *Envy* move,
Without their *Crowns crown'd* by thy *Love*;
If ever I an *Hope* admit,
Without thy *Image* ſtampt on it;
Or any *Fear*, till I begin
To find that *Tou're* concern'd therein;
If a *Joy* ere come to me,
That *Taſts* of any thing but *Thee*;
If any *Sorrow* touch my Mind,
Whilſt You are *well*, and not *unkind*;
If I a minutes ſpace debate
Whether I ſhall curſe and hate

The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the *World*, *My ſelf* and *all*;
And for *Love*, if ever I
Approach to it again ſo nigh,
As to allow a *Toleration*
To the leaſt *glimmering Inclination*;
If thou alone do'ſt not controul
All thoſe *Tyrants* of my Soul,
And to thy Beauties ty'ſt them ſo,
That conſtant they as *Habits* grow;
If any *Paſſion* of my Heart,
By any *force*, or any *art*,
Be brought to move one ſtep from *Thee*,
Mayſt Thou no *Paſſion* have for *Me*.

3.

If my buſie' *Imagination*
Do not *Thee* in all things faſhion;
So that all fair *Species* be
Hieroglyphick marks of *Thee*;
If when She her ſports does keep
(The lower Soul being all aſleep)
She play one *Dream* with all her art,
Where Thou haſt not the longeſt part.
If ought get place in my *Remembrance*,
Without ſome badge of thy reſemblance;
So that thy parts become to me
A kind of *Art* of *Memory*.
If my Underſtanding do
Seek any *Knowledge* but of You,
If ſhe do near thy *Body* prize
Her *Bodies* of *Philoſophies*.
If She to the *Will* do ſhow
Ought *deſirable* but You,
Or if *That* would not *rebel*,
Should ſhe another doctrine tell;
If my *Will* do not reſign
All her *Liberty* to thine;
If ſhe would not follow *Thee*,
Though *Fate* and *Thou* ſhouldſt *diſagree*;
And if (for I a curſe will give,
Such as ſhall force thee to believe)
My *Soul* be not entirely Thine;
May thy dear *Body* ne're be Mine.

The Paſſions.

1.

FRom Hate, Fear, Hope, Anger, and Envy free,
And all the *Paſſions* elſe that be,
In vain I boaſt of *Liberty*,
In vain this *State a Freedom* call;
Since I have *Love*, and *Love* is *all:*
Sot that I am, who think it fit to brag,
That I have no *Diſeaſe* beſides the *Plague!*

2.

So in a zeal the Sons of *Iſarel*,
Sometimes upon their *Idols* fell;
And they depos'd the powers of Hell,
Baal, and *Aſtarte* down they threw,
And *Accaron* and *Moloch* too:
All this *imperfect Piety* did no good,
Whilſt yet, alas, the *Calf* of *Bethel* ſtood.

3.

Fondly I boaſt, that I have dreſt my *Vine*
With painful art, and that the *Wine*
Is of a taſt rich and divine,
Since *Love* by mixing *Poyſon* there,
Has made it worſe than *Vinigere.*
Love even the taſt of *Nectar* changes ſo,
That *Gods* chuſe rather *water* here below.

4.

Fear, Anger, Hope, all Paſſions elſe that be,
Drive this one *Tyrant* out of me,
And practiſe all your *Tyranny.*
The change of ills ſome good will do:
Th' oppreſſed wretched *Indians* ſo
Be'ing ſlaves by the great *Spaniſh Monarch* made,
Call in the *States* of *Holland* to their aid

Wiſdom.

'TIS mighty *Wiſe* that you would now be thought
With your grave *Rules* from muſty *Morals* brought
Through which ſome ſtreaks too of *Divin'ity* ran,
Partly of *Monk*, and partly *Puritan*;
With tedious *Repetitions* too y'ave tane
Often the name of *Vanity in vain*.
Things, which, I take it, friend, you'd ne're recite,
Should ſhe I love, but ſay t'you, *Come at night*.
The *Wiſeſt King* refus'd all pleaſures quite,
Till *Wiſdom* from above did him enlight;
But when that gift his ign'orance did remove,
Pleaſures he choſe, and plac'd them all in *Love*.
And if by 'event the Counſels may be ſeen,
This *wiſdom* 'twas that brought the *Southern Queen*.
She came not, like a good *old Wife*, to know
The wholeſome nature of all *Plants* that grow:
Nor did ſo far from her own Country rome,
To cure ſcall'd heads, and broken ſhins at home;
She came for that, which more befits all *Wives*,
The art of *Giving*, not of *Saving Lives*.

The Deſpair.

1.

BEneath this gloomy ſhade,
By Nature only for my ſorrows made,
I'll ſpend this *voyce* in crys,
In tears I'll waſt theſe *eyes*
By *Love* ſo vainly fed;
So *Luſt* of old the *Deluge* puniſhed.
Ah wretched youth! ſaid I,
Ah wretched youth! twice did I ſadly cry:
Ah wretched youth! the fields and floods reply.

2.

When thoughts of Love I entertain,
I meet no words but *Never*, and *In vain*.
Never (alas) that dreadful name
Which fewels the infernal flame:

Never,

Never, my time to come muſt waſte;
In vain, torments the preſent, and the paſt.
In vain, *in vain!* ſaid I;
In vain, *in vain!* twice did I ſadly cry;
In vain, *in vain*; the fields and floods reply.

3.

No more ſhall fields or floods do ſo;
For I to ſhades more dark and ſilent go:
All this worlds noiſe appears to me
A dull ill-acted *Comedy:*
No comfort to my wounded ſight,
In the *Suns* buſy and imperti'nent Light.
Then down I laid my head;
Down on cold earth; and for a while was *dead*,
And my freed *Soul* to a ſtrange *Somewhere* fled.

4.

Ah ſottiſh *Soul*; ſaid I,
When back to 'its *Cage* again I ſaw it fly;
Fool to reſume her *broken Chain!*
And row her *Galley* here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and deſtin'd is to *burn!*
Once *dead*, how can it be,
Death ſhould a thing ſo pleaſant ſeem to Thee,
That thou ſhouldſt come to *live it o're again* in *Me?*

The Wiſh.

1.

WEll then; I now do plainly ſee,
This buſie world and I ſhall ne're agree;
The very *Honey* of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the ſooneſt *cloy*,
And they (methinks) deſerve my pity,
Who for it can endure the ſtings,
The *Crowd*, and *Buz*, and *Murmurings*
Of this great *Hive*, the *City*.

2.

Ah, yet, E're I deſcend to th' Grave
May I a *ſmall Houſe*, and *large Garden* have!
And a *few Friends*, and *many Books*, both true,
Both wiſe, and both delightful too!

And

And ſince *Love* ne're will from me flee,
A *Miſtreſs* moderately fair,
And good as *Guardian-Angels* are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

3.

Oh, *Fountains*, when in you ſhall I
My ſelf, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, eſpy?
Oh *Fields!* Oh *Woods!* when, when ſhall I be made
The happy *Tenant* of your ſhade?
Here's the Spring-head of *Pleaſures* flood;
Where all the *Riches* lie, that ſhe
Has coyn'd and ſtampt for good.

4.

Pride and *Ambition* here,
Only in *far fetcht Metaphors* appear;
Here nought but *winds* can hurtful *Murmurs* ſcatter,
And nought but *Eccho flatter.*
The *Gods*, when they deſcended, hither
From Heav'n did always chuſe their way;
And therefore we may boldly ſay,
That 'tis the *way* too *thither.*

5.

How happy here ſhould I,
And one dear *She* live, and embracing die?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In *deſarts ſolitude.*
I ſhould have then this only fear,
Leſt men, when they my pleaſures ſee,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And ſo make a *City* here.

My Diet.

NOw *by my Love*, the greateſt *Oath* that is,
None loves you half ſo well as I:
I do not ask *your Love* for this;
But for Heave'ns ſake *believe me*, or I die.
No *Servant* e're but did deſerve
His *Maſter* ſhould believe that he does ſerve;
And I'll ask no more *wages*, though I *ſtarve.*

2.

'Tis no *luxurious Diet* this, and ſure
I ſhall not by't too *Luſty* prove;
Yet ſhall it willingly endure,
If't can but keep together *Life* and *Love.*
Being your *Priſo'ner* and your *ſlave,*
I do not *Feaſts* and *Banquets* look to have,
A little *Bread* and *Water*'s all I crave.

3.

On 'a *Sigh* of Pity I a year can live,
One *Tear* will keep me twenty at leaſt,
Fifty a gentle *Look* will give:
An hundred years on one *kind word* I'll feaſt:
A thouſand more will added be,
If you an *Inclination* have for me;
And all beyond is vaſt *Eternity.*

The Thief.

1.

THou rob'ſt my *Days* of bus'neſs and delights,
Of ſleep thou rob'ſt my *Nights*;
Ah, *lovely Thief,* what wilt thou do?
What? rob me of *Heaven too?*
Thou even my *Prayers* doſt ſteal from me.
And I with wild *Idolatry,*
Begin, to *God,* and end them all, to *Thee.*

2.

Is it a *Sin* to *Love,* that it ſhould thus,
Like an *ill Conſcience* torture us?
What e're I do, where e're I go,
(None *Guiltleſs* e're was haunted ſo)
Still, ſtill, me thinks thy face I view,
And ſtill thy *ſhape* does me purſue,
As if, not *you Me,* but *I* had *murthered You.*

3.

From *Books* I ſtrive ſome remedy to take,
But thy *Name* all the *Letters* make;
What e're 'tis writ, I find That there,
Like *Points* and *Commae's* every where;
Me bleſt for this let no man hold;
For I, as *Midas* did of old,
Periſh by turning ev'ry thing to *Gold.*

What

4.

What do I ſeek, alas, or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly?
For making thee my *Deity*,
I gave thee then *Vbiquity*.
My pains reſemble *Hell* in this;
The *Divine Preſence* there too is,
But to *torment* Men, not to give them *bliſs*.

All over, Love.

1.

'TIS well, 'tis well with them (ſay I)
Whoſe ſhort-liv'd *Paſſions* with *themſelves* can die:
For none can be unhappy, who
'Midſt all his ills a time does know
(Though ne're ſo long) when he ſhall not be ſo.

2.

Whatever *parts* of Me remain,
Thoſe *parts* will ſtill the *Love* of thee retain;
For 'twas not only in my Heart,
But like a *God* by pow'rful Art,
'Twas *all* in *all*, and *all* in *every Part*.

3.

My '*Affection* no more periſh can
Than the *Firſt Matter* that compounds a Man.
Hereafter if one *Duſt* of Me
Mixt with anothers *ſubſtance* be,
'Twill *Leaven* that whole *Lump* with Love of Thee.

4.

Let Nature if ſhe pleaſe diſperſe
My *Atoms* over all the *Univerſe*,
At the laſt they eaſi'ly ſhall
Themſelves know, and together call,
For thy *Love*, like a *Mark*, is ſtamp'd on all.

Love and Life.

1.

NOw ſure within this twelve-month paſt,
I' have *lov'd* at leaſt ſome twenty years or more:
The account of *Love* runs much more faſt
Than that, with which our *Life* does ſcore:
So though my *Life* be *ſhort*, yet I may prove
The great *Methuſalem* of *Love*.

2.

Not that *Loves* Hours or Minutes are
Shorter than thoſe our *Being*'s meaſur'd by:
But they're more cloſe *compacted* far,
And ſo in leſſer room do lye.
Thin airy things extend themſelves in ſpace,
Things *ſolid* take up little place.

3.

Yet *Love*, alas, and *Life* in Me,
Are not two ſeveral things, but purely one,
At once how can there in it be
A double *different Motion?*
O yes, there may: for ſo the ſelf ſame *Sun*,
At once does ſlow and ſwiftly run.

4.

Swiftly his *daily* journey he goes,
But treads his *Annual* with a ſtatelier pace,
And does three hundred Rounds encloſe
Within one yearly Circles ſpace.
At once with *double courſe* in the ſame *Sphere*,
He *runs* the *Day*, and *Walks* the *Year*.

5.

When *Soul* does to *my ſelf* refer,
'Tis then my *Life*, and does but ſlowly move;
But when it does relate to her,
It ſwiftly flies, and then is *Love*.
Love's my *Diurnal* courſe, divided right
'Twixt *Hope* and *Fear*, my *Day* and *Night*.

The Bargain.

1.

TAke heed, take heed, thou lovely Maid,
Nor be by *glittering ills* betraid;
Thy ſelf for *Money?* oh, let no man know
The *Price* of Beauty ſaln ſo *low!*
What dangers ought'ſt thou not to dread,
When *Love* that's *Blind* is by *blind Fortune* led?

2.

The fooliſh *Indian* that ſells
His pretious Gold for Beads and Bells,
Does a more wiſe and gainful traffick hold,
Than thou who ſell'ſt thy ſelf for *Gold.*
What gains in ſuch a bargain are?
Hee'l in thy *Mines* dig better *Treaſures* far.

3.

Can *Gold*, alas, with *Thee* compare?
The *Sun*, that makes it's not ſo fair;
The *Sun* which can nor make, nor ever *ſee*
A thing ſo beautiful as *Thee*,
In all the journeys he does paſs,
Though the Sea ſerv'd him for a *Looking-Glaſs.*

4.

Bold was the wretch that *cheapned* Thee,
Since *Magus*, none ſo bold as he:
Thou'rt ſo divine a thing, that *Thee to buy*,
Is to be counted *Simony*;
Too dear he'l find his ſordid price,
H'as forfeited *that*, and the *Beneſice.*

5.

If it be lawful Thee to *buy*,
There's none can pay that rate but *I*;
Nothing on earth a fitting price can be,
But what on earth's moſt *like* to *Thee.*
And that my *Heart* does only bear;
For there *Thy ſelf, Thy very ſelf* is there.

6.

So much *thy ſelf* does in me live,
That when it for *thy ſelf* I give,

'Tis

'Tis but to change that piece of *Gold* for this,
Whoſe *ſtamp* and *value* equal is.
Add that full *Weight* too may be had,
My *Soul* and *Body*; two *Grains* more, I'll add.

The Long Life.

1.

Love from *Times* wings hath ſtoln the *feathers* ſure,
He has, and put them to his *own*;
For *Hours* of late as long as *Days* endure,
And very *Minutes*, *Hours* are grown.

2.

The various *Motions* of the turning *Year*,
Belong not now at all to Me:
Each *Summers Night* does *Lucies* now appear,
Each *Winters* day St. *Barnaby*.

3.

How long a ſpace, ſince firſt I lov'd, it is?
To look into a *Glaſs* I fear;
And am ſurpriz'd with wonder when I miſs,
Gray-hairs and *wrinkles* there.

4.

Th' old *Patriarchs age* and not their *happ'ineſs* too,
Why does hard Fate to us reſtore?
Why does *Loves Fire* thus to *Mankind* renew,
What the *Flood waſht* away before?

5.

Sure thoſe are happy people that complain,
O'th' ſhortneſs of the days of man:
Contract mine, Heaven, and bring them back again
To th' ordinary *Span*.

6.

If when your gift, *Long Life*, I diſapprove,
I too ingrateful ſeem to be;
Puniſh me juſtly, Heav'n; make Her to love,
And then 'twill be *too ſhort* for me.

Counſel.

Counſel.

1.

GEntly, ah gently, Madam, touch
The wound, which you your ſelf have made;
That pain muſt needs be very much,
Which makes me of *your hand* afraid.
Cordials of *Pity* give me now,
For I too weak for *Purgings* grow.

2.

Do but a while with patience ſtay;
For *Counſel* yet will do no good,
'Till *Time*, and *Reſt*, and *Heav'n* allay
The vi'olent burnings of my blood.
For what effect from this can flow,
To chide men *drunk*, for being ſo?

3.

Perhaps the *Phyſick*'s good you give,
But ne're to me can uſeful prove;
Med'cines may *Cure*, but not *Revive*;
And I'am not *Sick*, but *Dead* in Love.
In *Loves Hell*, not his *World*, am I;
At once I *Live*, am *Dead*, and *Die*.

4.

What new found *Rhetorick* is thine?
Ev'n thy *Diſſwaſions* me *perſwade*,
And thy great power does cleareſt ſhine,
When thy *Commands* are *diſobey'd*.
In vain thou bidſt me to forbear;
Obedience were *Rebellion* here.

5.

Thy *Tongue* comes in, as if it meant
Againſt thine *Eyes* t'aſſiſt my *Heart*;
But different far was his intent;
For ſtraight the *Traytor* took their part.
And by this new foe I'm bereft
Of all that *Little* which was left.

6.

The Act I muſt confeſs was wiſe,
As a diſhoneſt act could be:

Well

Well knew the *Tongue* (alas) your *Eyes*
Would be too ſtrong for *That*, and *Me*.
And part o'th' *Triumph* choſe to *get*,
Rather than *be a part* of it.

Reſolved to be Beloved.

1.

'TIS true, I have lov'd already three or four,
And ſhall three or four hundred more;
I'll love each fair one that I ſee,
'Till I find one at laſt that ſhall *love me*.

2.

That ſhall my *Canaan* be, the fatal ſoil,
That ends my wandrings and my toil.
I'll ſettle there and happy grow;
The *Country* does with *Milk* and *Honey* flow.

3.

The *Needle* trembles ſo, and turns about,
Till it the *Northern Point* find out:
But conſtant then and fixt does prove,
Fixt, that his deareſt *Pole* as ſoon may *move*.

4.

Then may my *Veſſel* torn and ſhipwrackt be,
If it put forth again to *Sea*:
It never more abroad ſhall rome,
Though't could next voyage bring the *Indies* home.

5.

But I muſt ſweat in *Love*, and labour yet,
Till I a *Competency* get.
They're ſlothful Fools who leave a Trade,
Till they a moderate Fortune by't have made.

6.

Variety I ask not; give me One
To live perpetually upon.
The perſon *Love* does to us fit,
Like *Manna*, has the *Taſt* of all in it.

The Same.

1.

FOR Heavens ſake, what d' you mean to do?
Keep me, or *let me go*, one of the two;
Youth and *warm hours* let me not idlely loſe,
The *little Time* that Love does chuſe;
If always here I muſt not ſtay,
Let me be gone, whilſt yet 'tis *day*;
Leſt I faint, and benighted loſe my way.

2.

'Tis diſmal, *One ſo* long to love
In vain; till to love *more* as vain muſt prove:
To hunt ſo long on nimble prey, till we
Too weary to take others be;
Alas, 'tis folly to remain,
And waſte our *Army* thus in vain,
Before a *City* which will ne're be tane.

3.

At ſeveral hopes wiſely to fly,
Ought not to be eſteem'd *Inconſtancy*;
'Tis more *Inconſtant* always to *purſue*,
A thing that always *flies* from you;
For that at laſt may meet a bound,
But no end can to this be found,
'Tis nought but a perpetual fruitleſs *Round*.

4.

When it does *Hardneſs* meet and *Pride*,
My *Love* does then *rebound* t'another ſide;
But if ought that's *ſoft* and *yielding* hit;
It lodges and ſtays in it.
Whatever 'tis ſhall firſt love me,
That it my *Heaven* may truly be;
I ſhall be ſure to giv't *Eternity*.

The Diſcovery.

1.

BY 'Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis She;
Why ſhould ſhe aſham'd or angry be,
To be belov'd by Me?
The Gods may give their Altars o're;
They'l ſmoak but ſeldom any more,
If none but *Happy Men* muſt them adore.

2.

The *Lightning* which tall *Oaks* oppoſe in vain,
To ſtrike ſometimes does not diſdain
The humble *Furzes* of the Plain.
She being ſo *high*, and I ſo *low*,
Her power by this does greater ſhow,
Who at ſuch *diſtance* gives ſo *ſure* a blow.

3.

Compar'd with her all things ſo worthleſs prove,
That nought on earth can towa'rds her move,
Till't be *exalted* by her *Love*.
Equal to her, alas, there's none;
She like a *Deity* is grown,
That muſt *Create*, or elſe muſt be *alone*.

4.

If there be man, who thinks himſelf ſo high,
As to pretend *equality*,
He deſerves her leſs than *I*,
For he would *cheat* for his relief;
And one would give with leſſer grief,
To'an *undeſerving Beggar* than a *Thief*.

Againſt Fruition.

NO; thou'rt a fool, I'll ſwear, if e're thou grant:
Much of my *Veneration* thou muſt want,
When once thy *kindneſs* puts my *Ign'orance* out;
For a *learn'd Age* is always leaſt devout.
Keep ſtill thy diſtance; for at once for me
Goddeſs and *Woman* too, thou canſt not be;

Thou'rt

Thou'rt *Queen* of all that ſees thee; and as ſuch
Muſt neither *tyrannize*, nor *yield* too much;
Such *freedoms* give as may admit *Command*,
But keep the *Forts* and *Magazines* in thine hand.
Thou'rt yet a *whole world* to me, and do'ſt fill
My large ambition; but 'tis dang'rous ſtill,
Leſt I like the *Pellæan Prince* ſhould be,
And weep for *other worlds* having conquer'd *thee*;
When *Love* has taken all thou haſt away,
His ſtrength by too much *riches* will decay.
Thou in thy *Fancy* doſt much higher ſtand,
Than *Women* can be plac'd by *Natures* hand;
And I muſt needs, I'm ſure, a loſer be,
To change *Thee*, as *Thou'rt there*, for very *Thee*.
Thy ſweetneſs is ſo much within me plac'd,
That ſhouldſt thou *Nectar* give, 'twould ſpoil the taſt.
Beauty at firſt moves wonder, and delight;
'Tis *Natures jugling trick* to cheat the ſight,
W'admire it, whilſt unknown, but after more
Admire our ſelves, for liking it before.
Love, like a greedy *Hawk*, if we give way,
Does over-gorge himſelf, with his own *Prey*;
Of very *Hopes* a ſurfeit he'll ſuſtain,
Unleſs by *Fears* he caſt them up again:
His ſpirit and ſweetneſs dangers keep alone;
If once he loſe his *ſting*, he grows a *Drone*.

Love undiſcovered.

1.

SOme others may with ſafety tell
The moderate Flames, which in them dwell;
And either find ſome *Med'cine* there,
Or cure themſelves ev'n by *Deſpair*;
My love's ſo great, that it might prove
Dang'rous, to tell her that I love.
So tender is my wound, it muſt not bear
Any ſalute, though of the kindeſt air.

2.

I would not have *her know* the pain,
The torments for her I ſuſtain,
Leſt too much *goodneſs* make her throw
Her *love* upon a *Fate* too low.
Forbid it Heaven my *Life* ſhould be
Weigh'd with her leaſt *conveniency*:
No, let me *periſh* rather with my grief,
Than to her *diſadvantage* find *relief*.

3.

Yet when I die, my laſt breath ſhall
Grow bold, and plainly tell her all.
Like covetous Men who ne'r deſcry,
Their dear hid *Treaſures* till they *die*,
Ah faireſt Maid, how will it chear
My *Ghoſt*, to get from *Thee* a *tear!*
But take heed; for if me thou *Pitieſt* then,
Twenty to one but I ſhall live agen.

The given Heart.

1.

I Wonder what thoſe *Lovers* mean, who ſay,
They have giv'n their *Hearts* away.
Some good kind *Lover* tell me how;
For mine is but a *Torment* to me now.

2.

If ſo it be, one place both hearts contain,
For what do they complain?
What countrefie can Love do more,
Than to *joyn Hearts*, that parted were before?

3.

Wo to her ſtubborn *Heart*, if once mine come
Into the ſelf ſame room;
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a *Granado* ſhot into a *Magazin*.

4.

Then ſhall *Love* keep the aſhes, and torn parts,
Of both our broken *Hearts*:
Shall out of both *one* new one make,
From hers, th' *Allay*; from mine the *Metal* take.

5.

For of her heart he from the flames will find
But little left behind;
Mine only will remain entire;
No *droſs* was there, to periſh in the *fire*.

The Prophet.

1.

TEach *me* to *Love?* go teach thy ſelf more wit;
I chief *Profeſſor* am of it.
Teach craft to *Scots*, and thrift to *Jews*,
Teach boldneſs to the Stews;
In *Tyrants* Courts teach ſupple *flattery*,
Teach *Jeſuits*, that have *travell'd* far to lie.
Teach Fire to burn, and Winds to blow,
Teach reſtleſs Fountains how to flow,
Teach the dull Earth, fixt to abide,
Teach *Women-kind* Inconſtancy and Pride.
See if your diligence here will uſeful prove;
But, pr'ithee, teach not me to *Love*.

2.

The *God* of *Love*, if ſuch a thing there be,
May learn to love from *Me*.
He who does boaſt that he has bin
In every Heart ſince *Adams* ſin,
I'll lay my *Life*, nay *Miſtriſs* ou't, that's more;
I'll teach him things he never knew before;
I'll teach him a *Receipt* to make
Words that *weep*, and *Tears* that *ſpeak*,
I'll teach him *Sighs*, like thoſe in *Death*,
At which the *Souls* go out too with the *breath*:
Still the *Soul ſtays*, yet ſtill does from me *run*;
As *Light* and *Heat* does with the *Sun*.

3.

'Tis I who *Love*'s *Columbus* am; 'tis I,
Who muſt new *Worlds* in it deſcry:
Rich *Worlds*, that yield of *Treaſure* more,
Than all that has bin known before.
And yet like *his* (I fear) *my Fate* muſt be,
To find them out for *others*; not for *Me*.
Me Times to come, I know it, ſhall
Loves laſt and greateſt *Prophet* call.
But, ah, what's that, if ſhe refuſe,
To hear the wholſome *Doctrines* of my *Muſe?*
If to my ſhare the *Prophets fate* muſt come;
Hereafter *Fame*, here *Martyrdome*.

The

The Reſolution.

1.

THE *Devil* take thoſe fooliſh men,
Who gave you firſt ſuch pow'rs;
We ſtood on even grounds till then;
If any *odds*, *Creation* made it *ours*.

2.

For ſhame let theſe weak Chains be broke;
Let's our ſlight bonds, like *Sampſon*, tear;
And nobly caſt away that yoke,
Which *We* nor our *Fore-Fathers* e're could bear.

3.

French Laws forbid the *Female Reign*;
Yet *Love* does them to *ſlavery* draw,
Alas, if we'll our rights maintain,
'Tis all *Mankind* muſt make a *Salique Law*.

Called Inconſtant.

1.

HA! ha! you think y'have *kill'd* my *fame*;
By this not *underſtood*, yet *common Name*:
A Name, that's *full* and *proper* when aſſign'd
To *Woman-kind*:
But when you call *us* ſo,
It can at beſt but for a *Met'aphor* go.

2.

Can you the ſhore *Inconſtant* call,
Which ſtill as *Waves* paſs by, embraces *all*;
That had as leif the ſame Waves alwayes love,
Did they not from him *move*?
Or can you fault with *Pilots* find
For changing courſe, yet never blame the *wind*?

3.

Since *drunk* with vanity you fell:
The things turn *round* to you that ſtedfaſt dwell;

And

And you your ſelf, who *from us* take your flight,
Wonder to find us out of ſight.
So the ſame errour ſeizes you,
As *Men in motion* think the *Trees* move too.

The Welcome.

1.

GO, let the *fatted Calf* be kill'd;
My *Prodigal's* come home at laſt;
With noble reſolutions fill'd,
And fill'd with ſorrow for the paſt.
No more will burn with *Love* or *Wine:*
But quite has left his *Women* and his *Swine.*

2.

Welcome, ah welcome my poor *Heart*;
Welcome; I little thought, I'll ſwear,
('Tis now ſo long ſince we did part)
Ever again to ſee thee here:
Dear *Wanderer*, ſince from me you fled,
How often have I heard that Thou wer't *dead.*

3.

Haſt thou not found each Womans breaſt
(The *Lands* where thou haſt travelled)
Either by *Savages* poſſeſt,
Or wild, and *uninhabited?*
What joy couldſt take, or what repoſe
In *Countries* ſo *unciviliz'd* as thoſe?

4.

Luſt, the ſcorching *Dog-ſtar*, here
Rages with immoderate *heat*;
Whilſt *Pride* the rugged *Northern Bear*,
In others makes the *Cold* too great.
And where theſe are temp'rate known,
The Soyls are barren *Sand*, or rocky *Stone.*

5.

When once or twice you chanc'd to view
A rich, well-govern'd Heart,
Like *China*, it admitted You
But to the *Frontier-part.*
From *Par'adiſe* ſhut for evermore,
What good is't that an *Angel* kept the *Door?*

Well

Well fare the *Pride*, and the *Diſdain*,
And *Vanities* with *Beauty* joyn'd,
I ne're had ſeen this Heart again,
If any *Fair One* had been kind:
My *Dove*, but once let looſe, I doubt
Would ne're return, had not the *Flood* been out.

The Heart fled again.

1.

FAlſe, fooliſh *Heart!* didſt thou not ſay,
That thou wouldſt never leave me more?
Behold again 'tis fled away,
Fled as far from me as before.
I ſtrove to bring it back again,
I cry'd and hollow'd after it in vain.

2.

Even ſo the gentle *Tyrian Dame*,
When neither *Grief* nor *Love* prevail,
Saw the dear object of her flame,
Th' ingrateful *Trojan* hoiſt his Sail:
Aloud ſhe call'd to him to ſtay;
The wind bore *him*, and her loſt *words* away.

3.

The doleful *Ariadne* ſo,
On the wide ſhore forſaken ſtood:
Falſe *Theſeus*, *whither doſt thou go?*
Afar falſe *Theſus* cut the flood.
But *Bacchus* came to her relief;
Bacchus himſelf's too weak to eaſe my grief.

4.

Ah ſenſeleſs *Heart*, to take no reſt,
But travel thus eternally!
Thus to be *froz'n* in every *breaſt!*
And to be *ſcorcht* in every *Eye!*
Wandring about like wretched *Cain*,
Thruſt out, *ill-us'd* by all, but by none *ſlain!*

5.

Well; ſince thou wilt not here remain,
I'll ev'en to live without Thee try;
My *Head* ſhall take the greater pain,
And all *thy duties* ſhall ſupply;
I can more eaſi'ly live I know
Without *Thee*, than without a *Miſtreſs Thou.*

Womens

Womens Superſtition.

1.

OR I'm a very *Dunce*, or *Womankind*
Is a moſt unintelligible thing :
I can no *Senſe*, nor no *Contexture* find,
Nor their looſe parts to *Method* bring,
I know not what the *Learn'd* my ſee,
But they're ſtrange *Hebrew things* to *Me*.

2.

By *Cuſtoms* and *Traditions* they live,
And fooliſh *Ceremonies* of antique date,
We *Lovers*, new and better *Doctrins* give,
Yet they continue obſtinate ;
Preach we, *Loves Prophets*, what we will,
Like *Jews*, they keep their *old Law* ſtill.

3.

Before their *Mothers Gods*, they fondly fall,
Vain *Idol Gods* that have no Senſe nor Mind :
Honour's their *Aſhtaroth*, and *Pride* their *Baal*,
The *thundering Baal* of Woman-kind.
With twenty other *Devils* more,
Which *They*, as we do *Them*, adore.

4.

But then, like men both *Covetous* and *Devout*,
Their Coſtly *Superſtition* loth t'omit,
And yet more loth to iſſue Moneys out,
At their own charge to furniſh it.
To theſe expenſive *Deities*,
The *Hearts* of men they *Sacrifice*.

The Soul.

1.

SOme dull *Philoſ'opher* when he hears me ſay,
My *Soul* is from me fled away ;
Nor has of late inform'd my *Body* here,
But in anothers breaſt does ly,
That neither *Is*, nor *will* be *I*,
As a *Form Servient* and *Aſſiſting* there,

2.

Will cry, *Abſurd!* and ask me, how I live:
And *Syllogiſms* againſt it give;
A curſe on all your vain *Philoſophies*,
Which on weak *Natures Law* depend,
And know not how to comprehend
Love and *Religion*, thoſe great *Myſteries*.

3.

Her *Body* is my *Soul*; laugh not at this,
For by my *Life* I ſwear it is.
'Tis that preſerves my *Being* and my *Breath*,
From that proceeds all that I *do*,
Nay all my *Thoughts* and *ſpeeches* too,
And *ſeparation* from it is my *Death*.

Eccho.

1.

TIr'ed with rough denials of my Prayer,
From that hard ſhe whom I obey,
I come, and find a *Nymph*, much gentler here,
That gives *conſent* to all I ſay.
Ah gentle *Nymph* who lik'ſt ſo well,
In hollow, *ſolitary Caves* to dwell,
Her *Heart* being ſuch, into it go,
And do but once from thence anſwer me *ſo*.

2.

Complaiſant Nymph, who do'ſt thus kindly ſhare
In griefs, whoſe cauſe thou do'ſt not know!
Hadſt thou but *Eyes*, as well as *Tongue* and *Ear*,
How much *compaſſion* wouldſt thou ſhow!
Thy *flame*, whilſt *living*, or a *flower*,
Was of leſs beauty, and leſs rav'iſhing power;
Alas, I might as eaſilie,
Paint thee to *her*, as *deſcribe Her* to *Thee*.

3.

By repercuſſion *Beams* engender *Fire*,
Shapes by reflection *ſhapes* beget;
The *voyce* it ſelf, when ſtopt, does back retire,
And a new *voyce* is made by it.
Thus things by *oppoſition*
The gainers grow; my barren *Love* alone,
Does from her ſtony breaſt rebound,
Producing neither *Image*, *Fire*, nor *Sound*.

The rich Rival.

1.

THey ſay you're angry, and rant mightilie,
Becauſe I love the ſame as you;
Alas! you're very *rich*; 'tis true;
But prithee Fool, what's that to *Love* and *Me?*
You'have *Land* and *Money*, let that ſerve;
And know you'have more by that than you *deſerve.*

2.

When next I ſee my *fair One*, ſhe ſhall know
How worthleſs thou art of her bed;
And wretch, I'll ſtrike thee *dumb* and *dead*,
With noble *verſe* not underſtood by you;
Whilſt thy ſole *Rhetorick* ſhall be
Joynture and *Jewels*, and *Our Friends agree.*

3.

Pox o' your friends that dote and Domineere:
Lovers are better *Friends* than they:
Let's thoſe in other things obey;
The *Fates*, and *Stars*, and *Gods* muſt govern here.
Vain names of *Blood!* in *Love* let none
Adviſe with any *Blood*, but with their *own.*

1.

'Tis that which bids me this bright *Maid* adore;
No other thought has had acceſs!
Did ſhe now *beg* I'd love no *leſs*,
And were ſhe'an *Empreſs*, I ſhould love no *more*;
Were ſhe as juſt and true to Me,
Ah, ſimple Soul, what would become of *Thee!*

Againſt Hope.

1.

HOpe, whoſe weak *Being* ruin'd is,
Alike if it *ſucceed*, and if it *miſs*;
Whom *Good* or *Ill* does equally confound,
And both the *Horns* of *Fates Dilemma* wound.
Vain *ſhadow!* which doſt vaniſh quite,
Both at full *Noon*, and perfect *Night!*

The Stars have not a *poſſibility*
Of bleſſing Thee;
If things then from their *End* we happy call,
'Tis *Hope* is the moſt *Hopeleſs* thing of all.

2.

Hope, thou bold *Taſter* of Delight,
Who whilſt thou ſhouldſt but *taſt*, *devour'ſt* it quite!
Thou bringſt us an *Eſtate*, yet leav'ſt us *Poor*,
By clogging it with *Legacies* before!
The *Joys* which we *entire* ſhould wed,
Come *deflowr'd Virgins* to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty *Cuſtom*'s paid to Thee.
For *Joy*, like *Wine*, kept cloſe does better taſt;
If it take air before, its ſpirits waſt.

3.

Hope, Fortunes cheating *Lottery!*
Where for one *prize* an hundred *blanks* there be;
Fond *Archer*, *Hope*, who tak'ſt thy aim ſo far,
That ſtill or *ſhort*, or *wide* thine arrows are!
Thin, empty *Cloud*, which th' eye deceives
With ſhapes that our own *Fancy* gives!
A *Cloud*, which gilt and painted now appears,
But muſt drop preſently in *tears!*
When thy falſe beams o're *Reaſons* light prevail,
By *Ignes fatui* for *North-Stars* we ſail.

4.

Brother of *Fear*, more gaily clad!
The *merr'ier Fool* o'th' two, yet quite as *Mad:*
Sire of *Repentance*, *Child* of fond *Deſire!*
That blow'ſt the *Chymicks*, and the *Lovers* fire!
Leading them ſtill inſenſibly 'on
By the ſtrange *witchcarft* of *Anon!*
By *Thee* the one does changing *Nature* through
Her endleſs *Labyrinths* purſue,
And th' other chaſes *Woman*, whilſt She goes
More ways and turns than *hunted Nature* knows.

For Hope.

1.

Hope, of all Ills that men endure,
The only cheap and *Univerſal Cure!*
Thou *Captives freedom*, and Thou *ſick Mans Health!*
Thou *Loſers Victory*, and thou *Beggars Wealth!*
Thou *Manna*, which from Heav'n we eat,
To every *Taſt* a ſeveral *Meat!*
Thou ſtrong *Retreat!* thou ſure *entail'd Eſtate*,
Which nought has power to *alienate!*
Thou pleaſant, *honeſt Flatterer!* for none
Flatter unhappy Men, but thou alone!

2.

Hope, thou *Firſt-fruits* of *Happineſs!*
Thou gentle *Dawning* of a bright *Succeſs!*
Thou good *Prepar'ative*, without which our Joy
Does *work* too ſtrong, and whilſt it cures, deſtroy;
Who out of *Fortunes* reach doſt ſtand,
And art a bleſſing *ſtill in hand!*
Whilſt *Thee*, her *Earneſt-Money* we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether ſhe 'her *bargain* break, or elſe fulfill;
Thou only *good*, not worſe, for *ending* ill!

3.

Brother of *Faith*, 'twixt whom and Thee
The joys of *Heav'en* and *Earth* divided be!
Though *Faith* be *Heir*, and have the *fixt Eſtate*,
Thy *Portion* yet in *Moveables* is great.
Happineſs it ſelf's all one
In *Thee*, or in *poſſeſſion!*
Only the *Future's Thine*, the *Preſent His!*
Thine's the more hard and noble bliſs;
Beſt *apprehender* of our joys, which haſt
So long a *reach*, and yet canſt hold ſo *faſt!*

4.

Hope thou ſad *Lovers* only *Friend!*
Thou *Way* that may'ſt diſpute it with the *End!*
For *Love* I fear's a fruit that does delight
The *Taſt* it ſelf leſs than the *Smell and Sight.*
Fruition more deceitful is
Than *Thou* canſt be, when thou doſt *miſs*,

Men

Men leave thee by *obtaining*, and ſtraight flee
Some other way again to *Thee*;
And that's a pleaſant *Country*, without doubt,
To which all ſoon return that travel out.

Loves Ingratitude.

1.

I Little thought, thou fond *ingrateful Sin*,
When firſt I let thee in,
And gave thee but a part
In my unwary *Heart*,
That thou wouldſt e're have grown,
So *falſe* or *ſtrong* to make it all thine own.

2.

At mine own *breaſt* with care I fed thee ſtill,
Letting thee ſuck thy fill,
And daintily I nouriſht Thee
With *Idle thoughts* and *Poetrie!*
What ill returns doſt thou allow?
I *fed thee* then, and thou doſt *ſtarve* me now.

3.

There was a time, when thou waſt *cold* and *chill*,
Nor hadſt the power of doing ill;
Into my *boſom* did I take,
This frozen and benummed *Snake*,
Not fearing from it any harm;
But now it *ſtings* that breaſt which made *it warm*.

4.

What curſed *weed*'s this *Love!* but one *grain* ſow,
And the whole *field* 'twill overgrow;
Straight will it choak up and devour
Each wholeſome *herb* and beauteous *flour!*
Nay unleſs ſomething ſoon I do,
'Twill kill I fear my very *Lawrel* too.

5.

But now all's gone, I now, alas, complain,
Declare, proteſt, and threat in vain.
Since by my own *unforc'd conſent*,
The *Traytor* has my *Government*,
And is ſo ſetled in the *Throne*,
That 'twere *Rebellion* now to claim *mine own*.

The Frailty.

1.

I know 'tis *ſordid*, and 'tis *low*;
(All this as well as you I know)
Which I ſo hotly now purſue;
(I know all this as well as you)
But whilſt this curſed fleſh I bear,
And all the *Weakneſs*, and the *Baſeneſs* there,
Alas, alas, it will be always ſo.

2.

In vain, exceedingly in vain
I rage ſometimes, and bite my *Chain*;
For to what purpoſe do I bite
With Teeth which ne're will break it quite?
For if the chiefeſt *Chriſtian Head*,
Was by this ſturdy *Tyrant buffeted*,
What wonder is it, if *weak* I be *ſlain*.

Coldneſs.

1.

AS *water* fluid is, till it do grow
Solid and fixt by *Cold*;
So in *warm Seaſons Love* does looſely flow,
Froſt only can it hold.
A *Womans rigour*, and diſdain,
Does his ſwift courſe reſtrain.

2.

Though *conſtant*, and *conſiſtent* now it be,
Yet, when kind beams appear,
It melts, and glides apace into the Sea,
And loſes it ſelf there.
So the *Suns* amorous play,
Kiſſes the *Ice* away.

3.

You may in *Vulgar Loves* find always this;
But my *Subſtantial Love*
Of a more firm, and perfect *Nature* is;
No weathers can it move:
Though *Heat* diſſolve the *Ice again*,
The *Cryſtal* ſolid does remain.

1.

THen like ſome wealthy *Iſland thou* ſhalt ly
And like the *Sea* about it *I*;
Thou like fair *Albion*, to the Sailers Sight,
Spreading her beauteous Boſom all in *White*:
Like the kind *Ocean* I will be,
With loving *Arms* for ever claſping Thee.

2.

But I'll embrace Thee gentli'er far than ſo;
As their freſh *Banks* ſoft *Rivers* do,
Nor ſhall the *proudeſt Planet* boaſt a power
Of making my *full Love* to *ebb* one hour;
It never *dry* or *low* can prove,
Whilſt thy unwaſted *Fountain* feeds my Love.

3.

Such Heat and Vigour ſhall our *Kiſſes* bear,
As if like *Doves* we'engehdred there.
No *bound* nor *rule* my pleaſures ſhall endure,
In Love there's none too much an *Epicure*.
Nought ſhall my Hands or Lips controul;
I'll kiſs Thee *through*, I'll kiſs thy *very Soul*.

4.

Yet nothing, but the *Night* our ſport ſhall know;
Night that's both *blind* and *ſilent* too.
Alphæus found not a more ſecret trace,
His lov'd *Sicanian Fountain* to embrace,
Creeping ſo far beneath the Sea,
Than I will do t' *enjoy*, and *feaſt* on Thee.

5.

Men, out of *Wiſdom*; *Women*, out of *Pride*,
The pleaſant Thefts of Love do *hide*.

That

That may ſecure thee; but thou 'haſt yet from Me
A more *infallible Securitie.*
For there's no danger I ſhould tell
The Joys which art to Me *unſpeakable.*

Sleep.

1.

IN vain, thou drouſie God, I thee invoak;
For thou, who doſt from fumes ariſe,
Thou, who *Mans Soul* doſt overſhade
With a thick *Coud* by Vapors made,
Canſt have no power to ſhut his eyes,
Or paſſage of his *Spirits* to choak,
Whoſe *flame's* ſo pure, that it ſends up no *ſmoak.*

2.

Yet how do *Tears* but from ſome *Vapours* riſe?
Tears, that bewinter all my Year?
The fate of *Egypt* I ſuſtain,
And never feel the dew of *Rain,*
From *Clouds* which in the Head appear,
But all my too much *Moyſture* ow,
To *overflowings* of the *Heart* below.

3.

Thou, who doſt *Men* (as Nights to *Colours* do)
Bring all to an *Equality:*
Come, thou *juſt God,* and *equal me*
A while to my diſdainful *She;*
In that condition let me ly;
Till *Love* does the favour ſhew;
Love equals all a better way than *You.*

4.

Then never more ſhalt thou be'invokt by me;
Watchful as *Spirits,* and *Gods* I'll prove:
Let her but grant, and then will I,
Thee and thy *Kinſman Death* defy.
For betwixt *Thee* and them that *love,*
Never will an agreement be;
Thou ſcorn'ſt th' *Unhappy;* and the *Happy,* Thee.

Beauty.

1.

Beauty, thou wild fantaſtick Ape,
Who doſt in ev'ry Country change thy ſhape!
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;
Thou *Flatt'rer* which compli'ſt with every ſight!
Thou *Babel* which confound'ſt the Ey
With unintelligible *variety!*
Who haſt no certain *What*, nor *Where*,
But vary'ſt ſtill, and doſt thy ſelf declare
Inconſtant, as thy *ſhe-Profeſſors* are.

2.

Beauty, *Loves Scene* and *Maſquerade*,
So gay by *well-plac'd Lights*, and *Diſtance* made;
Falſe *Coyn*, with which th' *Impoſtor* cheats us ſtill;
The *Stamp* and *Colour* good, but *Metal* ill!
Which *Light*, or *Baſe*, we find when we
Weigh by *Enjoyment* and examine Thee!
For though thy Being be but *ſhow*,
'Tis chiefly *Night* which men to Thee allow:
And chuſe *t'enjoy* Thee, when *Thou leaſt art Thou.*

3.

Beauty, Thou *active*, *paſſive* Ill!
Which *Dy'ſt* thy ſelf as faſt as thou doſt *kill!*
Thou *Tulip*, who thy ſtock in paint doſt waſte,
Neither for *Phyſick* good, nor *Smell*, nor *Taſt.*
Beauty, whoſe *Flames* but *Meteors* are,
Short-liv'd and low, though thou wouldſt ſeem a *Star*,
Who dar'ſt not thine own *Home* deſcry,
Pretending to dwell richly in the *Eye*,
When thou, alas, doſt in the *Fancy* lye.

4.

Beauty, whoſe *Conqueſts* ſtill are made
O're Hearts by *Cowards* kept, or elſe *betray'd*;
Weak Victor! who thy ſelf deſtroy'd muſt be
When *ſickneſs ſtorms*, or *Time beſieges* Thee!
Thou unwholeſome *Thaw* to *frozen Age!*
Thou ſtrong *wine*, which youths *Feaver* doſt enrage,
Thou *Tyrant* which leav'ſt no man free!
Thou ſubtle *Thief*, from whom nought ſafe can be!
Thou *Murth'rer* which haſt *kill'd*, and *Devil* which would
(*Damn me.*
The

The Parting.

1.

AS Men in *Green-land* left beheld the *Sun*
From their *Horizon* run;
And thought upon the ſad half year
Of *Cold* and *Darkneſs* they muſt ſuffer there:

2.

So on my parting *Miſtreſs* did I look,
With ſuch ſwoln eyes my farewel took;
Ah my fair *Star!* ſaid I;
Ah thoſe Bleſt Lands to which *bright Thou* doſt fly!

3.

In vain the Men of *Learning* comfort me;
And ſay I'm in a warm *degree*;
Say what they pleaſe; I ſay and ſwear
'Tis beyond *eighty* at leaſt, if you're not here.

4.

It is, it is; I tremble with the *Froſt*,
And know that I the *Day* have loſt;
And thoſe wild things which *Men* they call,
I find to be but *Bears* or *Foxes* all.

5.

Return, return, gay *Planet* of mine *Eaſt*,
Of all that ſhines thou much the *Beſt!*
And as thou now *deſcend'ſt to Sea*;
More fair and freſh riſe up from thence to Me.

6.

Thou, who in many a Propriety,
So truly art the *Sun* to Me,
Add one more likeneſs, which I'm ſure you can,
And let *Me* and *my Sun* beget a *Man*.

My Picture.

1.

HEre, take my *Likeneſs* with you, whilſt 'tis ſo;
For when from hence you go,
The next Suns riſing will behold
Me pale, and lean, and old.
The Man who did this *Picture* draw,
Will ſwear next day my face he never ſaw.

2.

I really believe, within a while,
If you upon this *ſhadow* ſmile,
Your *preſence* will ſuch vigour give,
(Your *preſence* which makes all things live)
And *abſence* ſo much alter *Me*,
This will the *Subſtance*, *I* the *ſhadow* be.

3.

When from your well-wrought *Cabinent* you take it,
And your bright looks *awake it*;
Ah be not frighted, if you ſee,
The *new-ſoul'd Picture* gaze on Thee,
And hear it breath a ſigh or two;
For thoſe are the firſt things that it will do.

4.

My *Rival-Image* will be then thought bleſt,
And laugh at me as diſpoſſeſt;
But *Thou*, who (if I know thee right)
I'th' *ſubſtance* doſt not much delight,
Wilt rather ſend again for *Me*,
Who then ſhall but my *Pictures Picture* be.

The Concealment.

1.

NO; to what purpoſe ſhould I ſpeak?
No, wretched *Heart*, ſwell till you *break!*
She cannot love me if ſhe *would*;
And to ſay truth, 'twere pity that ſhe *ſhould.*
No, to the *Grave* thy ſorrows bear,
As *ſilent*, as they will be *there:*

Since

Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give,
So handſomly the thing contrive,
That ſhe may *guiltleſs* of it live.
So periſh, that her killing Thee
May a *Chance-Medley*, and no *Murder* be.

2.

'Tis nobler much for me, that I
By 'her *Beauty* not her *Anger* dy;
This will look juſtly, and become
An *Execution*; that, a *Martyrdome.*
The cenſuring world will ne're refrain
From judging men by *Thunder ſlain.*
She muſt be angry ſure, if I ſhould be
So bold to ask her to make me
By being *hers*, *happ'ier than She.*
I will not; 'tis a milder fate
To fall by her *not loving*, than her *Hate.*

3.

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will *ominous* to her appear:
When, found in every other part,
Her *Sacrifice* is found without an *Heart.*
For the laſt *Tempeſt* of my death
Shall ſigh out *that* too, with my *breath.*
Then ſhall the world my noble ruine ſee,
Some *pitty*, and ſome *envy* Me,
Then *She* her ſelf, the *mighty She*,
Shall grace my fun'rals with this truth;
'Twas only Love deſtroy'd the gentle Youth.

The Monopoly.

1.

WHat *Mines* of *Sulphur* in my breaſt do ly,
That feed th'eternal burnings of my heart?
Not *Ætna* flames more fierce or conſtantly,
The ſounding ſhop of *Vulcans* ſmoaky art;
Vulcan his ſhop has placed there,
And *Cupids Forge* is ſet up here.

2.

Here all thoſe *Arrows* mortal Heads are made,
That fly ſo thick unſeen through yielding air;
The *Cyclops* here, which labour at the trade
Are Jealouſie, Fear, Sadneſs, and Deſpair.

Ah

Ah cruel *God!* and why to me
Gave you this curſt *Monopolie?*

3.

I have the *trouble*, not the gains of it;
Give me but the *diſpoſal* of one *Dart*;
And then (I'll ask no other benefit)
Heat as you pleaſe your furnace in my *Heart*.
So ſweet's *Revenge* to me, that I
Upon my foe would gladly die.

4.

Deep into 'her boſome would I ſtrike the dart;
Deeper than *Woman* e're was ſtruck by *Thee*;
Thou giv'ſt them ſmall wounds, and ſo far from th' *Heart*,
They *flutter* ſtill about, inconſtantly.
Curſe on thy *Goodneſs*, whom we find
Civil to none but *Woman-kind!*

5.

Vain God! who *women* doſt thy ſelf *Adore!*
Their wounded Hearts do ſtill retain the powers
To travel, and to wander as before;
Thy broken Arrows 'twixt that ſex and ours
So 'unjuſtly are diſtributed;
They take the *Feathers*, *we* the *Head*.

The Diſtance.

1.

I'Have followed thee a year at leaſt,
And never ſtopt my ſelf to reſt.
But yet can thee o'retake no more,
Than this *Day* can the *Day* that went before.

2.

In this our *fortunes* equal prove
To *Stars*, which govern them above;
Our *Stars*, that move for ever round,
With the ſame *Diſtance* ſtill betwixt them found.

3.

In vain, alas, in vain I ſtrive
The *wheel* of *Fate* faſter to drive;
Since if a round it ſwiftlier fly
She in it mends her pace as much as *I*.

Hearts

4.

Hearts by *Love*, ſtrangely *ſhuffled* are,
That there can never meet a *Pare !*
Tamelier than *Worms* are *Lovers* ſlain;
The *wounded Heart* ne're turns to *wound* again.

The Encreaſe.

1.

I Thought, I'll ſwear, I could have lov'd no more
Than I had done before;
But you as eaſily might account
'Till to the *top* of *Numbers* you amount,
As caſt up my *Loves* ſcore.
Ten thouſand millions was the ſum;
Millions of endleſs *Millions* are to come.

2.

I'm ſure her *Beauties* cannot greater grow;
Why would my *Love* do ſo?
A *real* cauſe at firſt did move;
But mine own *Fancy* now drives on my Love,
With *ſhadows* from it ſelf that flow.
My *Love*, as we in *Numbers* ſee,
By *Cyphers* is encreaſt eternallie.

3.

So the new-made, and untri'd *Spheres* above,
Took their firſt turn from th' hand of *Jove*;
But are ſince that beginning found
By their own Forms to move for ever round.
All *violent Motions* ſhort do prove,
But by the length 'tis plain to ſee
That Love's a *Motion Natural* to Me.

Loves Viſibility.

1.

WIth much of *pain*, and all the *Art* I knew
Have I endeavour'd hitherto
To *hide* my *Love*, and yet all will not do.

2.

The world perceives it, and it may be, *ſhe*;
Though ſo diſcreet and good ſhe be,
By hiding it, to teach that skill to *Me*.

3.

Men without *Love* have oft ſo cunning grown,
That ſomething like it they have ſhown,
But none who had it ever ſeem'd t' have *none*.

4.

Love's of a ſtrangely open, ſimple kind,
Can no arts or diſguiſes find,
But thinks none *ſees* it 'cauſe it *ſelf* is *blind*.

5.

The very *Eye* betrays our inward ſmart;
Love of himſelf left there a part,
When thorow it he paſt into the *Heart*.

6.

Or if by chance the *Face* betray not it,
But keep the ſecret wiſely, yet,
Like *Drunkenneſs*, into the *Tongue* 'twill get.

Looking on, and diſcourſing with his Miſtreſs.

1.

THeſe full two hours now have I gazing been,
What comfort by it can I gain?
To look on *Heav'en* with *miſgty Gulfs* between
Was the great *Miſers* greateſt pain;
So near was he to *Heavens* delight,
As with the bleſt converſe he might,
Yet could not get one *drop* of water by't.

Ah

2.

Ah wretch! I ſeem to *touch* her now; but oh,
What boundleſs ſpaces do us part?
Fortune, and *Friends*, and all earths empty ſhow,
My *Lowneſs* and her high *Deſert*:
But theſe might conquerable prove;
Nothing does me ſo far remove,
As her hard *Souls averſion* from my *Love*.

3.

So *Travellers*, that loſe their way by night,
If from afar they chance t' eſpy
Th' uncertain glimmerings of a *Tapers* light,
Take flattering hopes and think it *nigh*;
Till wearied with the fruitleſs pain,
They ſit them down, and weep in vain,
And there in *Darkneſs* and *Deſpair* remain.

Reſolved to Love.

1.

I Wonder what the *Grave* and *Wiſe*
Think of all us that *Love*;
Whether our *Pretty Fooleries*
Their *Mirth* or *Anger* move;
They underſtand not *Breath*, that *Words* does want;
Our *Sighs* to them are *unſignificant*.

2.

One of them ſaw me th' other day,
Touch the dear hand, which I admire;
My *Soul* was melting ſtraight away,
And *dropt* before the *Fire*.
This *ſilly wiſe-man*, who pretends to *know*,
Ask't why I look'd ſo pale, and trembled ſo?

3.

Another from my Miſtreſs' dore
Saw me with eyes all watry come;
Nor could the hidden cauſe explore,
But thought ſome *ſmoak* was in the room;
Such *Igno'rance* from *unwounded Learning* came;
He knew *Tears* made by *Smoak*, but not by *Flame*.

4.

If *learn'd* in other things you be,
And have in *Love* no skill,
For Gods ſake keep your Arts from me,
For I'll be *ignorant* ſtill.
Study or *Action* others may embrace;
My *Love*'s my *Buſineſs*, and my *Books* her *Face*.

5.

Theſe are but *Trifles*, I confeſs,
Which me, weak, Mortal move;
Nor is your *buſie Serioufneſs*
Leſs trifling than my Love.
The wiſeſt *King* who from his ſacred breſt
Pronounc'd *all Vanity*, choſe it for the *beſt*,

My Fate.

1.

GO bid the *Needle* his dear *North* forſake,
To which with trembling rev'erence it does bend;
Go bid the *Stones* a journey upwards make;
Go bid th' ambitious *Flame* no more aſcend:
And when theſe falſe to their *old motions* prove,
Then ſhall I ceaſe *Thee*, *Thee alone* to *love*.

2.

The faſt-link'd *Chain* of Everlaſting *Fate*
Does nothing tye more ſtrong, than *Me* to *You*;
My fixt *Love* hangs not on your *Love* or *Hate*;
But will be ſtill the ſame, what e're you do.
You cannot *kill* my Love with your *diſdain*,
Wound it you may, and make it *live in pain*.

3.

Me, mine example let the *Stoicks* uſe,
Their ſad and cruel doctrine to maintain,
Let all *Prædeſtinaters* me produce,
Who ſtruggle with *eternal bonds* in vain.
This *Fire* I'm *born* to, but 'tis ſhe muſt tell,
Whether't be *Beams* of *Heav'en*, or *Flames* of *Hell*.

4.

You who mens *fortunes* in their faces read,
To find out *mine*, look not, alas, on *Me*;
But mark *her Face*, and all the features heed:
For only there is writ my *Deſtiny*.

Or

Or if Stars ſhew it, gaze not on the Skies;
But ſtudy the *Aſtrology* of her *Eyes*.

5.

If thou find there kind and propitious rays,
What *Mars* or *Saturn* threaten I'll not fear;
I well believe the *Fate* of mortal days
Is writ in *Heav'n*; but, oh *my heav'n* is there.
What can men learn from *Stars* they ſcarce can *ſee?*
Two great Lights rule the *World*; and *her two Me*.

The Heart-breaking.

1.

IT gave a piteous *groan*, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke:
The Love within too ſtrong for't was,
Like *Poyſon* put into a *Venice-Glaſs*.

2.

I thought that *this* ſome *Remedy* might prove,
But, oh, the mighty *Serpent Love*,
Cut by this chance in pieces ſmall,
In all ſtill *liv'd*, and ſtill it *Stung* in all.

3.

And now (alas) each little broken part
Feels the whole pain of all my *Heart:*
And every ſmalleſt corner ſtill
Lives with that torment which the *Whole* did *kill*.

4.

Even ſo rude *Armies* when the field they quit,
And into ſeveral *Quarters* get;
Each *Troop* does ſpoil and ruine more,
Than all joyn'd in one *Body* did before.

5.

How many *Loves* raign in my boſom now?
How many *Loves*, yet all of you?
Thus have I chang'd with evil fate
My *Monarch-Love* into a *Tyrant-State*.

The Uſurpation.

1.

THou 'hadſt to my *Soul* no title or *pretence*;
I was mine own, and *free*,
Till I had *giv'n* my ſelf to Thee;
But thou haſt kept me *Slave* and *Priſoner* ſince.
Well, ſince ſo inſolent thou'rt grown,
Fond *Tyrant*, I'll *depoſe* thee from thy Throne;
Such outrages muſt not admitted be
In an *Elective Monarchy*.

2.

Part of my *Heart* by *Gift* did to thee fall;
My Country, Kindred, and my beſt
Acquaintance were to ſhare the reſt;
But thou, their *Cov'etous Neighbour*, drav'ſt out all:
Nay more; thou mak'ſt me worſhip *Thee*,
And would'ſt the rule of my *Religion* be;
Was ever *Tyrant* claim'd ſuch power as you,
To be both *Emp'rour*, and *Pope* too?

3.

The *publick Miſe'ries*, and my *private fate*
Deſerve ſome tears: but greedy thou
(*Inſatiate Maid!*) wilt not allow
That I one drop trom thee ſhould *alienate*.
Nor wilt thou grant my ſins apart,
Though the ſole cauſe of moſt of them thou art,
Counting my *Tears* thy *Tribute* and thy *Due*,
Since firſt mine *Eyes* I gave to *You*.

4.

Thou all my *Joys*, and all my *Hopes* doſt claim,
Thou rageſt like a *Fire* in me,
Converting all things into *Thee*;
Nought can reſiſt, or *not encreaſe* the *Flame*.
Nay every *Grief* and every *Fear*,
Thou doſt devour, unleſs thy ſtamp it bear.
Thy preſence, like the crowned *Baſilisks* breath,
All other *Serpents* puts to death.

5.

As men in *Hell* are from *Diſeaſes* free,
So from all other ills am I;
Free from their known *Formality*:
But all pains *Eminently* lye in *Thee*:

Alas,

Alas, alas, I hope in vain
My conquer'd Soul from out thine hands to gain,
Since all the *Natives* there thou'ſt overthrown,
And planted *Gar'iſons* of thine own.

Maidenhead.

1.

THou *worſt eſtate* even of the *ſex* that's *worſt*;
Therefore by *Nature* made at firſt,
T'attend the weakneſs of our birth!
Slight, outward *Curtain* to the *Nuptial Bed!*
Thou *Caſe* to buildings not yet finiſhed!
Who like the *Center* of the Earth,
Doſt heavieſt things attract to thee,
Though thou a *point imaginary* be.

2.

A thing *God* thought for *Mankind* ſo unfit,
That his firſt bleſſing ruin'd it.
Cold *frozen Nurſe* of fierceſt *fires!*
Who like the parched plains of *Africks* ſand,
(A ſteril, and a wild unlovely Land)
Art always ſcorcht with hot deſires,
Yet *barren* quite, didſt thou not bring
Monſters and *Serpents* forth thy ſelf to ſting!

3.

Thou that bewitcheſt men, whilſt thou doſt dwell
Like a cloſe *Conj'urer* in his *Cell!*
And fear'ſt the days diſcovering Eye!
No wonder 'tis at all that thou ſhouldſt be
Such tedious and unpleaſant *Company*,
Who liv'ſt ſo *Melancholily!*
Thou thing of ſubtle, ſlippery kind,
Which *Women loſe*, and yet no *Man* can *find*.

4.

Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm reſolv'd to ſearch for thee;
The ſearch it ſelf rewards the pains.
So though the *Chymick* his great *ſecret* miſs,
(For neither it in *Art* nor *Nature* is)
Yet things well worth his toyle he gains:
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good *unſought exper'iments* by the way.

Say

5.

Say what thou wilt, *Chaſtity* is no more
Thee, than a *Porter* is his *Door.*
In vain to honour they pretend,
Who guard themſelves with *Ramparts* and with *Walls,*
Them only *Fame* the truly valiant calls,
Who can an *open breach* defend.
Of thy quick loſs can be no doubt,
Within ſo *Hated,* and ſo *Lov'd without.*

Impoſſibilities.

1.

Impoſſibilities? oh no, there's none;
Could mine bring thy *Heart Captive* home;
As eaſi'ly other dangers were *o'rethrown,*
As *Cæſar* after vanquiſht *Rome,*
His little *Aſian* foes did overcome.

2.

True Lovers oft by *Fortune* are envy'd,
Oft *Earth* and *Hell* againſt them ſtrive;
But *Providence* engages on their ſide,
And a good end at laſt does give;
At laſt *Juſt Men* and *Lovers* always thrive.

3.

As *Stars* (not powerful elſe) when they *conjoyn,*
Change, as they pleaſe, the Worlds eſtate;
So thy *Heart* in *Conjunction* with mine,
Shall our own fortunes regulate;
And to our *Stars themſelves* preſcribe a *Fate.*

4.

'Twould grieve me much to find ſome bold *Romance,*
That ſhould two kind *examples* ſhew,
Which before us in wonders did advance;
Not that I thought that *ſtory true,*
But none ſhould *Fancy more,* than *I would Do.*

5.

Through ſpight of our *worſt Enemies, thy Friends,*
Through *Local Baniſhment* from *Thee;*
Through the loud thoughts of leſs-concerning *Ends,*
As eaſie ſhall my paſſage be,
As was the *Am'orous Youth*'s o're *Helles Sea.*

It

6.

In vain the *Winds*, in vain the *Billows* rore;
In vain the *Stars* their aid deny'd:
He ſaw the *Seſtian Tower* on th'other ſhore;
Shall th' *Helleſpont* our Loves divide?
No, not th' *Atlantick Oceans* boundleſs Tide.

7.

Such *Seas* betwixt us eas'ly conquer'd are;
But, gentle *Maid*, do not deny
To let thy beams ſhine on me from afar;
And ſtill the *Taper* let me eſpy:
For when *thy Light* goes out, I ſink and die.

Silence.

1.

CUrſe on this *Tongue*, that has my *Heart* betray'd,
And his great *Secret* open laid!
For of all perſons chiefly *She*,
Should not the ills I ſuffer know;
Since 'tis a thing might dang'rous grow,
Only in *Her* to *Pity* Me:
Since 'tis for *Me* to *loſe* my *Life* more *fit*,
Than 'tis for *Her* to *ſave* and ranſome it.

2.

Ah, never more ſhall thy unwilling ear
My helpleſs ſtory hear.
Diſcourſe and *talk* awake does keep
The rude unquiet pain,
That in my Breaſt does raign;
Silence perhaps may make it *ſleep*:
I'll bind that *Sore* up, I did ill reveal;
The *Wound*, if once it *Cloſe*, may chance to *Heal*.

3.

No, 'twill ne're heal; my *Love* will never *die*,
Though it ſhould *ſpeechleſs lie*.
A *River*, e're it meet the *Sea*,
As well might ſtay its ſource,
As my Love can his courſe,
Unleſs it joyn and mix with *Thee*.
If any end or ſtop of it be found,
We know the *Flood* runs ſtill, though *under ground*.

The Diſſembler.

1.

UNhurt, *untoucht* did I complain;
And terrifi'd all others with the pain:
But now I feel the *mighty evil*;
Ah, there's no *fooling* with the *Devil!*
So wanton men, whilſt others they would fright,
Themſelves have met a real *Spright*.

2.

I thought, I'll ſwear, an handſome ly
Had been no *ſin* at all in *Poetry*:
But now I ſuffer an *Arreſt*,
For words were ſpoke by me in *jeſt*.
Dull, ſottiſh *God* of *Love*, and can it be
Thou underſtand'ſt not *Raillery*?

3.

Darts, and *Wounds*, and *Flame*, and *Heat*,
I nam'd but for the *Rhime*, or the *Conceit*.
Nor meant my Verſe ſhould raiſed be,
To this ſad fame of *Propheſie*:
Truth gives a *dull propriety* to my ſtile,
And all the *Metaphors* does ſpoil.

4.

In things, where *Fancy* much does reign,
'Tis dangerous too cunningly to *feign*.
The *Play* at laſt a *Truth* does grow,
And *Cuſtom* into *Nature* go.
By this curſt art of begging I became
Lame, with *counterfeiting Lame*.

5.

My Lines of amorous deſire
I wrote to kindle and blow others fire:
And 'twas a *barbarous delight*
My *Fancy* promis'd from the ſight;
But now, by *Love*, the mighty *Phalaris*, I
My *burning Bull* the firſt do try.

The Inconſtant.

1.

I Never yet could ſee that face
Which had no dart from me;
From fifteen years, to fifties ſpace,
They all victorious be.
Love thou'rt *a Devil*; if I may call thee *One*,
For ſure in Me thy name is *Legion*.

2.

Colour, or *Shape*, good *Limbs*, or *Face*,
Goodneſs, or *Wit* in all I find.
In *Motion* or in *Speech* a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis *Woman-kind*;
And I'm ſo weak, the *Piſtol* need not be
Double, or *treble charg'd* to murder *Me*.

3.

If *Tall*, the Name of *Proper* ſlays;
If *Fair*, ſhe's pleaſant as the *Light*;
If *Low*, her *Prettineſs* does pleaſe;
If *Black*, what *Lover* loves not *Night*?
If *Yellow-hair'd*, I love, leſt it ſhould be
Th' excuſe to others for not loving *Me*.

4.

The *Fat*, like *Plenty*, fills my heart;
The *Lean*, with *Love* makes me too ſo.
If *Streight*, her *Body*'s *Cupid*'s *Dart*
To me; if *Crooked*, 'tis his *Bow*.
Nay *Age* it ſelf does me to rage encline,
And ſtrength to *Women* gives, as well as *Wine*.

5.

Juſt half as large as *Charity*
My richly-landed *Love*'s become;
And judg'd aright is *Conſtancy*,
Though it take up a larger room:
Him, who loves *always one*, why ſhould they call
More *Conſtant*, than the Man loves *Always All*?

6.

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
Through all *Loves Gardens* and his *Fields*;
And, like the wiſe, induſtrious *Bee*,

No *Weed* but *Honey* to me yields!
Honey ſtill ſpent this dil'igence ſtill ſupplies,
Though I return not home with *laden Thighs.*

7.

My *Soul* at firſt indeed did prove
Of pretty ſtrength againſt a Dart;
Till I this *Habit* got of *Love*;
But my conſum'd and waſted Heart
Once burnt to *Tinder* with a ſtrong Deſire,
Since that by every *Spark* is ſet on Fire.

The Conſtant.

1.

GReat, and wiſe *Conqu'rour*, who where e're
Thou com'ſt, doſt *fortifie*, and *ſettle* there!
Who canſt *defend* as well as *get*;
And never hadſt one *Quarter* beat up yet;
Now thou art in, Thou ne're wilt part
With one inch of my vanquiſht Heart;
For ſince thon took'ſt it by aſſault from Me,
'Tis *Garriſon'd* ſo ſtrong with *Thoughts* of *Thee*,
It fears no *beauteous Enemy.*

2.

Had thy charming ſtrength been leſs,
I' had ſerv'd e're this an hundred *Miſtreſſes.*
I'm better thus, nor would compound
To leave my *Priſ'on* to be a *Vagabond.*
A *Priſ'on* in which I ſtill would be,
Though every *door* ſtood ope to Me.
In ſpight both of thy *Coldneſs* and thy *Pride*,
All Love is *Marriage* on thy *Lovers ſide*,
For only *Death* can them *divide.*

3.

Cloſe, narrow *Chain*, yet ſoft and kind,
As that which *Sp'irits* above to *good* does bind,
Gentle, and ſweet *Neceſſity*,
Which does not *force*, but *guide* our *Liberty!*
Your Love on Me were ſpent in vain,
Since *my Love* ſtill could but remain
Juſt as it is; for what alas can be
Added to that which hath *Infinity*
Both in *Extent* and *Quality?*

Her

Her Name.

1.

With more than *Jewiſh Reverence* as yet
Do I the *Sacred Name* conceal;
When, ye kind *Stars*, ah when will it be fit
This *Gentle Myſt'ery* to reveal?
When will our Love be *Nam'd*, and we poſſeſs
That *Chriſtning* as a *Badge* of *Happineſs?*

2.

So bold, as yet no Verſe of mine has been,
To wear that *Gem* on any *Line*;
Nor, till the happy *Nuptial Muſe* be ſeen,
Shall any *Stanza* with it ſhine.
Reſt, mighty *Name*, till then; for thou muſt be
Laid down by *Her*, e're *taken up* by *Me.*

3.

Then all the fields and woods ſhall with it ring;
Then *Ecchoes* burthen it ſhall be;
Then all the *Birds* in ſeveral notes ſhall ſing,
And all the *Rivers* murmur Thee;
Then ev'ry *wind* the Sound ſhall upwards bear,
And ſoftly whiſper't to ſome *Angels* Ear.

4.

Then ſhall thy *Name* through all my *Verſe* be ſpread,
Thick as the *flowers* in *Meadows* lye,
And when in future times they ſhall be read,
(As ſure, I think they will not dye)
If any *Critick* doubt that *They be mine*,
Men by that *Stamp* ſhall quickly know the *Coyn.*

5.

Mean while I will not dare to *make* a *Name*
To repreſent thee by;
Adam (*Gods Nomenclator*) could not frame
One that enough ſhould *ſignifie.*
Aſtræa or *Cœlia* as unfit would prove
For *Thee*, as 'tis to call the *Deity*, *Jove.*

Weeping.

1.

SEE where ſhe ſits, and in what comely wiſe,
Drops *Tears* more fair than others *Eyes!*
Ah, charming Maid, let not *ill Fortune* ſee
Th' attire thy *ſorrow* wears,
Nor know the *beauty* of thy *Tears:*
For ſhee'll ſtill come to dreſs her ſelf in *Thee.*

2.

As *Stars* reflect on *waters*, ſo I ſpy
In every drop (methinks) her *Eye.*
The *Baby*, which lives there, and always plays
In that illuſtrious *Sphere*,
Like a *Narciſſus* does appear,
Whilſt in his *flood* the lovely *Boy* did gaze.

3.

Ne're yet did I behold ſo glorious weather,
As this *Sun-ſhine* and *Rain* together.
Pray Heav'en her *Forehead*, that pure *Hill* of *Snow*,
(For ſome ſuch *Fountain* we muſt find,
To waters of ſo fair a kind)
Melt not to feed that beauteous *ſtream* below.

4.

Ah, mighty Love, that it were *inward Heat*
Which made this precious *Limbeck* ſweat!
But what, alas, ah what does it avail
That ſhe weeps Tears ſo wondrous *cold*,
As ſcarce the *Aſſes hoof* can hold,
So *cold*, that I admire they fall not *Hail.*

Diſcretion.

1.

Diſcreet? what means this word *Diſcreet?*
A Curſe on all *Diſcretion!*
This *barbarous term* you will not meet
In all *Loves-Lexicon.*

Joynture,

2.

Joynture, Portion, Gold, Eſtate,
Houſes, Houſhold-ſtuff, or Land,
(The *Low Conveniencies* of Fate)
Are *Greek* no *Lovers underſtand.*

3.

Believe me, beauteous one, when Love
Enters into a breſt,
The two firſt things it does remove,
Are *Friends* and *Intereſt.*

4.

Paſſions half blind, nor can endure
The careful, ſcrup'lous *Eyes*,
Or elſe I could not love, I'm ſure,
One who in *Love* were *wiſe.*

5.

Men, in ſuch tempeſts toſt about,
Will without grief or pain,
Caſt all their *goods* and *riches* out,
Themſelves their *Port* to gain.

6.

As well might *Martyrs* who do chooſe,
That *ſacred Death* to take,
Mourn for the *Clothes* which they muſt loſe,
When they' are bound *naked* to the *Stake.*

The Waiting-Maid.

1.

THY *Maid?* ah find ſome nobler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place;
Nor by a low ſuſpect *blaſpheme*
The glories of thy face.

2.

Alas, ſhe makes Thee ſhine ſo fair,
So exquiſitely bright,
That her dim *Lamp* muſt diſappear
Before thy potent *Light.*

Three

3.

Three hours each morn in dreſſing Thee,
Malicioufly are ſpent;
And make that *Beauty Tyranny*,
That's elſe a *Civil Government*.

4.

The 'adorning thee with ſo much art,
Is but a barb'arous skill;
'Tis like the *poys'oning* of a *Dart*
Too apt before to kill.

5.

The *Min'iſtring Angels* none can ſee;
'Tis not their beauty 'or face,
For which by men they worſhipt be;
But their high [illegible]ce and their *place*.
Thou art my *Goddeſs*, my *Saint*, *She*;
I pray to *Her*, only to pray to *Thee*.

Counſel.

1.

AH! what advice can I receive?
No, ſatisfie me firſt;
For who would *Phyſick*-potions give
To one that dyes with *Thirſt*?

2.

A little puff of breath we find,
Small fires can *quench* and *kill*;
But when they're great, the adverſe wind
Does make them *greater* ſtill.

3.

Now whilſt you ſpeak, it moves me much;
But ſtraight I'm juſt the ſame;
Alas, th'effect muſt needs be ſuch
Of *Cutting* through a *Flame*.

The Cure.

1.

COme, *Doctor*, uſe thy rougheſt art,
Thou canſt not cruel prove;
Cut, burn, and torture every part,
To heal me of my *Love.*

2.

There is no danger, if the pain
Should me to 'a *Feaver* bring;
Compar'd with *Heats* I now ſuſtain,
A *Feaver* is ſo *Cool* a thing,
(Like *drink* which feaveriſh men deſire)
That I ſhould hope 'twould almoſt quench my *Fire.*

The Separation.

1.

ASK me not what my *Love* ſhall do or be
(*Love* which is *Soul* to *Body*, and *Soul* of Me)
When I am *ſep'arated* from thee;
Alas, I might as eaſily ſhow,
What after *Death* the *Soul* will do;
'Twill *laſt*, I'me ſure, and that is all we know.

2.

The thing call'd *Soul* will never ſtir nor move,
But all that while a liveleſs *Carkaſs* prove,
For 'tis the *Body* of my *Love*;
Not that my *Love* will fly away,
But ſtill continue, as they ſay,
Sad troubled *Ghoſts* about their *Graves* do ſtray.

The Tree.

1.

I Choſe the flouriſhingſt *Tree* in all the Park,
With freſheſt Boughs, and faireſt head;
I cut my Love into his gentle Bark,
And in three days, behold, 'tis *dead*;
My very *written flames* ſo vi'olent be
They'have burnt and wither'd up the Tree.

2.

How ſhould I live my ſelf, whoſe *Heart* is found
Deeply graven every where
With the large *Hiſtory* of many a *wound*,
Larger than thy *Trunk* can bear?
With art as ſtrange, as *Homer* in the *Nut*,
Love in my *Heart* has *Volumes* put.

3.

What a few words from thy rich ſtock did take
The *Leaves* and *Beauties* all?
As a ſtrong *Poyſon* with one *drop* does make
The *Nails* and *Hairs* to fall:
Love (I ſee now) a kind of *Witchcraft* is,
Or *Characters* could ne're do this.

4.

Pardon ye *Birds* and *Nymphs* who lov'd this *Shade*;
And pardon me, thou gentle *Tree*;
I thought her *name* would thee have happy made,
And bleſſed *Omens* hop'd from Thee;
Notes of my *Love*, thrive here (ſaid I) and *grow*;
And with ye let my *Love* do ſo.

5.

Alas poor youth, thy love will never thrive!
This blaſted *Tree Predeſtines* it;
Go tye the diſmal *Knot* (why ſhouldſt thou live?)
And by the Lines thou there haſt writ
Deform'dly hanging, the *ſad Picture* be
To that unlucky *Hiſtory*.

Her

Her Unbelief.

1.

'TIS a ſtrange kind of *Ignorance* this in you!
That you your *Victories* ſhould not ſpy,
Victories gotten by your *Eye!*
That your bright *Beams* as thoſe of *Comets* do,
Should kill, but not know *How*, nor *Who.*

2.

That truly you my *Idol* might appear,
Whilſt all the *People* ſmell and ſee
The odorous flames, I offer thee,
Thou ſit'ſt, and doſt not ſee, nor ſmell, nor hear
Thy conſtant zealous *worſhipper.*

3.

They ſee't too well who at my fires repine,
Nay th' unconcern'd themſelves do prove
Quick-Ey'd enough to ſpy my Love;
Nor does the *Cauſe* in *thy Face* clearlier ſhine,
Than the *Effect* appears *in mine.*

4.

Fair infidel! by what unjuſt decree
Muſt I, who with ſuch reſtleſs care
Would make this truth to thee appear,
Muſt I, who preach it, and pray for it, be
Damn'd by thy *incredulitie?*

5.

I by thy *Unbelief* am guiltleſs ſlain;
Oh have but *Faith*, and then that you
May know that *Faith* for to be true,
It ſhall it ſelf by'a *Miracle* maintain,
And *raiſe* me from the *Dead* again.

6.

Mean while my *Hopes* may ſeem to be o'rethrown;
But *Lovers Hopes* are full of *Art*,
And thus diſpute, that ſince my heart
Though in *thy Breaſt*, yet is not by thee known,
Perhaps thou may'ſt not know thine *Own.*

The Gazers.

1.

COme let's go on, where *Love* and *Youth* does call;
I've ſeen *too* much, if this be *all.*
Alas, how far more *wealthy* might I be
With a contented *Ign'orant Povertie?*
To ſhew ſuch ſtores, and nothing grant,
Is to enrage and *vex* my want.
For Love to *Dye an Infant*'s leſſer ill,
Than to live long, yet *live in Child-hood* ſtill.

2.

We 'have both ſate gazing only hitherto,
As *Man* and *Wife* in *Picture* do.
The richeſt crop of *Joy* is ſtill behind,
And He who only *Sees*, in *Love* is *blind.*
So at firſt *Pigmalion* lov'd,
But th' *Amour* at laſt improv'd:
The *Statue*' it ſelf at laſt a *Woman* grew,
And ſo at laſt, my Dear, ſhould you do too.

3.

Beauty to man the greateſt *Torture* is,
Unleſs it lead to farther bliſs
Beyond the tyran'ous pleaſures of the *Eye.*
It grows too *ſerious a Cruelty,*
Unleſs it *Heal*, as well as *ſtrike*;
I would not, *Salamander*-like,
In ſcorching heats always to *Live* deſire,
But like a *Martyr*, paſs to *Heav'en* through *Fire.*

4.

Mark how the luſty *Sun* ſalutes the *Spring,*
And gently kiſſes every thing.
His loving *Beams* unlock each maiden flower,
Search all the *Treaſures*, all the *Sweets* devour:
Then on the earth with *Bridegroom*-Heat,
He does ſtill new *Flowers* beget.
The *Sun* himſelf, although *all Eye* he be
Can find in *Love* more Pleaſure than to *ſee.*

The Incurable.

1.

I Try'd if *Books* would cure my *Love*, but found
Love made them *Non-ſenſe* all.
I'apply'd *Receipts* of *Buſineſs* to my wound,
But ſtirring did the pain recal.

2.

As well might men who in a Feaver fry,
Mathematique doubts debate,
As well might men, who *mad* in *darkneſs* ly,
Write the *Diſpatches* of a *State*.

3.

I try'd *Devotion*, *Sermons*, *frequent Prayer*,
But thoſe did worſe than *uſeleſs* prove;
For *Pray'ers* are turn'd to *Sin*, in thoſe who are
Out of *Charity*, or in *Love*.

4.

I try'd in *Wine* to drown the mighty care;
But *Wine*, alas, was *Oyl* to th' fire.
Like *Drunkards* eyes, my troubled *Fancy* there
Did *double* the *Deſire*.

5.

I try'd what *Mirth* and *Gayety* would do,
And mixt with pleaſant *Companies*;
My *Mirth* did graceleſs and *inſipid* grow,
And 'bove a *Clinch* it could not riſe.

6.

Nay God forgive me for't, at laſt I try'd,
'Gainſt this ſome *new deſire* to ſtir,
And lov'd again, but 'twas where I eſpy'd
Some faint *Reſemblances* of *Her*.

7.

The *Phyſick* made me worſe with which I ſtrove
This *Mortal Ill* t' expel,
As wholeſome *Medicines* the *Diſeaſe* improve,
There where they *work* not well.

Honour.

1.

SHE *Loves*, and ſhe *confeſſes* too;
There's then at laſt, no more to do.
The happy *work*'s entirely done;
Enter the *Town* which thou haſt *won*;
The *Fruits* of *Conqueſt* now begin;
Iô Triumphe! Enter in.

2.

What's this, ye *Gods*, what can it be?
Remains there ſtill an *Enemie?*
Bold *Honour* ſtands up in the Gate,
And would yet *Capitulate*;
Have I o'recome all *real foes*,
And ſhall this *Phantome* me oppoſe?

3.

Noiſy Nothing! ſtalking Shade!
By what *Witchcraft* wert thou made?
Empty cauſe of *Solid* harms;
But I ſhall find out *Counter-Charms*
Thy airy *Devilſhip* to remove
From this *Circle* here of *Love.*

4.

Sure I ſhall rid my ſelf of *Thee*
By the *Nights* obſcurity,
And obſcurer *ſecreſie.*
Unlike to every other *ſpright*,
Thou attempt'ſt not men t' affright,
Nor *appear'ſt* but in the *Light.*

The Innocent Ill.

1.

THough all thy geſtures and diſcourſes be
Coyn'd and ſtamp't by *Modeſtie*,
Though from thy *Tongue* ne're ſlipt away
One word which *Nuns* at th' *Altar* might not ſay,

Yet

Yet ſuch a ſweetneſs, ſuch a grace
In all thy ſpeech appear,
That what to th' *Eye* a beauteous *face*,
That thy *Tongue* is to th' *Ear*.
So cunningly it wounds the heart,
It ſtrikes ſuch heat through every part,
That thou a *Tempter* worſe than *Satan* art.

2.

Though in thy thoughts ſcarce any tracks have bin
So much as of *Original* Sin,
Such charms thy *Beauty* wears as might
Deſires in dying confeſt *Saints* excite.
Thou with ſtrange *Adulterie*
Doſt in each breaſt a *Brothel keep*;
Awake all men do *luſt* for thee,
And ſome *enjoy* thee when they *ſleep*.
Ne're before did *Woman* live,
Who to ſuch *Multitudes* did give
The *Root* and *cauſe* of *Sin*, but only *Eve*.

3.

Though in thy breaſt ſo quick a *Pity* be,
That a *Flies Death*'s a *wound* to thee.
Though ſavage, and rock-hearted thoſe
Appear, that weep not ev'en *Romances* woes.
Yet ne're before was *Tyrant* known,
Whoſe rage was of ſo large extent,
The ills thou doſt are *whole* thine own,
Thou'rt *Principal* and *Inſtrument*,
In all the deaths that come from you,
You do the *treble Office* do
Of *Judge*, of *Tort'urer*, and of *Weapon* too.

4.

Thou *lovely Inſtrument* of *angry Fate*,
Which *God* did for our faults create!
Thou *Pleaſant*, *Univerſal Ill*,
Which *ſweet* as *Health*, yet like a *Plague* doſt *kill*!
Thou kind, well natur'd *Tyrannie*!
Thou *chaſt* committer of a *Rape*!
Thou *voluntary Deſtinie*,
Which no man *Can*, or *Would* eſcape;
So gentle, and ſo glad to ſpare,
So wondrous good, and wondrous fair,
(We know) e'ven the *Deſtroying Angels* are.

Dia-

DIALOGUE.

1.

She. WHat have we done? what cruel paſſion mov'd thee,
Thus to ruine her that lov'd thee?
Me thou 'haſt *robb'ed*, but what art thou
Thy *Self* the *richer* now?
Shame ſucceeds the ſhort-liv'd *pleaſure*;
So ſoon is ſpent, and gone, this thy *Ill-gotten Treaſure*.

2.

He. We' have done no harm; nor was it *Theft* in *me*,
But nobleſt *Charity* in *Thee*.
I'll the well-gotten *Pleaſure*
Safe in my *Mem'ory* Treaſure;
What though the *Flower* it ſelf do waſt,
The *Eſſence* from it drawn does long and ſweeter laſt.

3.

She. No: I'm undone; my *Honour* Thou haſt ſlain,
And nothing can reſtore't again.
Art and Labour to beſtow,
Upon the *Carcaſe* of it now,
Is but t' embalm a body *dead*,
The *Figure* may remain, the *Life* and *Beauty*'s fled.

4.

He. Never, my dear, was *Honour* yet undone,
By *Love*, but *Indiſcretion*.
To th' *wiſe* it all things does allow;
And cares not *What* we do; but *How*.
Like *Tapers* ſhut in ancient *Urns*,
Unleſs it let in *air*, for ever *ſhines* and *burns*.

5.

She. Thou firſt perhaps who didſt the fault commit,
Wilt make thy wicked boaſt of it.
For *Men*, with *Roman pride*, above
The *Conqueſt*, do the *Triumph* love:
Nor think a perfect *Vict'ory* gain'd,
Unleſs they through the *Streets* their *Captive* lead enchain'd.

Who

6.

Who e're his ſecret joys has open laid, *He.*
The *Baud* to his own *Wife* is made.
Beſide what boaſt is left for me,
Whoſe whole wealth's a *Gift* from *Thee?*
'Tis you the *Conqu'erour* are, 'tis you
Who have not only *ta'ne*, but *bound*, and *gagg'd* me too.

7.

Though publick pun'iſhment we eſcape, the *Sin* *She.*
Will rack and *torture* us within:
Guilt and *Sin* our boſom bears;
And though fair yet the *Fruit* appears,
That *Worm* which now the *Core* does waſt,
When long t'has gnaw'd within will break the *skin* at laſt.

8.

That *thirſty Drink*, that *Hungry Food* I ſought, *He.*
That *wounded Balm*, is all my fault.
And thou in pity didſt apply,
The kind and only *remedy:*
The *Cauſe* abſolves the *Crime*; ſince *Me*
So mighty *Force* did move, ſo mighty *Goodneſs Thee.*

9.

Curſe on thine *Arts!* methinks I *Hate* thee now; *She.*
And yet I'm ſure I *love Thee* too!
I'm *angry*, but my *wrath* will prove,
More *Innocent* than did thy *Love.*
Thou haſt *this day* undone me quite;
Yet wilt undo me more ſhould'ſt thou not come at *night.*

Verſes loſt upon a Wager.

1.

AS ſoon hereafter will I *wagers* lay,
'Gainſt what an *Oracle* ſhall ſay,
Fool, that I was, to venter to deny
A *Tongue* ſo us'd to *Victory!*
A *Tongue* ſo bleſt by *Nature* and by *Art*,
That never yet it ſpoke but gain'd an *Heart:*
Though what you ſaid, had not been *true*
If ſpoke by any elſe but *you.*
Your ſpeech will govern *Deſtiny*,
And *Fate* will *change* rather than *you* ſhould *Ly.*

'Tis

2.

'Tis true if *Humane Reaſon* were the *Guide*,
Reaſon, methinks, was on my ſide,
But that's a *Guide*, alas, we muſt reſign,
When th' *Authority*'s *Divine*.
She ſaid, ſhe ſaid *her ſelf* it would be ſo;
And I, *bold unbeliever*, anſwered *No*,
Never ſo juſtly ſure before
Errour the name of *Blindneſs* bore,
For whatſoe're the *Queſtion* be,
There's no man that has *eyes* would *bet* for *Me*.

3.

If *Truth* it ſelf (as other *Angels* do
When they deſcend to humane view)
In a *Material Form* would daign to ſhine,
'Twould *imitate* or *borrow Thine*,
So daz'eling bright, yet ſo tranſparent clear,
So well proportion'd would the parts appear;
Happy the eye which *Truth* could ſee
Cloath'd in a *ſhape* like *Thee*,
But happier far the eye
Which could thy *ſhape naked like Truth* eſpy!

4.

Yet this loſt *wager* coſts me nothing more
Than what I ow'ed to thee before.
Who would not venture for that debt to *play*
Which He were bound howe're to *pay*?
If *Nature* gave me power to write in verſe,
She gave it me thy praiſes to reherſe.
Thy wondrous Beauty and thy *Wit*
Has ſuch a *Sov'eraign Right* to it,
That no Mans *Muſe* for *publick vent* is free,
Till ſhe has paid *her Cuſtoms* firſt to *Thee*.

Bathing in the River.

1.

THE *Fiſh* around her crowded, as they do
To the falſe light that treach'erous Fiſhers ſhew,
And all with as much eaſe might taken be,
As ſhe at firſt took me.
For ne're did *Light* ſo clear
Among the *waves* appear,
Though ev'ery night the *Sun* himſelf ſet there.

Why

2.

Why to *Mute Fiſh* ſhould'ſt thou thy ſelf diſcover,
And not to me thy no leſs *ſilent Lover?*
As ſome from *Men* their buried *Gold* commit
To *Ghoſts* that have no uſe of it!
Half their rich treaſures ſo
Maids bury; and for ought we know
(Poor *Ignorants*) *they're Mermaids all below.*

3.

The amo'rous *Waves* would fain about her ſtay,
But ſtill new amo'rous *Waves* drive them away,
And with ſwift current to thoſe joys they haſte,
That do as ſwiftly waſte,
I laught the wanton play to view,
But 'tis, alas, at *Land* ſo too,
And ſtill *old lovers* yield the place to *new.*

4.

Kiſs her, and as you part, you am'orous Waves
(My happier *Rivals*, and my *fellow ſlaves*)
Point to your flowry banks, and to her ſhew
The good your *Bounties* do;
Then tell her what your *Pride* doth coſt,
And how your *uſe* and *beauty*'s loſt,
When rig'orous *Winter* binds you up with *Froſt.*

5.

Tell her, her *Beauties* and her *Youth*, like *Thee*
Haſte without ſtop to a *devouring Sea*;
Where they will mixt and *undiſtinguiſht* ly
With all the meaneſt things that *dy.*
As in the *Ocean* Thou
No priviledge doſt know
Above th' *impureſt ſtreams* that thither flow.

6.

Tell her, kind *flood*, when this has made her ſad,
Tell her there's yet one *Rem'edy* to be had;
Shew her how thou, though long ſince *paſt*, doſt find
Thy ſelf yet ſtill *Behind*,
Marriage (ſay to her) will bring
About the ſelf-ſame thing.
But ſhe, fond *Maid*, *ſhuts* and *ſeals* up the *ſpring.*

Love given over.

1.

IT is *enough*; enough of time, and pain
Haſt thou conſum'd in vain;
Leave, wretched *Cowley*, leave
Thy ſelf with *ſhadows* to deceive;
Think that *already loſt* which thou muſt *never gain.*

2.

Three of thy luſtieſt and thy freſheſt years
(Toſt in ſtorms of *Hopes* and *Fears*)
Like helpleſs *Ships* that be
Set on fire i'th' midſt o'th' *Sea*,
Have all been *burnt in Love*, and all been *drown'd in Tears.*

3.

Reſolve then on it, and by force or art
Free thy unlucky *Heart*;
Since *Fate* does diſapprove
Th' ambition of thy *Love*,
And not one *Star* in Heav'n off'ers to take thy part.

4.

If e're I clear my *Heart* from this deſire,
If e're it home to its Breaſt retire,
It ne're ſhall wander more about,
Though thouſand beauties call'd it out:
A *Lover burnt* like me for ever *dreads the fire.*

5.

The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and every *ſmall diſeaſe*,
May come as oft as *ill Fate* pleaſe;
But *Death* and *Love* are never found
To give a *Second Wound*,
We're by thoſe *Serpents bit*, but we're *devour'd by theſe.*

6.

Alas, what comfort is't that I am grown
Secure of be'ing *again* o'rethrown?
Since ſuch an *Enemy* needs not fear
Leſt any elſe ſhould quarter there,
Who has not only *Sack't*, but quite *burnt down the Town.*

FINIS.

Pindarique
ODES,

Written in Imitation of the

STILE & MANNER

OF THE

ODES

OF

PINDAR.

By *A. COWLEY.*

HOR. EP. L. 1. 3.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1674.

PREFACE.

IF a man ſhould undertake to tranſlate *Pindar* word for word, it would be thought that one *Mad man* had tranſlated *another*; as may appear, when he that underſtands not the *Original*, reads the verbal Traduction of him into *Latin Proſe*, than which nothing ſeems more *Raving*. And ſure, *Rhyme*, without the addition of *Wit*, and the *Spirit* of *Poetry* (*quod nequeo monſtrare & ſentio tantum*) would but make it ten times more *Diſtracted* than it is in *Proſe*. We muſt conſider in *Pindar* the great difference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in *Pictures*, at leaſt the *Colours* of *Poetry*, the no leſs difference betwixt the *Religions* and *Cuſtoms* of our Countrys, and a thouſand particularities of places, perſons, and manners, which do but confuſedly appear to our Eyes at ſo great a diſtance. And laſtly (which were enough alone for my purpoſe) we muſt conſider that our Ears are ſtrangers to the Muſick of his *Numbers*, which ſometimes (eſpecially in *Songs* and *Odes*) almoſt without any thing elſe, makes an excellent *Poet*; for though the *Grammarians* and *Criticks* have laboured to reduce his Verſes into regular feet and meaſures (as they have alſo thoſe of the *Greek* and *Latin Comedies*) yet in effect they are little better than *Proſe* to our ears. And I would gladly know what applauſe our beſt pieces of *Engliſh Poeſie* could expect from a *Frenchman* or *Italian*, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into *French* or *Italian Proſe*. And when we have conſidered all this, we muſt needs confeſs, that after all theſe loſſes ſuſtained by *Pindar*, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deſerting ſtill his ſubject) is not like to make him a *Richer man* than he was in his *own Country*. This is in ſome meaſure to be applied to all *Tranſlations* and the not obſerving of it, is the cauſe that all which ever I yet ſaw, are ſo much inferiour to their *Originals*. The like happens too in *Pictures*, from the ſame root of exact *Imitation*; which being a vile and unworthy kind of *Servitude*, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have ſeen *Originals* both in *Painting* and *Poeſie*, much more beautiful than their *natural Objects*; but I never ſaw a *Copy* better than the

the *Original*, which indeed cannot be otherwiſe; for men reſolving in no caſe to ſhoot *beyond* the *Mark*, it is a thouſand to one if they ſhoot not *ſhort* of it. It does not at all trouble me that the *Grammarians* perhaps will not ſuffer this libertine way of rendring foreign Authors, to be called *Tranſlation*; for I am not ſo much enamoured of the *Name Tranſlator* as not to wiſh rather to be *Something Better*, though it want yet a *Name*. I ſpeak not ſo much all this, in defence of my manner of *Tranſlating*, or *Imitating* (or what other Title they pleaſe) the two enſuing *Odes* of *Pindar*; for that would not deſerve half theſe words, as by this occaſion to rectifie the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The *Pſalms* of *David*, (which I believe to have been in their *Original*, to the *Hebrews* of his time, though not to our *Hebrews* of *Buxtorfius*'s making, the moſt exalted pieces of *Poeſie*) are a great example of what I have ſaid; all the *Tranſlators* of which (even Mr. *Sands* himſelf; for in deſpight of popular errour, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reaſon, that they have not ſought to ſupply the loſt Excellencies of another *Language* with new ones in their own; are ſo far from doing honour, or at leaſt juſtice to that *Divine Poet*, that methinks, they revile him worſe than *Shimei*. And *Buchanan* himſelf (though much the beſt of them all, and indeed a great Perſon) comes in my opinion no leſs ſhort of *David*, than his *Country* does of *Judæa*. Upon this ground, I have in theſe two *Odes* of *Pindar* taken, left out, and added what I pleaſe; nor make it ſo much my aim to let the Reader know preciſely what he ſpoke, as what was his *way* and *manner* of ſpeaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduced into *Engliſh*, though it be the nobleſt and higheſt kind of writing in Verſe; and which might, perhaps, be put into the Liſt of *Pancirollus*, among the *loſt Inventions* of *Antiquity*. This *Eſſay* is but to try how it will look in an *Engliſh Habit*: for which experiment, I have choſen one of his *Olympique*, and another of his *Nemeæan Odes*; which are as followeth.

The

THE SECOND

Olympique Ode

OF

PINDAR.

Written in praiſe of Theron *Prince of* Agrigentum (*a famous City in* Sicily *built by his* Anceſtors) *who in the ſeventy ſeventh* Olympique *won the* Chariot-prize. *He is commended from the* Nobility *of his Race* (*whoſe ſtory is often toucht on*) *from his great* Riches (*an ordinary* Common-Place *in* Pindar) *from his* Hoſpitality, Munificence, *and other* Virtues. *The* Ode (*according to the conſtant cuſtom of the* Poet) *conſiſts more in* Digreſſions, *than in the main* ſubject: *And the* Reader *muſt not be chocqued to hear him ſpeak ſo often of his own* Muſe; *for that is a* Liberty *which this kind of* Poetry *can hardly live without.*

ODE.

I.

1 *Queen* of all Harmonious things,
Dancing Words, and *Speaking Strings*,
What *God*, what *Hero* wilt thou ſing?
2 What happy *Man* to *equal* glories bring?
Begin, begin thy noble choice,
And let the Hills around reflect the *Image* of thy *Voice*,
3 *Piſa* does to *Jove* belong,
Jove and *Piſa* claim thy Song,

The

4 The fair *First-fruits* of *War*, th' *Olympique Games*,
Alcides offered up to *Jove*;
Alcides too thy ſtrings may move;
But, oh, what *Man* to joyn with theſe can worthy prove!
Joyn *Theron* boldly to their ſacred *Names*;
Theron the next honour claims;
Theron to no *man* gives place,
Is firſt in *Piſa*'s and in *Virtue*'s *Race*;
Theron there and he alone,
Ev'n his own ſwift *Forefathers* has outgone.

2.

1 They through rough ways, o're many ſtops they paſt,
Till on the fatal bank at laſt
2 They *Agrigentum* built, the beauteous *Eye*
Of *fair-fac'ed Sicilie*.
Which does it ſelf i'th' *River* by
With *Pride* and *Joy* eſpy.
Then chearful *Notes* their *Painted Tears* did ſing,
And *Wealth* was one, and *Honour* th' other *Wing*.
Their genuine *Virtues* did more ſweet and clear,
In *Fortunes* graceful dreſs appear.
3 To which great *Son* of *Rhea*, ſay
The *Firm Word* which forbids things to *Decay*.
If in *Olympus* Top, where Thou
Sit'ſt to behold thy Sacred *Show*,
4 If in *Alpheus* ſilver flight,
If in *my Verſe*, thou doſt delight,
My Verſe, O *Rhea*'s *Son*, which is
Lofty as *that*, and *ſmooth* as *This*.

3.

For the paſt ſufferings of this noble Race
(Since things once *paſt*, and fled out of thine hand,
Harken no more to thy command)
Let *preſent joys* fill up their place,
1 And with *Oblivious ſilent ſtroke* deface
Of foregone Ills the very *trace*.
In no illuſtrous line
Do theſe happy changes ſhine
More brightly *Theron* than in thine.
2 So in the *Cryſtal Palaces*
Of the blew-ey'd *Nereides*
Ino her endleſs youth does pleaſe,
And *thanks* her fall into the Seas.
3 Beauteous *Semele* does no leſs
Her cruel *Midwife Thunder* bleſs,
Whilſt ſporting with the *Gods* on high,
4 She enjoys *ſecure* their Company,
Plays with *Lightnings* as they fly,
Nor trembles at the *bright Embraces* of the *Deity*.

But

4.

But *Death* did them from future dangers free,
What God (alas) will *Caution* be
For *Living* Mans ſecuritie,
Or will *enſure* our *Veſſel* in this faithleſs *Sea?*
Never did the *Sun* as yet
So healthful a fair *day* beget,
1 That *Travelling Mortals* might rely on it.
But Fortunes *favour* and her *Spight*
Rowl with alternate *Waves* like *Day* and *Night.*
Viciſſitudes which thy great race purſue,
2 Ere ſince the *fatal Son* his Father ſlew,
And did old *Oracles* fulfill
Of *Gods* that cannot *Lie*, for they foretel but their own *Will.*

5.

1 *Erynnis* ſaw't, and made in her own ſeed
The *innocent Parricide* to bleed,
2 She ſlew his wrathful Sons with mutual blows;
But better things did then ſucceed,
3 And brave *Therſander* in amends for what was paſt aroſe.
Brave *Therſander* was by none
In War, or warlike ſports out-done.
4 Thou *Theron* his great virtues doſt revive,
He in *my Verſe* and *Thee* again does *live.*
Loud *Olympus* happy Thee,
5 *Iſthmus* and *Nemea* does twice happy ſee.
For the *well-natur'd* honour there
Which with thy *Brother* thou didſt ſhare,
Was to thee *double* grown
By not being all thine *Own.*
And thoſe kind pious glories do deface
The old *Fraternal* quarrel of thy *Race.*

6.

1 Greatneſs of *Mind* and *Fortune* too
Th' *Olympique Trophees* ſhew.
Both their ſeveral parts muſt do
In the noble *Chaſe* of *Fame*,
This without that is *Blind*, that without this is *Lame.*
Nor is fair *Virtues Picture* ſeen aright
But in *Fortunes* golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
And one *ſhort-Man long* cannot wait.
The Vertuous make of them the beſt,
And put them out to *Fame* for *Intereſt.*
With a *frail* good they wiſely buy
The ſolid *Purchaſe* of *Eternity.*

They whilſt Lifes air they breath, conſider well and know
Th'account they muſt hereafter give below.
Whereas th'unjuſt and Covetous above,
In deep unlovely Vaults,
By the juſt decrees of *Jove*
2 Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy *Neceſſary effects* of *Voluntary Faults*.

7.

1 Whilſt in the Lands of unexhauſted *Light*
O're which the *God-like Suns* unwearied ſight,
Ne're *winks* in *Clouds*, or *Sleeps* in *Night*,
An endleſs *Spring* of Age the Good enjoy,
Where neither *Want* does *pinch*, nor *Plenty cloy*.
There neither *Earth* nor *Sea* they *plow*,
Nor ought to *Labour* ow
For *Food*, that whil'ſt it *nour'iſhes* does *decay*,
And in the *Lamp* of *Life* conſumes away.
2 *Thrice* had theſe men through mortal bodies paſt,
Did *thrice* the tryal undergo,
Till all their *little Droſs* was purg'd at laſt,
The *Furnace* had no more to do.
Then in rich *Saturns* peaceful ſtate
3 Were they for ſacred *Treaſures* plac'd,
The *Muſe diſcovered World* of *Iſlands Fortunate*.

8.

Soft-Footed Winds with tuneful voyces there
Dance through the perfum'd Air.
There *Silver Rivers* through *enamell'd Meadows* glide,
And *golden Trees* enrich their ſide.
Th' *illuſtrious Leaves* no dropping *Autumn* fear,
And *Jewels* for their *fruit* they bear.
Which by the *Bleſt* are gathered
For *Bracelets* to the Arm, and *Garlands* to the Head.
Here all the *Hero's*, and their *Poets* live,
1 Wiſe *Rhadamanthus* did the Sentence give,
Who for his juſtice was thought fit
With *Sovereign Saturn* on the *Bench* to ſit.
Peleus here, and *Cadmus* reign,
Here great *Achilles* wrathful now no more,
Since his bleſt *Mother* (who before
Had try'd it on his *Body*' in vain)
Dipt now his *Soul* in *Stygian Lake*,
Which did from thence a *divine Hardneſs* take,
That does from *Paſſion* and from *Vice Invulnerable* make.

To

9.

To *Theron*, *Muſe*, bring back thy wandring Song,
Whom thoſe bright Troops expect impatiently;
And may they do ſo long.
1 How, noble *Archer*, do thy wanton *Arrows* fly
At all the *Game* that does but croſs thine Eye;
Shoot, and ſpare not, for I ſee
Thy ſounding *Quiver* can ne're emptied be;
Let *Art* uſe *Method* and good *Husbandry*,
Art lives on *Natures Alms*, is weak and poor;
Nature her ſelf has unexhauſted ſtore,
Wallows in *Wealth*, and runs a turning *Maze*,
That no *vulgar Eye* can trace.
Art inſtead of mounting high,
About her *humble Food* does hov'ering fly,
2 Like the ignoble *Crow*, *rapine* and *noiſe* does love,
Whilſt *Nature*, like the ſacred *Bird* of *Jove*,
3 Now bears loud *Thunder*, and anon with *ſilent joy*
The beauteous *Phrygian Boy*,
Defeats the *Strong*, or'etakes the *Flying* prey;
4 And ſometimes basks in th'open *Flames* of *Day*,
And ſometimes too he ſhrowds,
His ſoaring *wings* among the *Clouds*.

10.

Leave, wanton *Muſe*, thy roving flight,
To thy loud *String* the well-fletcht *Arrow* put,
Let *Agrigentum* be the *But*,
And *Theron* be the *White*.
And leſt the Name of *Verſe* ſhould give
Malitious men pretext to *misbelieve*,
By the *Caſtalian waters* ſwear,
(A ſacred *Oath* no *Poets* dare
To take in vain,
1 No more than *Gods* do that of *Styx* prophane)
Swear in no City e're before,
A better man, or greater-ſoul'd was born,
Swear that *Theron* ſure has *ſworn*
No man *near* him ſhould *be poor*.
Swear that none e're had ſuch a graceful art,
Fortunes *free* gifts as *freely* to impart
With an *Unenvious hand*, and an *unbounded Heart*.

11.

But in this thankleſs *world* the *Givers*
Are *envi'ed* ev'en by the *Receivers*.
'Tis now the *cheap* and *frugal* faſhion,
Rather to *Hide* than *Pay* the *Obligation*.

Nay 'tis much worſe than ſo,
It now an *Artifice* does grow,
Wrongs and *outrages* to do,
Leſt men ſhould think we *ow*.
Such *Monſters*, *Theron*, has thy *Vertue* found,
But all the malice they profeſs,
Thy *ſecure Honour* cannot wound:
For thy vaſt *Bounties* are ſo *numberleſs*,
That them or to *Conceal*, or elſe to *Tell*,
Is equally *Impoſſible*.

NOTES.

1.

Pind. Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες ὕμνοι, Τίνα θεὸν, τίν' Ἥρωα, τίν' ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν; Ἦτοι Πίσα μὲν Διός, Ὀλυμπιὰς δ' ἔστα—σεν Ἡρακλέης Ἀκρόθινα πολέμου, Θήρωνα δὲ τετραορίας Ἕνεκα νικαφόρου Γεγωνητέον ὀπὶ Δίκαιον ξένον Ἑρκος· Ἀκράγαντος Εὐανύμων τε πατέρων Ἄωτον, ὀρθόπολιν.

Hymni dominantes Cytharæ, quem Deum, *quem* Heroem, *quem* Virum *celebrabimus?* Piſa *quidem* Jovis *eſt*, Olympicum *autem certamen inſtituit* Hercules, primitias *belli, ſed* Theronem *ob curſum in quadrigis victorem ſonare oportet voce, juſtum & hoſpitalem, columen* Agrigenti, *laudatorum progenitorum florem, rectorem urbium.*

1. Whereas *Pindar* addreſſes himſelf to his *Song*, I change it to his *Muſe*; which, methinks, is better called Ἀναξιφόρμιγξ, than the *Ode* which ſhe makes. Some interpret Ἀναξιφόρμιγγες paſſively (*i.*) as ſubjects of the *Harp*; but the other ſenſe is more *Grammatical*.

2. *Horace* tranſlates this beginning, *Lib.* 1. *Ode* 12. *Quem virum aut Heroa Lyrâ vel acri Tibiâ ſumes celebrare Clio. Quem Deum cujus reſonet* jocoſa *Nomen* Imago? The latter part of which I have added to *Pindar*. *Horace* inverts the order, but the other is more natural, to begin with the *God*, and end with the *Man*.

3. *Piſa*, a Town in *Elis*, where the *Olympique Games* were celebrated every fifth year by the *Inſtitution* of *Hercules*, after he had ſlain *Augias* Prince of *Elis*, in honour of *Jupiter*, ſirnamed *Olympicus* from the Mountain *Olympus*, which is juſt by *Piſa*.

4. Ἀκρόθινα, *Firſt fruits*, from ἄκρον the *Top*, and θὶν an *Heap*, becauſe they were taken from the Top of the *Heap* of Corn, *&c.* Some interpret it, the ſpoils of War dedicated to the *Gods*; ſo the old Greek Scholiaſt. I think the Olympique Games are ſo called, becauſe they were ſacred exerciſes that diſpoſed and improved men for the War, a *Sacred bloodleſs War*, dedicated to the Gods.

2.

Καμόντες, οἱ πολλὰ θυμῷ Ἱερὸν ἔσχον ὄιχνιμα Πόλαμῦ, Σικελίας τε ἔσαν Ὀρθαλμὸς, αἰών τ' ἔρε—πε μόρσιμῷ πλᾶτὸν—τε κῦ χάειν ἀγὼν Γυησίας ἐπ' ἀρεϊᾶς, Ἀλλ' ὃ Κρόνιε παῖ Ῥέας Ἑδῶ Ολύμπια νόμων, Ἀέθλων τε κορυφᾶν, Πόρον τ' Ἀλτεῦ Ἰαμθὶς ἀοιδαῖς Εὑρὼν ἄρεραν ἔτι πα—τρίαν σφίσι κόμιζον.

Qui cum multum laboraſſent animo, ſacram obtinuerunt ſedem fluvii Siciliæq; *fuerunt* oculus, *Vitaq; inſequebatur fœlix, divitias & gratiam afferens nativis virtutibus. Verum O* Saturnie *fili* Rheæ, *ſedem* Olympi *habitans, & certaminum ſummitatem, viámq;* Alphæi, *delectatus Hymnis, benevolus, arvum patrium adhuc ipſis cura & poſtero generi.*

1. They ſay, that *Æmon* the Son of *Polydorus*, the Son of *Cadmus*, having ſlain one of his fellow Citizens as he was hunting, fled from *Thebes* to *Athens*, afterwards to *Rhodes*, and from thence into *Sicilie*, where he built *Agrigentum*; and from him to *Theron* are reckoned many Generations; but the Progenitors of *Theron* in a right line, came not thither till a long time after.

2. I rather chuſe to call *Agrigentum*, than *Therons* Anceſtors (as *Pindar* does) the *Eye* of *Sicilie*. The Metaphor in this ſenſe is more natural. So *Julian* terms *Damaſcus*, τῆς ἑῴας ἀπάσης ὀφθαλμὸν, The *Eye* of all the *Eaſt*. So *Catullus*, *Sirmion*, *Inſularum ocellum*. The *Eye* of Iſlands. *Agrigentum* took the name from the River *Acragas*, or *Agragas*, upon which it ſtands, that from ἄκρον and γὴ, as it were, *Primaria terra*, An eſpecial ſoil; or from ἀγρὸς and γὴ, Land good for the plow. I know very well, that it is not certain that this

this Town was built by *Therons* Anceſtors; neither do the words of *Pindar* import more than their dwelling there: nevertheleſs, the thing being doubtful, I make bold to take that ſenſe which pleaſes me beſt.

3 *Jupiter.*

4. The *River* of *Elis*, by the ſide of which the *Olympique Games* were celebrated.

3.

Λοιπῷ γένει. Ἀλλ' ἢ πεπρωμένων Εὐδίκα τε καὶ παγὰ δικᾶν Ἀτόνιτον ὐδ' ἂν Χρόνῳ ὁ πάντων πατὴρ Δύναιτο θέμεν ἔργων τέλος. Λάθα δ' ὀτῖμω σὺν εὐδαίμονι γνοῖ' ἄν, Ἐσθλῶν δ' ὑπὸ χαριμάτων Πῆμα θνάσκει πολίγκοτον δαμασθὲν· Ὅταν θεὸς οἷσα πέμπῃ. Ἀνεκὰς ὀλοὸν ὑπ' ἠλὸν, Ἕτεται δ' λόγος εὐφρόνοις Κάδμοιο κούραις ἔπα—θον ἀν μεγάλα, πίνυσθε δὲ σιγᾷ βαρὺ Κρεσσόνων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν, Ζωαὶ μὲν ἐν Ὀλυμπίοις Ἀποθανοῖσαι βρόμῳ Κεραυνὸ ταυροθρα. Σεμέλη, φιλεῖ δέ μιν Πάλλας αἰεὶ Καὶ Ζεὺς πατὴρ μάλα, φιλεῖ δὲ παῖς ὁ χιονοφρὴς Λέγοντι δ' ἐν κ' θαλάσσᾳ Μέλα κόρεσιν Νηρῆος Ἁλίαις βίοτον ἀφθίτον Ἰνοῦ τελέσθαι ἅπαν ὅλον ἀμοιβὰ χρόνον.

Aliorum autem vel jure vel injuriâ infectum ne Tempus *quidem omnium pater poſſit reddere operum finem. Sed* Oblivio *cum ſorte proſpera fiat Bonis enim à gaudiis malum moleſtum domitum perit, quando divina ſors mittit de cœlo altas divitias. Convenit hic ſermo* Cadmi filiabus *bono ſolio colli catis, illæ paſſæ ſunt magna (mala) ſed gravis luctus opprimitur à potioribus boni. Vivit quidem in cœlo mortua fulgore fulminis capillis paſſis* Semele Pallas *autem illam amat & maximè* Jupiter *& filium ejus hederiger. Aiunt etiam in mari cum filiabus* Nerei *marinis* Inoni *vitam immortalem conſtitutam eſſe per omne tempus.*

1. *Eurip.* ſays excellently well of *Oblivion* to this purpoſe.

Ὦ πότνια Λήθη καὶ κακῶν ὡς εἶ σοφὴ
Καὶ οἷα δυσχεῖν εὐκλοῖα θεὸς!

O *Oblivion* the wiſe *Diſpoſer* of *Evils*, and the *Goddeſs* propitious to unhappy men!

2. For the examples of the change of great misfortunes into greater felicities, he makes uſe of the Stories of *Ino* and *Semele*; becauſe they were both of *Therons* race being the Daughters of *Cadmus*. *Ino*, after her husband *Athamas* in his madneſs had ſlain *Learchus*, believing him to be a wild beaſt, fled with her other Son *Melicerta*, in her arms, to a Rock, and from thence caſt her ſelf into the Sea; where, at the deſire of *Venus*, *Neptune* made the *Child a God*, and her a *Goddeſs* of the Sea; him by the name of *Palæmon*, and her of *Leucothea*. See *Ovid Metam.* l. 4 The Blew ey'd *Nereides* (*i.*) The *Sea-Nymphs*, who were the Daughters of *Nereus* and *Doris*. *Nereus* was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, and is taken figuratively by the Poets for the Sea it ſelf.

3. A known Fable. See *Ovid. Metam.* l. 3. *Semele* having made *Jupiter* promiſe, that he would deny her nothing, askt that he would lie with her in all his *Majeſty* of the *Thunderer*, and as he was wont to do with *Juno*; which her mortal nature not being able to endure, ſhe was burnt to death with his *Thunder* and *Lightning*; but *Bacchus* her child, by *Jupiter*, then in the Womb, was ſaved; for which reaſon, I call it her *Midwife Thunder.*

4. *Secure.* Without fear of being burnt again.

4.

Ἧται βροτῶν γε κέκριται Πείρας ὔτι θανάτου πάρ' ἀσύχιμον ἀμέραν Ὁπόταν παῖδ' ἀλίου Ἀτειρεῖ σὺν ἀγαθῷ Τελαμῶνι πάροιθεν. Ροαὶ δ' ἄλλοσ' ἄλλαι Εὐθυμιᾶν τε μέτα καὶ πόνων ἐς ἄνδρας ἔβαν. Ὀλίγων δὲ μοῖρ' ἄτερ πάσᾳ ἴσον Τὸν δ' ἔχει ὑψόρια τόρμον. Θεοφρῶν σὺν ἄλβῳ Ἐτί τε καὶ πρὶν ἀγεῖται λιπαρόπελον ἄλλο χρόνῳ. Ἐξ ὧν περ ἔκλυεν Λαΐου μόριμον υἱὸς, Συναντόμενος ὃν δ' πυθῶνι χρησθὲν παλαίφατον τέλεσεν.

Certe terminus nullus cognoſcitur mortalium vitæ, neque unquam tranquillum diem filium Solis, *ſtabili cum bono finiemus. Sed fluxus alias alii cum voluptatibus & laboribus homines invadunt. Sic & fatum, quod paternam hanc habet jucundam ſortem cum divitiis à Deo profectis, aliquam etiam cladem contrariam adducit alio tempore, ex quo* fatalis filius *occurrens interfecit* Laium, *& in* Pythone *editum* Oraculum vetus *perfecit*

1. Not men that go a journey, but *all men*, who in this life are termed *Viatores*, *Travellers.*

2. *Oedipus. Fatal*, becauſe of the *Predictions*. *Laius* King of *Thebes* being married to *Jocaſta* the daughter of *Creon*, enquired of the *Oracle* concerning his *Iſſue*, and was told that he ſhould be ſlain by it. Whereupon he commanded *Jocaſta* to put to death whatſoever ſhe ſhould bring forth; but ſhe moved with natural compaſſion, and the great beauty of the *Infant*, cauſed one of her Servants to expoſe it in the Woods, who making an hole through the feet, hung it by them upon a Tree (from which wound in his *feet*, he was called *Oedipus*) and ſo left it. But *Phorbas*, chief *Herdſman* of *Polybius* King of *Corinth* paſſing by, found the *child*, and preſented it to the Queen his *Miſtreſs*; who having none of her own, looked upon it as one given her by the Gods, and bred it up as her Son; who being come to mans age, and deſirous to know the truth of his birth, enquired it of the *Oracle*; and was anſwered that he ſhould meet his Father in *Phocis*; whither he went, and there in a tumult ignorantly ſlew *Laius*, and after married his *Mother Jocaſta*, by whom he had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, the latter *Therons* Anceſtor.

Ἰδεῖν

5.

Ἴσθι σ' ὀξεῖ' Ἐριννὺς, Πέφνεν ἓξ σὺν ἀλλάλοις—φονίᾳ γὰρ ἀρίστον, Λαιόθεν ἥ Θέρσανδρον, ἐν—ἐν πόνῳ Πολυνείκει, Νεοις ἐν ἀέθλοις, Ἐν μά ἀις τε πολέμῳ Τιμώμενον, Ἀδραστίδαν Θάλος ἀρωγὸν—δόμοις. Ὅθεν πίφαμαι ἔχον—ταρίζον, πρέπει Τὸν Αἰνησιδάμου Ἐγκωμίων τε μέλεων Λυδᾶν τε, τυγχάνοντ'. Ὀλυμπία μὲν ὁ αὐτὸς, Γέρας ἔδεκτο, υἱῶνι δ' Ὁμόκλεος ἐς ἀδελφεὸν Ἰσθμοῖ τε κοιναὶ χάρι—τες ἁνθεα τεθρίππων δυωδεκαδρόμων ἄγαγον.

Sed intuita Acris Erinnys *interfecit ei per mutuam cædem pro'em martiam, at relictus eſt* Therſander *interfecto* Polynici *juveni ibuique in certaminibus & in pugnis belli honoratus, germen auxiliare* Adraſtidum *domui, à quo ſeminis habentem radicem decet filium* Æneſidami *encomiaſtica carmina lyrâq; conſequi, nam apud* Olympiam *ipſe præmium accepit, apud* Pythonam *autem &* Iſthmum *communes gratiæ ad fratrem ejuſdem ſortis participem ſtemes attulerunt quadrigarum duodecim curſus conficientium.*

1. One may aſk, why he makes mention of theſe tragical accidents and actions of *Oedipus* and his *Sons*, in an *Ode* dedicated to the praiſe of *Theron* and his Anceſtors? I anſwer, That they were ſo notorious, that it was better to excuſe than conceal them; for which cauſe he attributes them to *Fatality*; and to *mitigate* the thing yet more, I add, *The innocent Parricide.*

2. *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: The War of which two *Brethren*, and their ſlaughter of one another, is made ſo famous by *Statius* his moſt excellent *Poem*, that it is needleſs to tell their *Hiſtory.*

3. *Therſander*, the Son of *Polynices* by *Argia*, together with *Diomedes*, brought an Army againſt *Thebes*, to revenge their Fathers death, and took it: After that, he carried fifty Ships to the Siege of *Troy*, and was at laſt choſen for his valour to be one of the perſons that were ſhut up in the belly of the Wooden *Horſe*, and ſo enter'd the *Town.* Virg. l. 2. Æn.

——— *Læti ſe robore promunt,*
Therſandrus, Sthenelusq; Duces, & dirus Ulyſſes.

4. There are ſeveral great actions of *Therons* mentioned in Hiſtory, beſides his ſucceſſes in the *publique Games*, which were in that age, no leſs honourable than *Victories* in *War*; as that he expelled *Terillus* out of *Hymera*, which he had uſurped, and defeated *Hamilcher*, General of the *Carthaginians* in *Sicilie*, the ſame day that the *Greeks* overthrew the *Perſians* in that memorable Battel of *Salamis* Herod. l. 7.

5. Becauſe in the *Olympique Games* he obtained the Victory alone, in thoſe of *Nemea* and *Iſthmus* jointly with his Brother, who had ſhared with him in the expence of ſetting forth the Chariots.

6.

Τὸ δ' τυχεῖν Γηρυόνεω ἀγωνίας Παρακλύει δυσφρενῶν. Ὁ μὲν πλάτᾳ ἀρεταῖς Δεδαιδαλμένῳ, Φέρει ἄφ' ἁ κὲ ἄφ' Καιρὸν, βαθεῖαν ὑπέχων Μερίμναν ἀγρεπέεσσιν. Ἀσὶς ἀείζηλος, ἀλαθινὸν Ἀνδρὶ φέρτᾳ, εἰ δή μιν ἔχει Τὶς, οἶδε τὸ μέλλον, Ὅτι θανόντων μὲν ἐν—δάδ' αὐτίκ' ἀσάλαμνοι φρένες Ποιναὶ ἔτισαν τάδ' ἐν τᾷδε δίκᾳ ἄρχᾳ. Ἀλιτρὰ χρὴ γᾶς δικαζει τὸ ἐχθρᾷ λόγον θεόσας ἀνάγκᾳ.

Succeſſus certaminis diſpellit moleſtias, divitiæ autem virtutibus *ornatæ afferunt (hujus rei) opportunitatem indagatricem ſuſtinentes profundam ſollicitudinem. (O Divitiæ) ſtet a præfulgida, verum homini lumen! qui eas habet, etiam* futurum novit, *quæ mortuorum hîc intractabiles mentes pœnas luunt, & quæ fiant in hoc* Jovis imperio *ſcelera judicat aliquis, inimicâ ſententiam pronuntians* neceſſitate.

1. The Connexion of this *Stanza* is very obſcure in the *Greek*, and could not be rendred without much *Paraphraſe.*

2. This is not a Tranſlation of Τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε δίκᾳ ἄρχᾳ &c. for that is rendred by (*Above*) but an *innocent addition* to the *Poet*, which does no *harm*, nor I fear, much *Good.*

7.

Ἴσον δὲ νύκτα τε καὶ Ἴσον ἐν ἀμέρᾳ αἶσι——ον ἔχοντες ἀπονέστερον Εὐδοξοι νέμονται βίοτον ἁ χθὼν ταρήσιον—τες ἀλκᾷ χερῶν, οὐδὲ τόνδιον ὕδωρ, Κείνων ὑπὸ δίκλαν ἀλλὰ παρὰ μὲν τιμίοις θεῶν ὅσίοις ἔχουσι—εσσι συμπαίσαι Ἀδάκρυον νέμονται Αἰῶνα. τοὶ δ' ἀπρεσσόφα—τον ὀκχέοντι πόνον. Ὅσσοι δ' ἐτόλμησαν ἑς τρὶς Ἑκατέρωθι μείναντες Ἀπὸ πάντων ἀδίκων ἔχειν Ψυχὰν, ἔτειλαν δίος Ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρσιν.

At æqualiter mixta ſemper, æqualiter interdiu Solem *habentes non laborioſam boni degunt vitam, neq; terram neq; marinam aquam vexantes robore manuum inopem propter victum, ſed apud* honoratos *deos* (*vel, Cum iis qui* honorantur à Dis) *illi qui gaudebant fidelitate, illachrymabili fruuntur ævo, alii autem intolerabilem viſu patiuntur cruciatum. Qui unq; ſuſtinuerunt ter commorati continere animam ab omnibus injuſtis, peregerunt* Jovis viam *ad* Saturni urbem.

1. A deſcription of the *Fortunate Iſlands*, or *Elyſian Fields*, ſo often mentioned by the *Poets*, and much after this manner *Val. Flac. Lucet via latè igne Dei, donec ſilvas & amœna piorum Deveniant, campoſq; ubi Sol, totumq; per annum Durat aprica dies.*

Virg.

Virg. Æn. 6. *Devenere locos lætos & amœna vireta*
Fortunatorum nemorum ſedeſq; beatas.
Largior hic campos æther, & lumine veſtit
Purpureo, ſolemq; ſuum ſua ſidera norunt.

In which *Homer* ſhews the way to *Pindar*, and all. *Odyſſ.* 4.

Ἀλλά σ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίον καὶ πείρατα γαίης
Ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξανθὸς Ῥαδάμανθυς,
Τῇ περ ῥηϊστη βιοτὴ τέλει ἀνθρώποισιν.
Οὐ νιφετὸς, οὔτ' ἀρ χειμὼν πολὺς, οὐδέποτ' ὄμβρος,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ ζεφύροιο λιγὺ πνείοντας ἀΰτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

2. According to the opinion of *Pythagoras*, which was much followed by the *Poets*, and became *them better*, that *ſouls* paſt ſtill from one body to another, till by length of time, and many penances, they had purged away all their imperfections. *Virg.* Æn. 6.

—Pauci læta arva tenemus,
Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe,
Concretam exemit labem, purumq; reliquit
Ætherium ſenſum atq; aurai ſimplicis ignem.
And a little before, *—Animæ quibus altera fato*
Corpora debentur.

But the reſtriction of this to the *third Metempſychoſis*, I do not remember any where elſe. It may be *thrice* is taken here indefinitely for ſeveral times, as is moſt frequent among the *Poets*.

3. *Saturn* is ſaid to govern here, becauſe the *Golden-Age* was under his reign, from the reſemblance of the condition of mankind then, to that of the *Bleſſed* now in the other World.

4.

Ἔνθα μακάρων Νᾶσον Ὠκεανίδες αὐραι πνείουσιν, ἄνθεμα μὲν χρυσῷ φλέγει τὰ μὲν χερσόθεν ἀπ' ἀ -γλαῶν δενδρέων ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα φέρβει. Ὅρμοισι τᾶν χεῖρας ἁνὰ πλέκοντι καὶ στεφάνοις βαλίαις ἐν ὀρθαῖς Ῥαδαμάνθυς Οὗ πατὴρ ἔχει Κρόνος ἔντιμον αὐτᾷ πάρεδρον Πέσσις ὁ πάντων Ῥαμὺ πάρτατον ἐχοίσας θρόνον. Πηλεύς τε καὶ Κάδμος ἐν τοῖσιν ἀλέγονται Ἀγιλλέα τ' ἔνικα' ἐπεὶ Ζηνὸς ὕπορ λιταῖς ἔτεισε μάτηρ.

Ubi beatorum Inſulam *Oceanides aurae* perflant, *floreſq; auri* coruſcant, *alii quidem in humo ab illuſtribus arboribus, alias autem aqua educat, quorum monilibus manus implicant & corollis (capita) juxta vecta decreta* Rhadamanthi, *quem pater* Saturnus *maritus* Rheæ *omnium ſupremum habentis ſolium, dignum ubi habet* aſſeſſorem. Peleus *& Cadmus inter hos recenſentur*, Achillémq; *eo tranſtulit mater, poſtquam* Jovis *animum precibus flexit.* There follows a Deſcription of *Achilles*, from the ſlaughter of *Hector*, *Cygnus*, and *Memnon*, which I thought better to leave out; and inſtead of it, to add by what means *Thetis* made his *Soul*, that was before ſo tainted with Anger, Pride, and Cruelty, capable of being admitted into this place; which I believed not improper to attribute to her dipping of it in *Styx*, as ſhe had formerly done his *body*, all but his *heel*, by which ſhe held him, and which was therefore the only part where he was *Vulnerable*. That the water of *Styx* might have the like effects upon his *Soul*, I am authoriſed to feign, by the common Tradition of the Water of *Lethe*, whoſe power upon the *Soul* is no leſs.

1. Of the *three Judges* of the *Dead*, he names only one. *Virg.* Æn. 6.

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna, &c.

And the Grammarians derive his name from ῥᾶϊς and δαμάω, from taming men by the ſeverity of his juſtice. *Cadmus* was choſen to be named here for one of the *Heroes*, by an apparent reaſon, *Theron* being deſcended from him; as for *Peleus* and *Achilles*, there is no particular cauſe. The *Poets* imitate ſometimes the *Divine* proceeding, and will have *mercy* on whom they *will have mercy*, without any reflecting upon any peculiar merit. It was not hard indeed for thoſe two to be admitted here; for *Æacus*, one of the *three Judges*, was *Father* to the *one*, and *Grandfather* to the *other*. I make bold to add, that the *Poets* are there too, for *Pindars honour*, that I may not ſay, for *mine own*.

3.

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα βέλη Ἔνδον ἔντι φαρέτρας φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει, σοφὸς ὁ πολλὰ εἰδὼς· φυᾷ Μαθόντες δ' λάβροι Παγλωσσίᾳ κόρακες ὡς Ἄκραντα γαρύετον, Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον.

Multa

Multæ mihi ſub cubito celere Sagittæ intrà Pharetram ſunt ſonantes prudentibus, *apud vulgus autem interpretibus egent. Sapiens eſt qui multa novit* naturæ *viribus, qui diſciplina utuntur vehementes garrulitate ſicut* Corvi *irrita clamant adverſus* Jovis Avem *divinam.*

1. The Connexion in the *Poet* is very obſcure. This *Metaphor* of *Quiver* and *Arrows* does much delight him *Olymp.* 12 Ἐμὲ δ' ἐυθὺν ἀκόντων ἔντα ῥίμφον παρὰ σκότον ἁ χρὴ τὰ πολλὰ βέλεα καρτύνειν χερῖν. *Me autem rectum telorum mittentem, turbinem præter ſcopum non oportet multa tela dirigere manibus.* The like is in the firſt *Olympique* and divers other places. *Horace* in imitation.

Prome reconditum Thalia telum. &c.

2. *Pindar* falls frequently into this common place of preferring *Nature* before *Art*, as in the firſt *Nemean Ode*, &c. The Scholiaſt ſays, he does it in derogation from his adverſary *Bacchilides*. The compariſon of *Art* to a *Crow*, and *Nature* to an *Eagle*, is very *nobly extravagant*, but it was neceſſary to enlarge it.

3. The *Poets* feigned, that the *Eagle* carried *Joves Thunder*, becauſe of the ſtrength, courage, and ſwiftneſs of that Bird. They likewiſe feigned, that *Jupiter* falling in love with *Ganymedes*, the Son of *Tros*, a moſt beautiful Boy, carried him up to Heaven upon the back of an *Eagle*, there to fill *Nectar* to him when he feaſted, and for a more *ungodly uſe*. Hor.

Expertus fidelem Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.

4. Nothing but the *Eagle* is ſaid to be able to look full right into the *Sun*, and to make that tryal of her young ones, breeding up none but thoſe that can do ſo.

10.

Ἔτεχε νῦν σκοτῷ τόξον Ἄγε θυμὲ τίνα βάλλομεν Ἐκ μαλθάκας ἄντε φρενὸς ἐυκλέας οἰστοὺς Ἰέντες; ὅτι τοι Ἀκεσίγαντι τανύσαι Ἐυδόξομαι ἐνάρχιον Λόγον ἀληθεῖ νόῳ Τεκεῖν μήτιν ἑκατὸν Γ' ἐτέων πόλιν φίλοις ἄνδρεσσι μᾶλλον Εὐεργέταν πεφάσιν, ἀφ— θονέστερόν τε χερσὶ.

Intende nunc arcum in ſcopum; agedum anime mi; Quem petimus ex molli mente glorioſas ſagittas mittentes? In Agrigentum *dirigens proferam veraci mente jusjurandum peperiſſe nullam centum annis civitatem virum amicis magis benevolum pectore, & minus invidum manu.*

1. Virg. —*Stygiámq; paludem*
Dii cujus jurare timent & fallere numen.

Caſtalian waters. A Fountain in *Phocis*, at the foot of *Parnaſſus*, dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muſes*; ſo called from the *Virgin Caſtalia*, who flying from *Apollo*, was there turned into a *Fountain.*

11.

Ἀλλ' αἶνον ἔβα κόρος ὑ δίκα συναντόμβρος ἀλλὰ μάργων ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν Τὸ λαλαγῆσαι θέλων Κρύφον τε θέμεν ἐθλῶν κακοῖς Ἔργοις, ἐπεὶ φάμμος ἀειθμὸν πεπείφαγεν, κεῖνος ὅσα χαίρεσκ' ἄλλοις ἔμηκεν τίς ἂν φράσαι δύναιτο;

Sed Invidia laudem *invaſit injuſtè occurrens, à furioſis viris tumultuari volens, & occultare beneficia* injuriis. *Siquidem arena numerum refugit, ille quot gaudia aliis contulerit quis recenſere poterit?*

The

THE FIRST
Nemeæan Ode
OF
PINDAR.

Chromius, *the Son of* Ageſidamus, *a young Gentleman of* Sicily, *is celebrated for having won the prize of the* Chariot-Race *in the* Nemeæan Games (*a Solemnity inſtituted firſt to celebrate the Funeral of* Opheltes, *as is at large deſcribed by* Statius; *and afterwards continued every third year. with an extraordinary conflux of all* Greece, *and with incredible honour to the* Conquerors *in all the exerciſes there practiſed*) *upon which occaſion, the* Poet *begins with the commendation of his* Country, *which I take to have been* Ortygia (*an Iſland belonging to* Sicily, *and a part of* Syracuſe, *being joyned to it by a Bridge*) *though the title of the* Ode *call him* Ætnæan Chromius, *perhaps becauſe he was made Governour of that Town by* Hieron. *From thence he falls into the praiſe of* Chromius *his perſon, which he draws from his great endowments of* Mind *and* Body, *and moſt eſpecially from his* Hoſpitality, *and the worthy uſe of his* Riches. *He likens his beginning to that of* Hercules, *and according to his uſual manner of being tranſported with any good Hint that meets him in his way, paſſing into a Digreſſion of* Hercules, *and his ſlaying the two* Serpents *in his Cradle, concludes the* Ode *with that Hiſtory.*

ODE.

1.

BEauteous *Ortygia*, the firſt *breathing place*
Of great *Alpheus* cloſe and amorous race,
2 Fair *Delos Siſter*, the *Child-bed*
3 Of bright *Latona*, where ſhe bred
4 The *Original New-Moon*,
Who ſaw'ſt her tender *Forehead* e're the *Horns* were grown.
5 Who like a gentle *Scion*, newly ſtarted out,
From *Syracuſa*'s ſide doſt *ſprout*.

Thee first my *Song* does greet
With numbers smooth and fleet,
As thine own *Horses* airy feet,
When they young *Chromius* Chariot drew,
And o're the *Nemeæan* race *triumphant* flew.
Jove will approve my *Song* and *Me*,
7 *Jove* is concern'd in *Nemea*, and in *Thee*.

2.

1 With *Jove*, my *Song*; this happy man,
Young *Chromius* too with *Jove began*;
From hence came his success,
Nor ought he, therefore like it less,
Since the best *Fame* is that of *Happiness*.
For whom should we esteem above
The *Men* whom *Gods* do *love*?
'Tis them alone the *Muse* too does approve.
Lo how it makes this victory shine
2 O're all the fruitful Isle of *Proserpine*!
The *Torches* which the *Mother* brought
When the ravisht *Maid* she sought,
Appear'd not half so bright,
But cast a weaker light,
Through *earth*, and *air*, and *Seas*, and up to th' ***heavenly Vault***.

3.

1 To thee, O *Proserpine*, this *Isle* I give,
Said *Jove*, and as he said,
2 Smil'd, and bent his gracious *Head*.
And thou, O *Isle*, said he, for ever thrive,
And keep the *value* of our *Gift* alive.
As *Heaven* with *Stars*, so let
The *Country* thick with *Towns* be set,
And numberless as *Stars*
Let all the *Towns* be then
Replenish'd thick with *Men*,
Wise in *Peace*, and bold in *Wars*.
Of thousand glorious *Towns* the *Nation*,
Of thousand glorious *Men* each *Town* a *Constellation*.
Nor let their *warlike Laurel scorn*,
3 With the Olympique *Olive* to be worn,
Whose gentler *Honours* do so well the *Brows* of *Peace* adorn.

4.

1 Go to great *Syracuse*, my *Muse*, and wait
At *Chromius* Hospitable Gate.
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy *Lyres* voyce shall but begin.
Joy, *Plenty*, and free *Welcome* dwells within.

The

The *Tyrian Beds* thou ſhalt find ready dreſt,
The *Ivory Table* crowded with a Feaſt.
The *Table* which is free for every *Gueſt*,
No doubt will *thee* admit,
And feaſt more upon *Thee*, than *Thou* on it.
Chromius and *Thou* art met aright,
2 For as by *Nature* thou doſt *Write*,
So he by *Nature Loves*, and does by *Nature Fight*.

5.

1 *Nature* her ſelf, whilſt in the *Womb* he was,
Sow'd *Strength* and *Beauty* through the *forming Maſs*,
They mov'd the *vital Lump* in every part,
And carv'd the *Members* out with wondrous art.
She fill'd his *Mind* with *Courage*, and with *Wit*,
And a vaſt *Bounty* apt and fit
For the great *Dowry* which *Fortune* made to it.
'Tis *Madneſs* ſure *Treaſures* to hoord,
And make them *uſeleſs*, as in *Mines*, remain,
To loſe th' *Occaſion Fortune* does afford
Fame, and publick *Love* to gain.
Even for *ſelf-concerning ends*,
'Tis wiſer much to hoord up *Friends*.
Though *Happy men* the *preſent* Goods poſſeſs,
Th' *Unhappy* have their ſhare in *future* Hopes no leſs.

6.

How *early* has young *Chromius* begun
The *Race* of *Virtue*, and how ſwiftly run,
And born the noble *Prize* away,
Whilſt other youths yet at the *Barriere* ſtay?
1 None but *Alcides* e're ſet earlier forth than *He*;
The *God*, his *Fathers*, Blood nought could reſtrain,
'Twas *ripe at firſt*, and did diſdain
The ſlow advance of dull *Humanitie*,
The big-limm'd *Babe* in his huge *Cradle* lay,
Too weighty to be rockt by *Nurſes* hands,
Wrapt in Purple Swadling-bands,
When, Lo, by jealous *Juno*'s fierce commands,
Two dreadful *Serpents* come
Rowling and hiſſing loud into the room.
To the *bold Babe* they trace their *bidden* way,
Forth from their flaming *eyes* dread *Lightnings* went,
Their gaping *Mouths* did forked *Tongues* like *Thunderbolts* preſent.

7.

1 Some of th' amazed *Women* dropt down dead
With fear, ſome wildly fled
About the Room, ſome into corners crept,
Where ſilently they ſhook and wept.

All naked from her Bed the *paſſionate Mother* lept
To *ſave* or *periſh* with her *Child*,
She *trembled*, and ſhe *cry'd*, the mighty *Infant ſmil'd*.
2 The *mighty Infant* ſeem'd well pleas'd
At his gay gilded foes,
And as their ſpotted necks up to the *Cradle* roſe,
With his young warlike hands on both he ſeis'd;
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiſt,
In vain their armed *Tails* they twiſt,
And angry *Circles* caſt about,
Black *Blood*, & fiery *Breath*, and poys'nous *Soul* he ſqueezes out.

8.

1 With their drawn Swords.
In ran *Amphitryo*, and the *Theban Lords*,
2 With *doubting Wonder*, and with *troubled joy*
They ſaw the *conquering Boy*
Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where in deaths pangs, and their own gore they folding lay.
3 When wiſe *Tireſias* this beginning knew,
He told with eaſe the things t'enſue,
4 From what *Monſters* he ſhould free
5 The *Earth*, the *Ayr*, and *Sea*,
6 What mighty *Tyrants* he ſhould ſlay,
Greater *Monſters* far than *They*.
7 How much at *Phlægras* field the diſtreſt *Gods* ſhould ow
To their great *Off-ſpring* here below,
And how his Club ſhould there outdo,
8 *Apollos* ſilver Bow, and his own *Fathers Thunder* too.

9.

1 And that the *grateful Gods* at laſt,
The race of his *laborious Virtue* paſt,
Heaven, which he *ſav'ed*, ſhould to him give,
2 Where *marry'd* to eternal *Youth* he ſhould for ever live;
Drink *Nectar* with the *Gods*, and all his ſenſes pleaſe
In their harmonious golden *Palaces*.
Walk with ineffable Delight
Through the thick *Groves* of never-withering *Light*,
And as he walks affright
3 The *Lyon* and the *Bear*,
Bull, *Centaur*, *Scorpion*, all the *radiant Monſters* there.

Notes.

NOTES.

1.

1. Ἄμπνευμα σεμνὸν Ἀλφειοῦ. *Reſpiramen reverendum Alphei.* *Alpheus* was a River in *Elis*, which the Poets feigned to have fallen in love with the Nymph *Arethuſa*, whom when he was ready to raviſh, *Diana* turn'd her into a *Fountain*; which left her *Lover* ſhould mix his waters with hers, fled by ſecret ways under ground, and under the Sea into *Sicilie*, riſing up in the Iſland *Ortygia*, whither *Alpheus* alſo followed, and there mingled with her.

2. Δάλου κασιγνήτα. *Deli ſoror.* The Commentator ſays, becauſe *Delos* too was called *Ortygia*. I think, becauſe *Apollo* was born in *Delos*, and *Diana* in *Ortygia*, therefore by a Figure he calls the *Iſlands* too, where they were born, *Siſters*. Hom. Hymn.

χαῖρε μάκαρ· σοὶ λησὶ ἐπὶ τέκες ἄγλαα τέκνα
Ἀπόλλωνα τ' ἄνακτα καὶ Ἄρτεμιν Ἰὸ χεαίρειν
Τὴν μὲν ἐν Ὀρτυγίῃ, τὸν δ' ἐν κραναὴ ἐνὶ Δήλῳ.

Which for *Pindars* ſake, I am content to take for this *Ortygia*, and not that Iſland among the *Cyclades* of the ſame name.

Δέμνιον Ἀρτέμιδος. *Cubile Artimedis.* Becauſe ſhe was born there, I therefore choſe rather to call it, *Latona's Child-Bed*, than her Bed.

4. Becauſe other *New-Moons* ſeem but returns of *Diana* (which is the ſame with the *Goddeſs Luna*) then ſhe had her beginning

3. Κλεινᾶν Συρακοσσᾶν θάλος. *Germen inclytarum Syracuſarum*, for the reaſon mentioned in the Argument.

6. Σέθεν ἁδυεπὴς ὕμνος ὁρμᾶται θέμεν Αἶνον ἀλλοπόδων μέγαν ἵππων Ζηνὸς Αἰγιόχοιο. Ἄρμα δὴ ὠκύνει χρεμίζων Νεμέα θ' ἕργμασι νικαφόροις Ἐγκώμιον ζεῦξαι μέλος. *At te ſua viloquus Hymnus cum impetu aggreditur exponere magnam laudem procelli pedum equorum in* Jovis Ætnæi *gratiam Currus etiam* Chromii *& Nemea me incitant ut adjungam meum laudatorium melos triumphantibus (certaminum) laboribus.*

7. In *Nemea*; becauſe *Hercules* having ſlain the *Nemeæan Lion*, did Sacrifice *Jovi Nemeæo*, and dedicate the Games to him. *In Thee*: For having given this Iſland to *Proſerpine*, for *Ceres* ſake, for the birth of *Diana*; for being himſelf ſurnamed (as before) *Ætnæan Jupiter*, from *Ætna* where his *Thunder* was likewiſe forged.

2.

1. Ἀρχαὶ δὲ βίοτος ἀνδρὶ θεῶν κείνῳ σὺν ἀνδρεῖοις δαιμονίαις ἀρεταῖς. Ἔστι δ' ἐν εὐτυχίᾳ πανδοξίας ἄκρον. *Proœmia ſumpta ſunt à Diis & illius viri felicibus virtutibus, eſt enim in felicitate ſummum faſtigium omnis gloriæ.*

2. Of theſe *Torches* which *Ceres* lighted at *Ætna*, and carried with her all about the world in the ſearch of *Proſerpine*, *Claudian* ſpeaks thus, *L.* 3. *de R. Proſerp.*

——*Quacunq; it, in æquore fulvis*
Adnatat umbra fretis, extremáq; lucis imago
Italiam Lybiámq; ferit, clareſcit Hetruſcum
Littus, & accenſo reſplendent æquore Syrtes.

At *Enna*, where *Ceres* was moſt religiouſly worſhipped, her *Statue* was made with Torches in her hands. See *Tull.* 4. *Act. in Ver.*

3.

1. Νῦν ἔγειρ' ἀγλαΐαν τινὰ νάσῳ Τὰν Ὀλύμπια δεσπόταις Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν Περσεφόνᾳ κατέρυκε—σὺν τε θεοῖς χαίταις ἐρεῖς—ὄφρα ἐν κυκάρσαι χθονὸς Σικελίαν πατέρᾳ ὀρθῷ—σεῖν πορφυρᾶς πόλεων ἀρχείας Ὤπασε δ' ἱππίων Πολέμου μναστῆρα ὅτι χαλκεγλήνου Λαὸν ἵππαχμον, θαμὰ δὴ κ' Ὀλυμ—πιάδων φύλλοις ἐλαΐαν χρυσέοις μιχθέντα. *Nunc excita ſplendorem aliquem Inſulæ quam* Olympi Dominus Jupiter *dedit* Proſerpinæ *& annuit capillis ſe principem fertilis ſoli* Siciliam *pinguem exaltaturum celebribus faſtigiis civitatum, deditq; eis* Saturnius *populum equis gaudentem, & memorem ferrei belli qui ſæpè etiam ſo iis aureis* Olympicarum Olivarum *ſe immiſceret.*

2. Καλὸν δὲν τε θεοῖς χάιτας. Is very eloquent in the Greek, but I know not how to render

render it but by *Head*. *Homer* expresses the same sense most excellently. *Il.* 1.

Ἦ καὶ κυανέῃσιν ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων,
Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος
Κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο.

3. *Pindar* in his third *Olympique*, by a great *Geographical Errour* (but pardonable in those times) says, that *Hercules* obtained of the *Hyperboreans* at the Fountain of *Ister*, or the *Danube* Plants of *Wild-Olives*, to set about the Temple of *Jupiter* in *Pisa*; and ordained, that the *Conquerours* in those Games should always be crown'd with Garlands of the said *Olives*. It may be askt, in the celebration of a *Nemean* Victory, why he rather mentions the *Olympique Prizes* born away by the *Sicilians*, than those of *Nemea*? some say, that in the *Nemean Games* too, the like Olive-Garlands were used at first before those of *Apium*; which I hardly believe, if the Institution of them was to celebrate a Funeral, as the general opinion is. I think he chuses the *Olympique Games*, only because they were the most famous of all.

4.

1. Ἔσταν θ' ἑπ' αὐλίαις θύραις Ἀνδρὸς φιλοξένου καλὰ μελπόμενον, Ἔνθα μοι ἁρμόδιον Δᾶπεδον κατάσκιον, θαλιαὶ δ' ἀλλοπάδων οὐκ ἀπείρατοι δόμοι ἔβαν.
Steti autem in vestibulo viri hospitalis egregie cantans, ubi mihi conveniens cœna adornata est, neq; enim frequentium peregrinorum ignaræ sunt ædes ejus.
2. Τέχναι ἐπ' ἄλλοις ἄλλοι κρέσσονες· ἐν δ' εὐθείαις ὁδοῖς Στοιχοῦσα μάργαδος φύσις. *Aliæ aliarum artes sunt, sed oportet rectis in viis ambulantem* naturâ *pugnare.*

5.

1. Πρόσαντες δ' ἔργῳ μὲν ἀνδρὶ Βιλαῖόν τε ῥεῖθρον ἑκατόμβοιον περῆσαι Σύγχυτοι εἰς ἔπος ἄνδρες, Ἀγησιδάμοι παῖ σοὶ δ' ἁμερίου πάπα Τῶν τε κοινᾷ χρήσιος οὐκ ἔφαμεν πολὺν ἐν μεγάρῳ πλοῦτον καλαρεύεσθαι ἔχειν· Ἀλλ' ἐσθλὸν ἔν τε παθεῖν καὶ ἀκοῦσαι φίλοις ἐξαρκέων Κοινοὶ γὰρ ἔρχονται ἐλπίδες ἀνθρώποισιν ἀρωγᾷ. *Auxiliatur enim operi quidem robur, consiliis autem mens, quibus naturalis est favorum providentia. Tuis autem in moribus, ô Agesidami fili, horum & illorum est usus. Non cupio multas in ædibus divitias absconditas habere, sed ex iis quæ adsunt bona percipere, & bene audire amicis subveniens, communes enim veniunt spes ærumnosorum.*

6.

1. Ἐγὼ δ' Ἡρακλέος ἁπτόμαι πρόφρων Ἐν κορυφαῖς ἀρεταῖων μεγάλαις Ἀρχαίων ὠκύμορον λόγον, &c.
Ego autem Herculem *amplector libenter in cacuminibus virtutum maximis antiquum proferens sermonem, &c.*

Pindar, according to his manner, leaves the Reader to find as he can, the connexion between *Chromius* and the story of *Hercules*, which it seemed to me necessary to make a little more perspicuous.

7.

1 Ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἄτλητον δόμων Πλάξε γυναῖκας ὅσαι τύχον Ἀλκμήναι ἀρίζοισαι λέχει Καὶ δὴ αὐτὰ ποσὶν ἄπεπλοι ὀρσάσαι· δόμος ἐρωαὶ δόμως Ἄμυνεν ὕδατι κνοδάλων. *Intolerabilia metus percussit mulieres quæ inserviebant* Alcmenæ *lecto, quinetiam ipsa sine vestibus prosiliens pedibus è lecto propulsavit injuriam bestiarum.*
2. Ἐις θαλάμους μυχοὺς εὐρὺν ἔβαν Τέκνοισιν ὠκέας γνάθους Ἀμειλίξασαι μεμάωτες, ὁ δ' ὀρθὸν μὲν ἄνσχεν κάρα Πιερόθεν τ' πρῶτον μάχης. *In thalami penetralia lata venerunt pueris celeres malas circumplicare gestientes, sed ille rectum extendit caput, & specimen primum pugnæ edidit.* I leave out the mention of his Brother *Iphiclus*, who lay in the same Cradle, because it would but embroil the story and adds nothing to the *similitude*. *Pherecides* writes, that *Amphitryo* himself put these *Serpents* into the Chamber, to try which was *his*, and which *Jupiters* Son.

8.

1. Ταχὺς δὲ Καδμείων ἄρχοι χαλκέοις σὺν ὅπλοις ἀθρόοι ἔβαμεν· Ἐν χερσὶ δ' Ἀμφιτρύων κολεοῦ γυμνὸν ξίφος ἐκτινάσσατ' Ἰκτῖνος ὀξείαις ἀνίαισι τυπείς. *Confestim autem* Cadmæorum *duces æreis cum armis accurrerunt*, Amphitryo *quoq; nudum vaginâ ensem quatiens venit acutis doloribus saucius.* I leave out a sentence that follows; which is a wise saying, but methinks to no great purpose in that place.
2. This is excellently expressed in the Greek, Ἔσα δὲ θάμβει δυσζήλῳ Τερπνῷ τε μιχθείς, *Constitit autem stupore acerbo delectabilique permixtus*
3 Γείτονα δ' ἐκκάλεσαν δόξυφρί σκηπτοτάταν ἔχοντ' Ὀρθόμενον Ἰὸν Τιρυνσίαν ὁ δὲ ὀρθοζωὰν πάλιν σεσαμένος ὁμιλήσει τυχαῖς. *Vicinum itaq; advocavit* Jovis *altissimi Prophetam eximium*

eximium vera vaticinantem Tireſiam, *hic autem ei dixit totiq; turbæ in quibus verſaturus eſſet fortunis.*

4. Ὅσους μὲν ἐν χέρσῳ κλαν ὐν Ὅσους δ' πόντῳ θῆρας ἀϊσσομένους Καὶ τινὰ σὺν πλαγίῳ Ἀνδρῶν κόρυ ειχονλα ἑ 'ιχθρόταλον φᾶσί νιν ῥῶτειν μόρον Καὶ γὸ ὅταν θεοὶ ἐν πεδίῳ φλέγρᾳ μαλτιοιν μάχαν Ἀνλιάζωσιν βελέων ἀπὸ ῥι—παῖσι κείνᾳ φαιδίμαν γαῖα πεφύρσειδ κόμαν. *Quot in terrâ interfecturus eſſet, quot in mari belluas perniciosas, & cuinam hominum cum obliquâ inſolentia incedenti inimiciſſimo mortem daret, quinetiam cùm* Dii *cum* Gigantibus *in campo* Phlegræ *prælio occurrerent, telorum illius impetu præclaram pulveri commixtum iri illorum comam.* Where I have ventured to change what he ſays of his *Darts*, into his *Club*, that being his moſt famous Weapon.

5. The *Earth*; as the *Erymanthian Boar*, the *Nemæan Lyon*. The *Air*, as the *Stymphalian Birds*. And the *Sea*, as the *Whale*, which the Scholiaſt ſays he ſlew, and cites *Homer* for the Story.

6. As *Antæus*, *Buſiris*, *Augias*, *&c.*

7. The place of the battel between the *Gods* and the *Giants*, was *Phlegra*, a Town in *Thrace*, where the *Earth* pronounced an Oracle, that the *Giants* could not be deſtroyed, but by the help of *two Heroes*, or *Half Gods*; for which purpoſe, the Gods made choice of *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, and by their aſſiſtance got the victory. *Phlegra* is called ſo, ἀπὸ τῆ φλέγειδ, *To burn*; perhaps, becauſe of the *Giants* being deſtroyed there chiefly by *Thunder*; or, as others, from *Baths* of *Hot-water* which ariſe there. *Euſtathius* ſays, it was likewiſe called *Pallene*, and gave occaſion to the Fable of the *Gyants* fight, from the wickedneſs of the Inhabitants.

8. According to *Homers* ordinary *Epithete* of *Apollo*, Ἀργυρότοξ&, *Silver-bow'd.*

9.

1. Ἀυ]ὸν μὲν εἰρήνᾳ τ ἅπανλα χρόνον χρῆν Ἡσυχίαν καμάτων μεγάλων ποινὰν λα ὀνλα ἀξαίρεσι Ὀλβίοις ἐν δώμασι δεξάμενον θαλερᾶν Ἥβαν ἀκοιτιν Καὶ γάμον δαίσα τα πὰρ Διὶ Κρονίδᾳ Σεμνὸν αἰνήσειν δόκον. *Ipſum vero in pace omne tempus deinceps actuum, tranquillitatem magnorum laborum præmium eximium conſequutum, receptâ in beatis ædibus* Hebe *conjuge florente, & nuptiis celebratis in domo* Jovis *venerandi quam ipſe admiratione videret.*

. The Names of *Conſtellations*, ſo called firſt by the *Poets*, and ſince retained by the Aſtronomers. They might be frighted by *Hercules*, becauſe he was the famous *Monſter-Killer.*

The

The Praiſe of Pindar.

In Imitation of *Horace* his ſecond *Ode*, B. 4.

Pindarum quiſquis ſtudet æmulari, &c.

1.

Pindar is imitable by none;
The *Phœnix Pindar* is a vaſt *Species alone.*
Who e're but *Dædalus* with waxen wings could fly
And neither *ſink* too low, nor *ſoar* too high?
What could he who *follow'd* claim,
But of vain *boldneſs* the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a *Sea* to name?
Pindars unnavigable Song
Like a ſwoln *Flood* from ſome ſteep *Mountain* pours along.
The *Ocean* meets with ſuch a *Voice*
From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Oceans* noiſe.

2.

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roul
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tyde*,
Which in no *Channel* deigns t'abide,
Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* controul.
Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he ſings
In a no leſs *Immortal ſtrain*,
Or the great Acts of *God-deſcended Kings*,
Who in his Numbers ſtill ſurvive and *Reign.*
Each rich embroidered *Line*,
Which their triumphant *Brows* around,
By his ſacred Hand is bound,
Does all their *ſtarry Diadems* outſhine.

3.

Whether at *Piſa*'s race he pleaſe
To *carve* in poliſht *Verſe* the *Conqu'erors Images*,
Whether the *Swift*, the *Skilful*, or the *Strong*,
Be crowned in his *Nimble*, *Artful*, *Vigorous* Song:
Whether ſome brave young mans untimely fate
In words worth *Dying for* he celebrate,
Such *mournful*, and ſuch *pleaſing* words,
As *joy* to his *Mothers* and his *Miſtreſs grief* affords:
He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in fame,
Among the *Stars* he ſticks his *Name:*
The *Grave* can but the *Droſs* of him devour,
So *ſmall* is *Deaths*, ſo *great* the *Poets* power.

Lo

4.

Lo, how th'obſequious *Wind*, and ſwelling *Air*
The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear
Into the *walks* of *Clouds*, where he does play,
And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.
Whilſt alas, my *timerous Muſe*
Unambitious tracks purſues;
Does with weak unballaſt wings,
About the *Moſſy Brooks* and *Springs*,
About the *Trees* new-bloſſom'd *Heads*,
About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*,
About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*,
And all *inferiour beauteous things*
Like the laborious *Bee*,
For little drops of *Honey* flee,
And there with *Humble Sweets* contents her *Induſtrie*.

NOTES.

1.

1. *Pindar* was incredibly admired and honoured among the Ancients, even to that degree that we may believe, they ſaw more in him than we do now: Inſomuch, that long after his death, when *Thebes* was quite burnt and deſtroyed (by the *Lacedemonians* and by *Alexander* the *Great*) both times the *Houſe* wherein he had lived was alone preſerved by publick Authority, as a place *ſacred* and *inviolable*. Among the very many Elogies of *him*, I will only cite that of *Quinctiliam* (than whom no man perhaps ever living was a better *Judge*) L. 10. c. 1. *Novem Lyricorum longe Pindarus princeps, ſpiritu magnificentiâ, ſententiis, figuris beatiſſimus, rerum verborumque copiâ & velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine: propter quæ Horatius meminiſſe credit cum imitabilem.* Where he applys *Horace* his ſimilitudes of a *River* to his *Wit*; but it is ſuch a River, as when *Poetical Fury*,

Tanquam fera diluvies quietum
Irritat amnem. Hor.

And like the reſt of that deſcription of the *River*.

Nunc pace delabentis Hetruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos
Stirpeſq; raptas & pecus & domos
Volventis unâ non ſine montium
Clamore vicinaq; ſilvæ.

For which reaſon, I term his Song *Unnavigable*; for it is able to drown any *Head* that is not ſtrong built and well *ballaſted*. *Horace* in another place calls it a *Fountain*; from the unexhauſted abundance of his Invention.

2.

1. There are none of *Pindars Dithyrambiques* extant. *Dithyrambiques* were *Hymns* made in honour of *Bacchus*, who did, διὰ εἰς θύραν ἀναβαίνειν, came into the world through *two Doors*, his *Mother Semeles Womb*, and his *Father Jupiters Thigh* Others think, that *Dithyrambus* was the name of a *Theban Poet*, who invented that kind of Verſe, which others alſo attribute to *Arion Pindar* himſelf in the 13 *Olymp* ſeems to give the Invention to the *Corinthians*. Τὰ Διονύσια ἔθεν ἐξευράνεν σὺν βουλάτα χάεισες Διθυράμβω. *Unde* Bacchi *exortæ ſunt venuſtates cum* Boves agente Dithyrambo. For it ſeems an *Ox* was given in reward to the Poet; but others interpret βουλάτην παρὰ τὴν βοὴν from the loud repeating or ſinging of them. It was a bold, free, *enthuſiaſtical* kind of Poetry, as of men inſpired by *Bacchus*, that is, *Half-Drunk*, from whence came the *Greek Proverb*.

Διθυραμβοποιῶν νῦν ἔχεις ἐλάττονα.
You are as mad as a *Dithyrambique Poet.*

And another,

Οὐκ ἔστι Διθύραμβ' ἂν ὕδωρ πίνῃ.
There are no *Dithyrambiques* made by drinking Water.

Something like this kind (but I believe with leſs *Liberty*) is *Horace* his 19. Ode of the 2. B.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.

And nearer yet to it comes his 25. Ode of the 4. B. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum? quæ nemora, aut quos agor in ſpecus, Velox mente novâ?* For he is preſently *half mad*, and promiſes I know not what,

Dicam inſigne recens,
Indictum ore alio. And,
Nil parvum aut humili modo,
Nil mortale loquar.

And then he ends like a man ranting in his drink, that falls ſuddenly aſleep.

Banks, natural; *Dikes, artificial.* It will neither be bounded and circumſcribed by *Nature*, nor by *Art.*

3. Almoſt all the ancient *Kings* to make themſelves more venerable to their ſubiects, derived their pedigree from ſome *God*, but at laſt that would not content them, and they made *themſelves Gods*, as ſome of the *Roman Emperours.*

4. *Diadems* (which were uſed by the ancient *Kings*, as *Crowns* are now, for the *Mark* of *Royalty*, and were much more convenient) were bindings of *white Ribban* about the head, ſet and adorned with precious ſtones which is the reaſon I call them *Starry Diadems.* The word comes ἀπὸ τοῦ διαδεῖν, *To bind about.*

3.

1. The *Conquerours* in the *Olympique Games*, were not only crowned with a Garland of *Wild Olive*, but alſo had a *Statue* erected to them.

2. The chief Exerciſe there were *Running*, *Leaping*, *Wreſtling*, the *Diſcus*, which was the caſting of a great round Stone, or Ball, made of Iron or Braſs; The *Ceſtus*, or *Whorle-bats*, *Horſe Races*, and *Chariot-Races.*

3. For he wrote *Threni*; or *Funeral Elegies*: but they are all loſt, as well as *Hymns*, *Tragedies*, *Encomia*, and ſeveral other works.

4. So *Hor.* l. 4. Od. 25.

Stellis inſerere, & concilio Jovis.

4.

1 From the *Fabulous*, but univerſally received *Tradition* of *Swans ſinging* moſt ſweetly before their *Death* (though the truth is *Geeſe* and *They* are alike *melodious*) the *Poets* have aſſumed to themſelves the title of *Swans. Hor.* l. 2. *Od.* 20. would be believed to be *Metamorphoſed* into one, *Jam, jam, reſidunt cruribus aſperæ Pelles, & album mutor in alitem Superne* (or *Superna*) *neſcunturq; leves Per digitos humeroſq; plumæ.* The Anthologie gives the ſame name to *Pindar*, Θήβης ὠγυγίης ἑλικώνιε & ἱερὸν κύκνε, Πίνδαρε & ἱμεροέων. Sweet tongued *Pindar* the *Heliconian Swan* of *Thebes.* So *Virgil* is called, *Mantuanus olor*, The *Swan* of *Mantua*; *Theocritus* terms the Poets, Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες, The *Birds* of the *Muſes*; which the Commentators ſay, is in alluſion to *Swans*; to which *Callimachus* gives the name of Μουσάων ὄρνιθες; and in another place calls them, Ἀπόλλωνος παρέδρους. A bold word, which I know not how to render: but they were conſecrated to *Apollo*, and conſequently beloved by the *Muſes* and *Poets.*

The

The RESURRECTION.

1.

1 NOT *Winds* to *Voyagers* at Sea,
Nor *Showers* to *Earth* more neceſſary be,
(*Heavens* vital *ſeed* caſt on the *Womb* of *Earth*
To give the *fruitful Tear* a *Birth*)
Than *Verſe* to *Virtue*, which can do
The *Midwifes* Office, and the *Nurſes* too;
It *feeds* it ſtrongly, and it *cloathes* it gay,
And when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a *Pyramide*
That never will decay
Till *Heaven* it ſelf ſhall melt away,
And nought behind it ſtay.

2.

Begin the *Song*, and ſtrike the *Living Lyre*;
Lo how the *Years to come*, a numerous and well-fitted *Quire*,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my *Song* with ſmooth and equal meaſures *dance*.
2 Whilſt the *dance laſts*, how long ſo e're it be,
My *Muſicks* voyce ſhall bear it companie.
Till all *gentle Notes* be drown'd
In the *laſt Trumpets* dreadful ſound.
That to the *Spheres* themſelves ſhall *ſilence* bring,
Untune the *Univerſal String*.
Then all the wide extended *Skie*,
And all th' *harmonious Worlds* on high,
And *Virgils* ſacred *work* ſhall dy.
3 And he himſelf ſhall ſee in one *Fire* ſhine
Rich *Natures* ancient *Troy*, though built by *Hands Divine*.

3.

1 Whom *Thunders* diſmal noiſe,
And all that *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* louder ſpake,
And all the *Creatures* plain *conſpiring voyce*,
Could not whilſt they *liv'd*, awake,
This mightier ſound ſhall make
When *Dead* t'ariſe,
And open *Tombs*, and open *Eyes*
2 To the long *Sluggards* of five thouſand years.
This *mightier Sound* ſhall *make* its *Hearers Ears*.
Then ſhall the ſcatter'd *Atoms* crowding come
Back to their *Ancient Home*,
Some from *Birds*, from *Fiſhes* ſome,
Some from *Earth*, and ſome from *Seas*,
Some from *Beaſts*, and ſome from *Trees*,

Some deſcend from *Clouds* on high,
Some from *Metals* upwards fly,
And where th' *attending Soul* naked, and ſhivering ſtands,
Meet, ſalute, and joyn their hands.
As diſperſt *Souldiers* at the *Trumpets* call.
Haſte to their *Colours* all.
Unhappy moſt, like *Tortur'd Men*,
Their *Joynts* new *ſet*, to be new *rackt* agen.
To *Mountains* they for ſhelter pray,
The *Mountains* ſhake, and run about no leſs *confus'd* than *They*.

4.

Stop, ſtop, my *Muſe*, allay thy vig'orous heat,
Kindled at a hint ſo Great.
Hold thy *Pindarique Pegaſus* cloſely in,
Which does to *rage* begin,
And this ſteep *Hill* would gallop up with violent courſe,
'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-mouth'd Horſe*,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit*.
Now *praunces* ſtately, and anon *flies* o're the place,
Diſdains the *ſervile Law* of any ſettled *pace*,
Conſcious and *proud* of his own *natural force*.
'Twill no *unskilful Touch* endure,
But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *ſits* not *ſure*.

NOTES.

1.

1. THis Ode is truly *Pindarical*, falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthuſiaſtical manner*, and he gives a *Hint* for the beginning of it in his 14. *Olymp.* Ἐστιν ἀνθρώποις ἀνέμων ὅτε πλοῖα χεῖσις, ἔστι δ' ὑδάτων Ὀμβρίων παίδων νεφέλας. Εἰ δὲ σὺν πόνῳ τις ἔν περάσαι μελιγάρυες ὕμνοι ὑστέρων ἄρχαι λόγων τέλλεται κῦδος ὄρνιχιον μεγάλαις ἀρεταῖς. *Eſt aliquando hominibus ventorum uſus, aliquando aquarum cœleſtium, filiarum nubis, ſed ſiquis cum labore rectè faciat dulces Hymni illi principium ſunt futuræ gloriæ, & fœdus fidele faciunt cum magnis virtutibus.*

2.

1. Whilſt the *Motion* of *Time* laſts, which is compared to a *Dance*, from the regular meaſures of it.

2. According to the ancient opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, which does much better befit *Poetry*, than it did *Philoſophy*.

3. Shall ſee the whole *world burnt* to aſhes like *Troy*, the deſtruction of which was ſo excellently written by him, though it was built like *Troy* too, by *Divine hands*. The walls of *Troy* were ſaid to be built by *Appollo* and *Neptune*.

3.

1. No natural effect gives ſuch impreſſions of *Divine fear*, as *Thunder*; as we may ſee by the examples of ſome wicked Emperours, who though they were Atheiſts, and made *themſelves Gods*, yet confeſt a greater divine power when they heard it, by trembling and hiding themſelves. Horat. *Cœlo Tonantem Credidimus Jovem.*
And *Lucret.* ſpeaks it of *Epicurus*, as a thing extraordinary and peculiar of him, that the very ſound of *Thunder* did not make him ſuperſtitious,

Quem neq; fama Deûm, neq; fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure compreſſit cœlum, &c

Yet the *Prophets* and Apoſtles voice is truly term'd *Louder*; for as S. *Paul* ſays, the voyce of the Goſpel was heard over all the habitable *world*, Εἰς πᾶσαν οἰκουμένην ὁ φθόγγος αὐτῶν.

2. The ordinary *Traditional opinion* is that the world is to laſt ſix thouſand years (Ἑξὴ ἐν γενῇ κἀπαύσεσθαι κόσμος) and that the *ſeventh Thouſand* is to be the *Reſt* or *Sabbath* of *Thouſands*: but I could not ſay, *Sluggards* of *Six thouſand years*, becauſe ſome then would be found alive, who had not ſo much as ſlept at all. The next *Perfect Number* (and *Verſe* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *Five Thouſand*. The

The MUSE.

1.

GO, the rich *Chariot* inſtantly prepare;
The *Queen*, my *Muſe*, will take the air;
Unruly *Phanſie* with ſtrong *Judgment* trace,
Put in nimble-footed *Wit*,
Smooth-pac'd *Eloquence* joyn with it,
Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,
Harneſs all the *winged race*.
Let the *Poſtillion Nature* mount, and let
The *Coachman Art* be ſet.
And let the airy *Footmen* running all beſide,
Make a long row of *goodly pride*.
Figures, *Conceipts*, *Raptures*, and *Sentences*
In a well-worded *dreſs*.
And *innocent Loves*, and *pleaſant Truths*, and *uſeful Lies*,
In all their gaudy *Liveries*.
Mount, glorious *Queen*, thy *travelling Throne*,
And bid it to put on;
For *long*, though *cheerful*, is the *way*,
And *Life*, alas, allows but one ill *winters Day*.

2.

Where never *Foot* of *Man*, or *Hoof* of *Beaſt*,
The paſſage preſt,
Where never *Fiſh* did *fly*,
And with ſhort ſilver *wings* cut the low liquid *Sky*.
Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did ne're
Row through the trackleſs *Ocean* of the *Air*.
Where never yet did pry
The buſie *Mornings* curious *Ey*:
The *Wheels* of thy bold *Coach* paſs quick and free;
And all's an *open Road* to *Thee*.
Whatever *God* did *Say*,
Is all thy plain and ſmooth, uninterrupted *way*.
Nay ev'n beyond his *works* thy *Voyages* are known,
Thou 'haſt thouſand *worlds* too of thine *own*.
Thou ſpeak'ſt, great *Queen*, in the ſame *ſtile* as *He*,
And a *New World* leaps forth when *Thou* ſay'ſt, *Let it be*.

3.

Thou fadom'ſt the deep *Gulf* of *Ages* paſt,
And canſt pluck up with eaſe
The *years* which Thou doſt pleaſe,
Like ſhipwrackt *Treaſures* by rude *Tempeſts* caſt

Long

Long ſince into the *Sea*,
Brought up again to *light* and publique *Uſe* by Thee.
Nor doſt thou only *Dive* ſo low,
But *Fly*
With an unwearied *Wing* the other way on high,
2 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow;
There into the cloſe *Neſts* of *Time* do'ſt peep,
And there with piercing *Eye*,
Through the firm *ſhell*, and the thick *White* do'ſt ſpie,
Years to come a forming lie,
Cloſe in their *ſacred Secondine* aſleep,
Till *hatcht* by the *Suns* vital heat,
Which o're them yet does *brooding* ſet,
They *Life* and *Motion* get,
And *ripe* at laſt with vigorous might
Break through the *Shell*, and take their everlaſting *Flight*.

4.

And ſure we may
The ſame too of the *Preſent* ſay,
If *Paſt* and *Future Times* do thee obey.
Thou ſtopſt this *Current*, and doſt make
This running *River* ſettle like a *Lake*,
1 Thy certain hand holds faſt the ſlippery *Snake*.
The *Fruit* which does ſo quickly waſt,
Men ſcarce can ſee it, much leſs *taſt*,
Thou *Comfiteſt* in *Sweets* to make it *laſt*.
This ſhining piece of *Ice*
2 Which melts ſo ſoon away
With the *Suns* ray,
Thy *Verſe* does ſolidate and *Cryſtallize*,
Till it a laſting *Mirror* be.
Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme*
Makes this one ſhort *Point* of *Time*,
3 To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*.

NOTES.

1.

1. PIndar in the 6. *Olymp.* has a *Phanſie* ſomewhat of this kind; where he ſays, Ὦ φίντις ἀλλὰ ζεῦξον ἅβλη μοι δένος ἡμιόνων Ἕτα τάχος ὅτῳ κεν δὴ τὸ καθαρᾷ βάσσομεν ὄχχον. *Sed*, ô Phinty, *junge jam mihi robur* Mulatum *quibus celeritas eſt, ut viâ purâ ducamus currum.* Where by the Name of *Phintis* he ſpeaks to his own Soul. O my *Soul*, join me the ſtrong and ſwift *Mules* together, that I may drive the *Chariot* in this fair way. Some make φίντυ to be a Dialect for φίλις: as if he ſhould ſay, Oh my *friend*: Others (whom I rather believe) take it for the proper Name of ſome famous *Chariot-driver*. The *Aurea Carm.* uſe the ſame *Metaphor*, Ἡνίοχον γνώμην σῶσας καθύπερθεν ἀείσῃ. *Aurigâ ſupernè conſtitutâ optimâ ratione*: Making right *Reaſon* the *Chariot-driver* of the *Soul*. *Porphyrius* calls the *Spirits*, Ὄχημα τῆς ψυχῆς, The *Chariot* of the Soul.

For

2.

1. For *Fins* do the ſame Office to *Fiſh*, that *Wings* do to *Birds*; and the *Scripture* it ſelf gives authority to my calling the *Sea* the *Low-Skie*; where it ſays, *Gen.* 1. 6. *Let there be a Firmament in the midſt of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.*

2. This *Metaphor* was uſed by the ancient *Poets*, Virg. *Æn.* 1.

Volat ille per aera magnum Remigio alarum.

And elſewhere *Lucret.* before him, *L.* 6.

Remigii oblitæ pennarum,

Ovid in his Epiſtles *applies* the ſame to *Mens Arms.*

Remis ego corporis utar.
I'll uſe the *Bodies Oars.*

(*i*) *Whatſoever God made*; for his ſaying, *Let it be*, made all things. The meaning is, that *Poetry* treats not only of all things that are, or can be, but makes *Creatures* of her own, as *Centaurs*, *Satyrs*, *Fairies*, &c. make *perſons* and *actions* of her own, as in *Fables* and *Romances*, makes *Beaſts*, *Trees*, *Waters*, and other irrational and inſenſible things to act above the poſſibility of their natures, as to *underſtand* and *ſpeak*, nay makes what *Gods* it pleaſes too without *Idolatry*, and varies all theſe into innumerable *Syſtemes*, or *Worlds* of Invention.

3.

1. That is, The ſubject of *Poetry* is all *Paſt*, *Future*, and *Preſent Times*; and for the *Paſt*, it makes what choice it pleaſes out of the *wrack* of *Time* of things that it will ſave from *Obſtivion.*

2 According to the vulgar (but falſe) opinion of the *Influence* of the *Stars* over mens *actions* and *Fortunes*. There is no difficulty, I think, in the *Metaphor* of making a *Tear* to come like an *Egg* that is not yet *hatcht*, but a *brooding*.

3. The thin *Film* with which an *Infant* is covered in the *Womb*, ſo called, becauſe it *follows* the *Child*. In Latine *Secundæ*, as in the 9 Epiſtle of *Seneca*, where he ſays moſt admirably. *Sed ut ex barbâ capillos detonſos negligimus, ita divinus ille animus egreſſurus hominem qui receptaculum ſuum referatur, ignis illad exurat, an feræ diſtrahant, an terra contegat non magis ad ſe pertinere judicat quam Secundas ad editum infantem.*

4.

1. A *Snake* with the *Tail* in the mouth of it, was the ancient *Hierogliphick* of the year.

2. Becauſe the courſe of the *Sun* ſeems to conſume *Time*, as the Beams of it do *Ice.*

3. There are two ſorts of *Eternity*; from the *Preſent backwards* to *Eternity*, and from the *Preſent forwards*, called by the Schoolmen *Æternitas à parte ante*, and *Æternitas à parte poſt*. Theſe two make up the whole *Circle* of *Eternity*, which the *Preſent Time* cuts like a *Diameter*, but Poetry makes it extend to all *Eternity to come*, which is the *Half-Circle.*

To

To Mr. Hobs.

1.

VAſt *Bodies* of *Philoſophie*
I oft have ſeen, and read,
But all are *Bodies Dead*;
Or *Bodies* by *Art faſhioned*;
I never yet the *Living Soul* could ſee,
But in thy *Books* and *Thee.*
'Tis only *God* can know
Whether the fair *Idea* thou doſt ſhow
Agree intirely with his *own* or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis ſo *like Truth* 'twill ſerve our turn as well.
Juſt, as in *Nature* thy *Proportions* be,
As full of *Concord* their *Varietie*,
As *firm* the parts upon their *Center* reſt,
And all ſo *Solid* are that they at leaſt
As much as *Nature*, *Emptineſs deteſt.*

2.

1 Long did the mighty *Stagirite* retain
The *univerſal Intellectual reign*,
2 Saw his own Countries ſhort-liv'd *Leopard* ſlain;
3 The ſtronger *Roman-Eagle* did out-fly,
Oftener *renew'd* his *Age*, and ſaw that *Dy.*
4 *Mecha* it ſelf, in ſpight of *Mahumet* poſſeſt,
And chas'd by a wild *Delnge* from the *Eaſt*,
His *Monarchy* new planted in the *Weſt.*
But as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives ſome new one place:
So did this noble *Empire* waſt,
Sunk by degrees from glories paſt,
And in the *School-mens* hands it periſht quite at laſt.
Then nought but *Words it grew*,
And thoſe all *Barba'rous* too.
It *periſht*, and it *vaniſht* there,
The *Life* and *Soul* breath'd out, became but empty *Air.*

3.

The *Fields* which anſwer'd well the *Ancients Plow*,
Spent and out-worn return no *Harveſt* now,
In barren *Age* wild and unglorious lie,
And boaſt of *paſt fertility*,
The *poor relief* of *Preſent Poverty.*

Food

Food and *Fruit* we now muſt want
Unleſs new *Lands* we *plant*.
We break up *Tombs* with *Sacrilegious hands*;
Old *Rubbiſh* we remove;
To walk in *Ruines*, like vain *Ghoſts*, we love.
1 And with fond *Divining Wands*
We ſearch among the *Dead*
For Treaſures *Buried*,
Whilſt ſtill the *Liberal Earth* does hold
So many *Virgin Mines* of *undiſcover'ed Gold*.

4.

2 The *Baltique*, *Euxin*, and the *Caſpian*,
And ſlender-limb'd *Mediterrean*,
Seem narrow *Creeks* to *Thee*, and only fit
For the poor wretched *Fiſher-boats* of *Wit*.
Thy nobler *Veſſel* the vaſt *Ocean* tries,
And nothing ſees but *Seas* and *Skies*,
Till unknown *Regions* it deſcries,
Thou great *Columbus* of the *Golden Lands* of *new Philoſophies*.
Thy task was harder much than his,
For thy learn'd *America* is
Not only found out firſt by *Thee*,
And rudely left to *Future Induſtrie*,
But thy *Eloquence* and thy *Wit*,
Has *planted*, *peopled*, *built*, and *civiliz'd* it.

5.

I little thought before,
(Nor being my *own ſelf* ſo *poor*
Could comprehend ſo vaſt a *ſtore*)
That all the *Wardrobe* of rich *Eloquence*,
Could have afforded half enuff,
Of *bright*, of *new*, and *laſting* ſtuff,
To cloath the mighty *Limbs* of thy *Gigantique Sence*.
Thy ſolid *Reaſon* like the *ſhield* from Heaven
To the *Trojan Heroe* given,
Too ſtrong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet ſhines with *Gold* and *Gems* in every part,
And *Wonders* on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of *Art*,
A *ſhield* that gives delight
Even to the *enemies* ſight,
Then when they're ſure to *loſe* the *Combat by't*.

6.

Nor can the *Snow* which now cold *Age* does ſhed
Upon thy reverend Head,

Quench or allay the noble *Fires* within,
But all which thou haſt *bin*,
And all that *Youth* can *be* thou'rt yet,
So fully ſtill doſt Thou
Enjoy the *Manhood*, and the *Bloom* of *Wit*,
And all the *Natural Heat*, but not the *Feaver* too.
So *Contraries* on *Ætna*'s top conſpire,
Here hoary *Froſts* and by them breaks out *Fire*.
A ſecure *peace* the *faithful Neighbours* keep,
Th'emboldned *Snow* next to the *Flame* does *ſleep*.
And if we weigh, like *Thee*,
Nature, and *Cauſes*, we ſhall ſee
That thus it *needs muſt be*,
To things *Immortal Time* can do no wrong,
And that which never is *to Die*, for ever muſt be *Young*.

NOTES.

2.

1. *Ariſtotle*; So called from the Town of *Stagira*, where he was born, ſcituated near the Bay of *Strimon* in *Macedonia*.

2. Outlaſted the *Grecian Empire*, which in the Viſions of *Daniel*, is repreſented by a *Leopard*, with four wings upon the back, and four heads, *Chap. 7. v 6.*

3. Was received even beyond the bounds of the *Roman Empire* and out-lived it.

4. For *Ariſtotles Philoſophy* was in great eſteem among the *Arabians* or *Saracens*, witneſs thoſe many excellent Books upon him, or according to his principles, written by *Averroes*, *Avicenna*, *Avempace*, and divers others. *In ſpight of Mahumet*: becauſe his *Law*, being adapted to the barbarous humour of thoſe people he had firſt to deal withal, and aiming only at greatneſs of *Empire* by the Sword, forbids all the ſtudies of *Learning*; which nevertheleſs flouriſhed admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy*, and continued ſo, till it was extinguſht with that *Empire*, by the Inundation of the *Turks*, and other *Nations*. *Mecha* is the *Town* in *Arabia* where *Mahumet* was born.

3.

1. *Virgula Divina*; or a *Divining Wand* is a two-forked branch of an *Hazel Tree*, which is uſed for the finding out either of *Veins*, or hidden *Treaſures* of *Gold* or *Silver*; and being carryed about, bends downwards (or rather is ſaid to do ſo) when it comes to the place where they lie.

4.

1. All the *Navigation* of the Ancients was in theſe *Seas*: they ſeldom ventured into the *Ocean*; and when they did, did only *Littus legere*, coaſt about near the ſhore.

5.

1. The meaning is, that his *Notions* are ſo *New*, and ſo *Great*, that I did not think it had been poſſible to have found our *words* to expreſs them clearly; as no *Wardrobe* can furniſh *Cloaths* to fit a *Body* taller and bigger than ever any was before; for the *Cloaths* were made according to ſome *Meaſure* that then was

2. See the excellent deſcription of this *Shield*, made by *Vulcan* at the requeſt of *Venus*, for her Son *Æneas*, at the end of the 8. Book of *Æn.*

——*Et clypei non enarrabile textum*,

Whereon was graven all the *Roman Hiſtory*; and withal, it was ſo ſtrong, that in the 12. B. when *Turnus* ſtrook with all his force (which was not ſmal you may be ſure in a *Poetical Hero*)

Corpore

——— *Corpore toto*
Alte ſublatum conſurgit Turnus in enſem.

Inſomuch, that it frighted all *Æneas* his friends.

(Exclamant Troes trepidiq; Latini)

Inſtead of piercing through theſe armes.

Perfidus enſis
Frangitur, in medioq; ardentem deſerit ictu,
Ni fuga ſubſidio ſubeat.

Which is juſt the caſe of mens arguing againſt *Solid*, and that is, *Divine Reaſon*; for when their argumenation is broken, they are forced to ſave themſelves by flight, that is, by *evaſions*, and ſeeking ſtill new ground; and this *Sword* did *Turnus* good ſervice upon the reſt of the *Trojans*.

Iſq; diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri,
Suffecit, poſtquam arma Dei at Vulcania ventum eſt,
Mortalis Mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu
Diſſiluit.

It broke like a piece of *Ice*, when it met with the Arms of *Vulcan*.

6.

1. The Deſcription of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the application of it) is imitated out of *Claud. L. 1. de raptu Pros.*

Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet æſtu,
Scit proprias ſervare fides, pariterq; favillis
Durabit glacies, tanti ſecura vaporis
Arcano defenſa gelu, fumoq; fideli
Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas,

Where, methinks, is ſomewhat of that which *Seneca* objects to *Ovid*, *Neſcivit quod bene ceſſit relinquere*. When he met with a *Phanſie* that pleaſed him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it. *Tacitus* has the like expreſſion of *Mount Libanus*, *Præcipuum montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, fidumq; nivibus* Shady among ſuch great heats, and *faithful* to the *Snow*; which is too *Poetical* for the Proſe even of a *Romance*, much more of an *Hiſtorian*. Sil Italic. of Ætna. L. 14.

Summo cana jugo cohibet (mirabile dictu)
Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoq; rigore
Ardentes horrent ſcopuli, ſtat vertice celſi
Collis hyems, calidáq; nivem tegit atra favillâ.

See likewiſe *Seneca*, Epiſt. 79.

Deſtinie.

Hoc quoq; Fatale eſt ſic ipſum expendere Fatum. Manil.

1.

1 STrange and *unnatural!* let's ſtay and ſee.
This *Pageant* of a *Prodigie.*
Lo, of themſelves th'enlivened *Cheſmen* move,
Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd *Pieces* prove,
As full of *Art*, and *Induſtrie*,
Of *Courage* and of *Police*,
As *we our ſelves*, who think there's nothing *Wiſe* but *We.*
2 Here a proud *Pawn* I'admire
That ſtill advancing higher
At top of all became
Another *Thing* and *Name.*
Here I'm amaz'd at th'actions of a *Knight*,
That does bold wonders in the fight.
Here I the loſing party blame
3 For thoſe falſe *Moves* that break the *Game*,
That to their *Grave* the *Bag*, the conquered *Pieces* bring,
And above all, th'*ill conduct* of the *Mated King.*

2.

Whate're theſe *ſeem*, whate're *Philoſophie*
And *Senſe* or *Reaſon* tell, (ſaid I)
Theſe things have *Life*, *Election*, *Liberty*;
'Tis their own *Wiſdom* molds their *State*;
Their *Faults* and *Virtues* make their *Fate.*
They do, they do (ſaid I) but ſtrait
Lo from my'enlightened Eyes the Miſts and Shadows fell
That hinder *Spirits* from being *Viſible.*
And lo, I ſaw *two Angels* plaid the *Mate.*
With *Man*, alas, no otherwiſe it proves,
An *unſeen Hand* makes all their *Moves.*
And ſome are *Great*, and ſome are *Small*,
Some climb to *good*, ſome from *good Fortune* fall.
Some *Wiſemen*, and ſome *Fools* we call,
Figures, alas, of *Speech*, for *Deſti'ny plays us all.*

3.

Me from the *womb* the *Midwife Muſe* did take:
She cut my *Navel*, *waſht me*, and mine *Head*
With her own *Hands* ſhe *Faſhioned*;
She did a *Covenant* with me make,
And *circumcis'd* my tender *Soul*, and thus ſhe ſpake,

Thou

Thou of my *Church* ſhalt be,
Hate and *renounce* (ſaid ſhe)
Wealth, *Honour*, *Pleaſures*, all the *World* for *Me*.
Thou neither great at *Court*, nor in the *War*,
Nor at th' *Exchange* ſhalt be, nor at the wrangling *Bar*.
Content thy ſelf with the ſmall *Barren Praiſe*,
That neglected *Verſe* does raiſe.
She ſpake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky *Doom*.
Their ſeveral ways of *Life* let others *chuſe*,
Their ſeveral Pleaſures let them uſe,
But I was born for *Love*, and for a *Muſe*.

4.

With *Fate*, what boots it to contend?
Such I *began*, ſuch *am*, and ſo muſt *end*.
The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,
Was but a *Lambent Flame*,
And ſome ſmall *Light* it did diſpence,
But neither *Heat* nor *Influence*.
No matter, *Cowley*, let proud *Fortune* ſee,
That *thou* canſt *her* deſpiſe no leſs than *ſhe* does *Thee*.
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Luſt, and Flatterie,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumnie,
Murder, Infidelitie,
Rebellion and Hypocriſie.
Do Thou not *grieve* nor *bluſh* to be,
As all th'inſpired *Tuneful Men*,
And all thy great *Forefathers* were from *Homer* down to *Ben*.

Notes.

NOTES.

1.

1. THis *Ode* is written upon an extravagant ſuppoſition of two *Angels* playing a *Game* at *Cheſs*; which if they did, the ſpectators would have reaſon as much to believe, that the pieces moved themſelves, as we can have for thinking the ſame of *Mankind*, when we ſee them exerciſe ſo many, and ſo different actions. It was of old ſaid by *Plautus*, *Dii nos quaſi Pilas homines habent.* We are but *Tennis Balls* for the *Gods* to play withal, which they ſtrike away at laſt, and ſtill call for new ones: And S. *Paul* ſays, *We are but the Clay in the hands of the Potter.*

2. For a *Pawn* being the leaſt of the pieces, if it can get up to ſuch a degree, grows the greateſt, and then has both another *name*, and other *Motions* and *Powers*; for it becomes a *Queen*, which it could never have done, if it had not been removed, and carried to ſuch an height.

3. *Mænum injicientibus fatis* (ſays *Amm. Marcellin.*) *hebetantur ſenſus hominum & obtunduntur* When the *Fates* lay hold on a Man, when they arreſt him, he's confounded, and loſes his Wits. And *Vel. Paterc.* ſpeaking of the defeat of *Quinctil. Varus. Prævalebant jam fata conſiliis omnémq; animi vim perſtrinxerant, quippe ità ſe res habet, ut qui fortunam mutaturus ſit, etiam conſilia corrumpat.* *Fatality* grew too ſtrong for *Humane Counſels*, and dazled the ſight of his judgment, for ſo it alſo happens, that the *deſigns* and *counſels* are corrupted of the *Man that is to periſh.*

2.

1. Ἀτὰ γὰρ οὐ πίπλωσιν ὀι θεῶν κύβοι. The *Dice* of the *Gods* never fling out *Thucydid.* ſays, with admirable ſhortneſs and weight, Δεινὰ γὰρ εὐτυχίαι συγκρύψαι ἢ συκιάσαι τὰ ἐκείνων ἁμαρτήματα. Which *Saluſt* imitating, renders yet ſhorter; and beats him, as *Seneca* ſays, at his own Weapon. *Res ſecundæ mirè vitiis ſunt obtentui* Faults are not viſible through *Proſperity*: and therefore the old *Greek Verſe* is not much miſtaken, that ſays,

Θέλω τύχης ϛαλαγμὸν ἢ φρενῶν πίδον.

I had rather have a *Drop* of *Good Fortune*, than a whole *Tun* of *Wiſdom.*

Brutus.

BRUTUS.

1.

EXcellent *Brutus*, of all humane race
The beſt, till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,
Till men above *themſelves Faith* raiſed more
Than *Reaſon* above *Beaſts* before.
Virtue was thy *Lifes Center*, and from thence
Did *ſilently* and *Conſtantly* diſpenſe
The gentle vigorous *Influence*
To all the wide and fair *Circumference*:
And all the *parts* upon it lean'd ſo eaſily,
Obey'd the mighty *force* ſo *willingly*
That none could diſcord or diſorder ſee
In all their *Contrarietie*.
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the *Whole* no more *mov'd* than the *whole World* could be.

2.

From thy ſtrict rule ſome think that thou didſt ſwerve
(*Miſtaken Honeſt men*) in *Cæſars* blood;
What *Mercy Could* the *Tyrants Life* deſerve,
From him who kill'd *Himſelf* rather than *ſerve*?
Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*
Are ſo far from *Underſtood*,
We count them *Vice*: alas our *Sight's* ſo ill,
That things which ſwifteſt *Move* ſeem to *ſtand ſtill*.
We look not upon *Virtue* in her height,
On her ſupreme *Idea*, brave and bright,
In the *Original Light*:
But as her *Beams* reflected paſs
Through our own *Nature* or ill *Cuſtoms Glaſs*.
And 'tis no wonder ſo,
If with dejected Eye
In ſtanding *Pools* we ſeek the *Skie*,
That *Stars* ſo high *above* ſhould ſeem to us *below*.

3.

Can we ſtand by and ſee
Our *Mother* robb'd, and bound, and raviſht be,
Yet not to her aſſiſtance ſtir,
Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Raviſher*?
Or ſhall we fear to kill him, if before
The *cancell'd Name* of *Friend* he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæſar who could *Rome* enthral!
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In th' exact balance of true *Virtue* try'd)
Than his *Succeſſor Nero's Parricide!* There's

There's none but *Brutus* could deſerve
That all men elſe ſhould *wiſh* to *ſerve*,
And *Cæſars* uſurpt place to him ſhould proffer;
None can deſerve't but he who would *refuſe* the *offer*.

4.

Ill Fate aſſum'd a *Body* thee t'affright,
And wrapt it ſelf i'th' terrors of the *night*,
I'll meet thee at Philippi, ſaid the *Spright*;
I'll meet thee there, ſaidſt *Thou*,
With ſuch a *voyce*, and ſuch a *brow*,
As put the trembling *Ghoſt* to ſudden flight,
It vaniſht as a *Tapers* light
Goes out when *Spirits* appear in ſight.
One would have thought t'had heard the *morning crow*,
Or ſeen her well-appointed *Star*
Come marching up the *Eaſtern Hill* afar.
Nor durſt it in *Philippi's* field appear,
But *unſeen* attaqu'd thee there.
Had it preſum'd in any ſhape thee to oppoſe,
Thou wouldſt have forc'd it back upon thy foes:
Or ſlain't like *Cæſar*, though it be
A *Conqu'eror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than *He*.

5.

What joy can *humane things* to us afford,
When we ſee periſh thus by odd events,
Ill men, and wretched *Accidents*,
The beſt *Cauſe* and beſt *Man* that ever drew a *Sword*?
When we ſee
The falſe *Octavius*, and wild *Antonie*,
God-like *Brutus* conquer *Thee*?
What can we ſay but thine own *Tragick Word*,
That *Vertue*, which had worſhipt been by thee
As the moſt ſolid *Good*, and greateſt *Deitie*,
By this fatal proof became
An *Idol* only, and a *Name*.
Hold, noble *Brutus* and reſtrain
The bold voyce of thy generous *Diſdain*:
Theſe mighty *Gulphs* are yet
Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.
The *Time's* ſet forth already which ſhall quell
Stiff *Reaſon*, when it offers to *Rebel*.
Which theſe great *Secrets* ſhall unſeal,
And new *Philoſophies* reveal.
A few years more, ſo ſoon hadſt thou not dy'd,
Would have confounded *Humane Virtues* pride,
And ſhew'd thee a *God crucifi'd*.

To Dr. Scarbourgh.

1.

HOw long, alas! has our mad *Nation* been
Of *Epidemick War* the *Tragick Scene*,
When *Slaughter* all the while
Seem'd like its *Sea*, *embracing* round the *Isle*,
With *Tempest*, and *red waves*, *Noise*, and *Affright*?
Albion no more, nor to be nam'ed from *white!*
What *Province*, or what *City* did it spare?
It, like a *Plague*, infected all the *Air*.
Sure the unpeopled *Land*
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
Had *Gods* All-mighty hand
At the same time let loose *Diseases* rage
Their *Civil Wars* in *Man* to wage.
But *Thou* by *Heaven* wert sent
This *Desolation* to prevent,
A *Medi'cine* and a *Counter-poyson* to the *Age*,
Scarce could the *Sword* dispatch more to the *Grave*,
Than *Thou* didst *save*;
By wondrous *Art*, and by successful *care*
The *Ruines* of a *Civil War* thou dost *alone repair*.

2.

1 The *Inundations* of all *Liquid pain*,
And *Deluge Dropsie* thou do'est *drain*.
Feavers so hot, that one would say
Thou mightst as soon *Hell-Fires* allay
(The *Damn'd* scarce more *incurable* than *They*)
2 Thou dost so *temper*, that we find
Like *Gold* the *Body* but *refin'd*;
No *unhealthful dross* behind.
The subtle *Ague*, that for *sureness* sake
Takes its own times th' *assault* to make,
And at each *battery* the whole *Fort* does shake,
When thy strong *Guards*, and *works* it spies,
Trembles for it *self*, and *flies*.
The cruel *Stone* that restless pain
That's sometimes *roll'd away* in vain,
3 But still, like *Sisyphus his stone*, returns again,
Thou *break'st* and *melt'est* by learn'd *Juyces* force,
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
4 Than *Hannibals* by *Vinegar*)
Oppressed *Natures* necessary course
It stops in vain, like *Moses*, Thou
Strik'st but the *Rock*, and straight the *Waters* freely flow.

3.

The *Indian Son* of *Luſt*, (that foul *Diſeaſe*
Which did on this his *new-found World*, but lately ſeiſe;
Yet ſince a *Tyranny* has planted here,
As wide and Cruel as the *Spaniard* there)
Is ſo quite rooted out by Thee,
That thy *Patients* ſeem to be
Reſtor'd not to health only, but *Virginitie*.
The *Plague* it ſelf, that proud *Imperial* Ill
Which deſtroys *Towns*, and does whole *Armies* kill,
If thou but ſuccour the *beſieged Heart*,
Calls all its *poyſons* forth, and does depart,
As if it fear'd no leſs thy *Art*,
Than *Aarons Incenſe*, or than *Phineas dart*.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vaſt and barbarous *Lexicon*
Of mans *Infirmitie?*
At thy ſtrong charms it muſt be gon
Though a *Diſeaſe*, as well as *Devil*, were called *Legion*.

4.

From creeping *Moſs* to ſoaring *Cedar* thou
Doſt all the powers and ſeveral *Portions* know,
Which *Father-Sun*, *Mother-Earth* below
On their green *Infants* here beſtow.
Can'ſt all thoſe *Magick Virtues* from them draw,
That keep *Diſeaſe*, and *Death* in aw.
Who whilſt thy wondrous skill in *Plants* they ſee,
Fear leſt the *Tree of Life* ſhould be found out by Thee.
And Thy well-travell'd knowledge too does give
No leſs account of th' *Empire Senſitive*,
Chiefly of *Man*, whoſe *Body* is
That active *Souls Metropolis*.
As the great Artiſt in his *Sphere* of *Glaſs*
Saw the whole *Scene* of Heavenly *Motions* paſs,
So thou know'ſt all ſo well that's done within,
As if ſome *living Cryſtal Man* thou'dſt ſeen.

5.

Nor does this *Science* make thy *Crown* alone,
But *whole Apollo* is thine own.
His gentler *Arts belov'ed* in vain by *Mee*,
Are *wedded* and *enjoy'd* by *Thee*.
Thou'rt by this noble Mixture free
From the *Phyſicians* frequent *Maladie*,
Fantaſtick Incivilitie.
There are who all their *Patients* chagrin have,
As if they *took* each morn worſe *potions* than they *gave*.

And

And this great race of *Learning* thou haſt run,
E're that of *Life* be half yet done.
Thou ſee'ſt thy ſelf ſtill freſh and ſtrong,
And like *t'enjoy* thy *Conqueſts* long.
2 The firſt fam'ed *Aphoriſm* thy great *Maſter* ſpoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,
And better things of Man report;
For thou do'eſt make *Life long*, and *Art but ſhort.*

6.

Ah, learned *friend*, it grieves me, when I think
That *Thou* with all thy *Art* muſt dy
As certainly as *I.*
1 And all thy noble *Reparation* ſink
Into the ſure-wrought *Mine* of treacherous *Mortality*,
Like *Archimedes*, hon'ourably in vain,
2 Thou holdſt out *Towns* that muſt at laſt be *ta'ne*,
And *Thou* thy ſelf their great *Defender* ſlain.
Let's even *compound*, and for the *Preſent Live*,
'Tis all the *Ready Money Fate* can give;
Unbend ſometimes thy reſtleſs care,
And let thy *Friends* ſo happy be
T'enjoy at once their *Health* and *Thee.*
Some hours at leaſt to thine own pleaſures ſpare.
Since the whole *ſtock* may ſoon exhauſted be,
Beſtow't not all in *Charitie.*
Let *Nature*, and let *Art* do what they pleaſe,
When all's done, *Life is an incurable Diſeaſe.*

NOTES.

2.

1. *Gouts*, and ſuch kind of *Diſeaſes* proceeding from *moiſture*, and affecting one or ſome parts of the Body, whereas the *Dropſie* ſwells the whole. *Inundation* ſignifies a leſs overflowing than *Deluge.*

2. *Find, Refind:* Theſe kind of Rhimes the *French* delight in, and call *Rich Rhimes*; but I do not allow of them in *Engliſh*, nor would uſe them at all in any other but this free kind of *Poetry*, and here too very ſparingly, hardly at all without a *third Rhyme* to anſwer to both; as in the ninth ſtaff of the *Nemeæan Ode*, *Delight, Light, Affright.* In the third ſtaff to Mr. *Hobs*, *Ly, Fertility, Poverty.* They are very frequent in *Chaucer*, and our old *Poets*, but that is not good authority for us now. There can be no *Muſick* with only *one Note.*

3. The Fable of *Siſyphus* is ſo known, that it deſerves not to be repeated. He was in his life a moſt famous *Cozener* and *Robber.* Ovid. Metam. 13.

Quid ſanguine cretus
Siſyphio furtis ac fraude ſimillimus illi?

For which he was ſlain by *Theſeus*, and condemned in Hell eternally to thruſt a great rolling ſtone up an Hill, which ſtill fell down again upon him, alluding perhaps to the ill ſucceſs of all his ſubtilties and wicked enterprizes, in which he laboured inceſſantly to no purpoſe.

4. *Hannibal* not being able to march with his Army over ſome Rocks in his paſſage on the *Alps*, made fires upon them, and when the *Stone* was very hot, poured a great quantity of Vinegar upon it, by which it being ſoftened and putrified, the *Souldiers* by that means were enabled to cut a way through it. See *Livy* the 1. Book of the 3. *Decade*. Juven.

Et montem rupit aceto.

4.

1. *Archimedes*: of which Sphere ſee *Claudians Epigram*. The like Sphere of Glaſs one of the Kings of *Perſia* is ſaid to have had, and ſitting in the middle of it, as upon the Earth, to have ſeen round about him all the Revolutions and motions of the Heavenly Bodies.

5.

1. For *Apollo* is not only the *God* of *Phyſick*, but of *Poetry*, and all kind of *Florid Learning*.
2. The firſt *Aphoriſm* in *Hippocrates*, *Ars longa, vita brevis*. Known to all men

6.

1. For whilſt we are repairing the outward ſeeming *Breaches*, *Nature* is undermining the very *foundations* of *life*, and draining the *Radical moiſture*, which is the *Well* that the Town lives by.
2. The great City of *Syracuſe* (which *Tully* calls in his fourth againſt *Verres*, *Urbem omnium pulcherrimam atq; ornatiſſimam*) ſuſtained a Siege of three years againſt *Marcellus* and the Roman Forces, almoſt only by the art and induſtry of the wonderful *Mathematician Archimedes*; but at laſt, by the treaſon of ſome Commanders, it was entred and taken by the Romans, and in the confuſion of the *Sack*, *Archimedes*, the *Honourable Defender* of it ſo long, being found in his Study drawing *Mathematical Lines* for the making of ſome new Engines to preſerve the Town, was ſlain by a common Souldier, who knew him not; for there had been particular order given by the Roman *General* to ſave him. See this at large in *Plut.* the life of *Marcellus*, and *Livy* 5. B. of the 3. *Dec.*

Life

Life and Fame.

I.

1 OH Life, thou *Nothings younger Brother!*
So *like*, that one might take *One* for the *other.*
2 What's *Some Body*, or *No Body?*
3 In all the *Cobwebs* of the *Schoolmens* trade,
We no ſuch nice *Diſtinction* woven ſee,
As 'tis *To be*, or *not to Be.*
4 *Dream* of a *Shadow!* a *Reflection* made
From the falſe glories of the gay *reflected Bow*,
Is a more *ſolid* thing than *Thou.*
5 Vain weak-built *Iſthmus*, which doſt proudly riſe
Up betwixt *two Eternities*;
Yet canſt nor *Wave* nor *Wind* ſuſtain,
But *broken* and *o'rewhelm'd*, the endleſs *Oceans* meet again.

2.

And with what rare *Inventions* do we ſtrive,
Our ſelves then to *ſurvive?*
Wiſe, ſubtle *Arts*, and ſuch as well befit
That *Nothing Mans no Wit.*
Some with vaſt coſtly *Tombs* would purchaſe it,
And by the *proofs* of *Death* pretend to *Live.*
Here lies the Great——Falſe *Marble*, *where?*
Nothing but *ſmall*, and *ſordid Duſt* lies there.
Some build enormous Mountain-*Palaces*,
The *Fools* and *Architects* to pleaſe:
A laſting *Life* in well-hew'en *Stone* they rear:
So he who on th' *Egyptian* ſhore,
Was ſlain ſo many hundred years before,
Lives ſtill (Oh *Life* moſt *happy* and moſt *dear!*
2 Oh *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear!)
Lives in the *dropping Ruins* of his *Amphitheater.*

3.

1 His *Father* in *Law* an higher place does claim
2 In the *Seraphique Entity* of *Fame.*
He ſince that *Toy* his *Death*,
Does fill all Mouths, and *breathes* in all mens *Breath.*
'Tis true, the *two immortal Syllables* remain,
But, Oh ye learned men explain,
What *Eſſence*, what *Exiſtence* this,

What

What *Subſtance*, what *Subſiſtence*, what *Hypoſtaſis*
In *Six poor Letters* is?
In thoſe alone does the *Great Cæſar live*,
'Tis all the *Conquered World* could give.
We *Poets* madder yet than all,
With a refin'ed *Phantaſtick Vanity*,
Think we not only *Have*, but *Give Eternity*.
Fain would I ſee that *Prodigal*,
Who his *To-morrow* would beſtow,
For all old *Homers Life* e're ſince he *Dy'ed* till *now*.

NOTES.

1.

1. BEcauſe *Nothing* preceded it, as *Privation* does all *Being*; which perhaps is the ſenſe of the Diſtinction of *Days* in the ſtory of the *Creation*. *Night* ſignifying the *Privation*, and *Day*, the ſubſequent *Being*, from whence the *Evening* is placed firſt, *Gen.* 1. 5. *And the Evening and the Morning were the firſt day.*

2. Τί δὲ τίς, τί δ' οὔτις; Σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος. *Pindar, Quid eſt Aliquis, aut quid eſt Nemo? Somnium Umbræ Homo eſt*

3. The Diſtinctions of the *Schoolmen* may be likened to *Cobwebs* (I mean many of them, for ſome are better *woven*) either becauſe of the too much fineneſs of the work which makes it ſlight, and able to catch only little Creatures; or becauſe they take not the materials from Nature, but ſpin it out of *Themſelves*.

4. The *Rainbow* is in it ſelf of No *Colour*; thoſe that appear are but *Reflections* of the Suns light received differently.

Mille trahit varios adverſo Sole Colores.

As is evident by *artificial Rainbows*; And yet this *ſhadow*, this *almoſt Nothing* makes ſometimes another *Rainbow* (but not ſo diſtinct or beautiful) by *Reflection*.

5. *Iſthmus* is a neck of Land that divides a *Peninſula* from the *Continent* and is betwixt two Seas, Γῆ ἀμφὶ θαλάσσα. In which manner this narrow paſſage of *Life* divides the *Paſt Time* from the *Future*, and is at laſt ſwallowed up into *Eternity*.

2.

1. *Pompey the Great.* 2. An *Irony*; that is, Oh *Life* which *Epicures* laugh at and contemn.

3.

1. *Cæſar*, whoſe Daughter *Julia* was maried to *Pompey*; an Alliance fatal to the Commonwealth; which as *Tully* ſays, ought never to have been made, or never ended.

2. Supernatural, Intellectual, Unintelligible Being.

The Extaſie.

1.

I Leave *Mortality*, and things below;
I have no time in *Compliments* to waſt,
Farewel to'ye all in haſt,
For I am *call'd* to go.
A *Whirlwind* bears up my dull Feet,
Th' officious *Clouds* beneath them meet.
And (Lo!) I *mount*, and (Lo!)
How ſmall the biggeſt Parts of *Earths* proud *Title* ſhow!

2.

Where ſhall I find the noble *Britiſh* Land?
Lo, I at laſt a *Northern Spec* eſpie,
Which in the *Sea* does lie,
And ſeems a *Grain* o'th' *Sand!*
For this will any *ſin*, or *Bleed?*
Of *Civil Wars* is this the *Meed?*
And is it this, alas, which we
(Oh *Irony* of *Words!*) do call *Great Britannie?*

3.

I paſs by th' arched *Magazins*, which hold
Th'eternal ſtores of *Froſt*, and *Rain*, and *Snow*;
Dry, and ſecure I go,
Nor ſhake with *Fear*, or *Cold.*
Without *affright* or *wonder*,
I meet *Clouds* charg'd with *Thunder*,
And *Lightnings* in my way
Like harmleſs *Lambent Fires* about my Temples play.

4.

Now into'a gentle *Sea* of rowling *Flame*
I'm *plung'ed*, and ſtill mount higher there,
As *Flames* mount up through *aire.*
So perfect, yet ſo tame,
So great, ſo pure, ſo bright a fire
Was that unfortunate deſire,
My faithful *Breaſt* did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched *Mortal Lover.*

Through

5.

Through ſeveral *Orbs* which one fair *Planet* bear,
Where I behold diſtinctly as I paſs
The *Hints* of *Galilæos Glaſs*,
I toucht at laſt the ſpangled *Sphere*.
Here all th'extended *Skie*
Is but one *Galaxie*,
'Tis all ſo bright and gay,
And the *joynt Eyes* of *Night* make up a perfect *Day*.

6.

Where am I now? *Angels* and *God* is here;
An unexhauſted *Ocean* of *delight*
Swallows my *ſenſes* quite,
And drowns all *What*, or *How*, or *Where*.
Not *Paul*, who firſt did thither paſs,
And this great *Worlds Columbus* was,
The *tyrannous pleaſure* could expreſs.
Oh 'tis *too much* for *Man!* but let it ne're be *leſs*.

7.

The mighty '*Elijah* mounted ſo on high,
That ſecond Man, who *leapt* the *Ditch* where all
The reſt of Mankind *fall*,
And went not *downwards* to the *skie*.
With much of pomp and ſhow
(As Conquering *Kings* in *Triumph* go)
Did he to *Heav'en* approach,
And wondrous was his *Way*, and wondrous was his *Coach*.

8.

'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every part,
Of *Eſſences*, of *Gems*, and *Spirit* of *Gold*
Was its *ſubſtantial mold*;
Drawn forth by *Chymique Angels* art.
Here with *Moon-beams* 'twas *ſilver'ed* bright,
There double-*gilt* with the *Suns* light
And myſtique Shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did tranſcend a *Vulgar Angels* wit.

9.

The *Horſes* were of temper'd *Lightning* made,
Of all that in *Heav'ens* beauteous *Paſtures* feed,
The nobleſt, ſprightfulſt breed,
And *flaming Mains* their *Necks* array'd.
They all were ſhod with *Diamond*,
Not ſuch as *here* are found,
But ſuch *light ſolid* ones as ſhine
On the *Tranſparent Rocks* o'th' *Heaven Cryſtalline*.

Thus

10.

Thus mounted the great *Prophet* to the Skies;
Aſtoniſht Men who oft had ſeen *Stars fall*,
Or that which ſo they call,
Wondred from hence to ſee one *riſe*.
The ſoft *Clouds* melted him away,
The *Snow* and *Froſts* which in it lay
A while the ſacred *footſteps* bore,
The *Wheels* and *Horſes Hoofs* hizz'd as they paſt them ore.

11.

He paſt by th' *Moon* and *Planets*, and did fright
All the *Worlds* there which at this *Meteor* gaz'd,
And their *Aſtrologers* amaz'd
With th'unexampled ſight.
But where he ſtopt will ne're be known,
Till *Phœnix Nature* aged grown
To'a better *Being* do aſpire,
And mount *her ſelf*, like *Him*, to' *Eternity* in *Fire*.

To the NEW YEAR.

1.

1 GReat *Janus*, who doſt ſure my *Miſtreſs* view
With *all thine Eyes*, yet think'ſt them all too few:
If thy *Fore face* do ſee
No better things prepar'd for me,
Than did thy *Face behind*,
If ſtill her *Breaſt* muſt *ſhut* againſt me be
2 (For 'tis not *Peace* that *Temples Gate* does bind)
Oh let my *Life*, if thou ſo many *Deaths* a coming find,
With thine *old year* its *voyage* take
Born down, that *ſtream* of *Time* which no *return* can make.

2.

Alas, what need I thus to pray?
Th'old avaritious *year*
Whether I would or no, will bear
At leaſt a *part* of *Me* away.
His well-horſt *Troops*, the *Months*, and *Days*, and *Hours*,
Though never any where they ſtay,
Make in their *paſſage* all their *Prey*.
The *Months*, *Days*, *Hours*, that march i'th' *Rear* can find
Nought of *Value* left behind,
All the *good Wine* of *Life* our *drunken youth* devours;

Sowreneſs and *Lees*, which to the bottom ſink,
Remain for latter years to *Drink*.
Until ſome one offended with the taſte
The *Veſſel* breaks, and out the wretched *Reliques* run at laſt.

3.

If then, *young year*, thou needs muſt come,
(For in *Times* fruitful *Womb*
The *Birth* beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can *miſcarry*)
Chuſe thy *Attendants* well; for 'tis not *Thee*
We fear, but 'tis thy *Companie*,
Let neither *Loſs* of *Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Libertie*,
Nor pining *Sickneſs*, nor tormenting *Pain*,
Nor *Sadneſs*, nor uncleanly *Povcrtie*,
Be ſeen among thy *train*,
Nor let thy *Livery* be
Either black *Sin*, or gawdy *vanitie*;
Nay, if thou lov'ſt me, gentle *Year*,
Let not ſo much as *Love* be there:
Vain fruitleſs *Love*, I mean; for, gentle *Year*,
Although I fear,
There's of this *Caution* little need,
Yet, gentle *Year*, take heed
How thou doſt make
Such a *Miſtake*.
Such *Love* I mean alone
As by thy cruel *Predeceſſors* his been ſhown,
For though I have too much cauſe to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if *Life* can *Live* without it.

4.

Into the *Future Times* why do we pry,
And ſeek to *Antedate* our *Miſery*?
Like *Jealous men* why are we longing ſtill
To *See* the thing which only *ſeeing* makes an *Ill*?
'Tis well the *Face* is *vail'd*; for 'twere a *Sight*
That would even *Happieſt men* affright,
And ſomething ſtill they'd ſpy that would deſtroy
The *paſt* and *Preſent Joy*;
In whatſoever *Character*
The *Book* of *Fate* is writ,
'Tis well we *underſtand* not it,
We ſhould grow *Mad* with *little Learning* there.
Upon the *Brink* of every *Ill* we did *Foreſee*,
Undecently and fooliſhlie
We ſhould ſtand *ſhivering*, and but ſlowly venter
The *Fatal Flood* to enter,
Since *willing*, or *unwilling* we muſt do it,
They feel leaſt *cold* and *pain* who *plunge* at once into it.

Notes.

NOTES.

1.

1. JAnus was the *God* to whom the *Year* was dedicated, and therefore it began with his *Feſtival*; and the firſt *Month* was denominated from him; for which cauſe he was repreſented with *two Faces*, to ſhew that he looked both *Backward* upon the time paſt, and *Forward* upon the time to come; and ſometimes with four Faces, to ſignifie (perhaps, for I know other Reaſons are given) the *four Seaſons* of the year,

Annorum nitidiq; ſator pulcherrime Mundi,
Publica quem primum vota precéſq; canunt. Mart.

2. This alludes to that moſt notorious cuſtom of *ſhutting* up *Janus* his *Temple* in time of an univerſal *Peace*; as was thrice done from *Numa* to *Auguſtus*'s Reign: and when any War began it was opened again with great Ceremony by the chief *Magiſtrate*; from which opening and ſhutting of his Temple Gates, *Janus* is called *Cluſius* and *Patulcius*, and eſteemed, *Deus belli ac pacis arbiter.*

LIFE.

Naſcentes Morimur. Manil.

1 WE're ill by theſe *Grammarians* us'd;
We are abus'd by *Words*, groſly abus'd;
From the *Maternal Tomb*,
To the *Graves* fruitful *Womb*,
We call here *Life*; but *Life*'s a *name*
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched *Inn*, where we ſcarce ſtay to *bait*,
We call our *Dwelling-place*;
We call one *Step* a *Race*:
But *Angels* in their full enlightned ſtate,
Angels who *Live*, and know what 'tis to *Be*,
2 Who all the *nonſenſe* of our *Language* ſee,
Who *ſpeak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn *Picture* ſcorn,
When we by'a *fooliſh Figure* ſay,
3 *Behold an old Man dead!* then they
Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a man-child born.*

2.

My *Eyes* are opened, and I ſee
Through the *Tranſparent Fallacie:*
Becauſe we ſeem wiſely to talk
Like *men* of *buſineſs*; and for *buſineſs* walk
From place to place,
And mighty *voyages* we take,
And mighty *Journeys* ſeem to make,
1 O're *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *ſpace.*
Becauſe we *fight*, and *Battels* gain;
Some *Captives* call, and ſay, *the reſt are ſlain.*
Becauſe we heap up *yellow Earth*, and ſo,
Rich, valiant, wiſe, and vertuous ſeem to grow;
Becauſe we draw a long *Nobilitie*
2 From *Hieroglyphick* proofs of *Heraldrie*,
And *impudently* talk of a *Poſteritie*,
3 And, like *Egyptian Chroniclers*,
Who write of twenty thouſand years,
4 With *Maravedies* make the' *account*,
That *ſingle Time* might to a ſum amount,
We grow at laſt by *Cuſtom* to believe,
That really we *Live:*
Whilſt all theſe *Shadows* that for things we take,
Are but the empty *Dreams* which in *Deaths ſleep* we make.

3.

But theſe fantaſtique errors of our *Dream*,
Lead us to ſolid wrong;
We pray God, our Friends torments to prolong,
And wiſh uncharitably for them,
To be as long a *Dying* as *Methuſalem.*
The ripened *Soul* longs from his Priſ'on to come,
But we would *ſeal*, and *ſew* up, if we could, the *Womb.*
We ſeek to cloſe and plaſter up by Art
The *cracks* and *breaches* of th'extended *Shell.*
And in that narrow *Cell*
Would rudely force to dwell,
The noble vigorous *Bird* already *wing'd* to part.

NOTES.

1.

1. PLato in *Timæus* makes this diſtinction: *That which is, but is not generated; and That which is generated, but is not.* Ὃν μὲν οὐ γένεσις. This he took from *Triſmegiſtus*, whoſe *Sentence* of God was written in the Egyptian Temples, Ἐγὼ εἰμὶ πᾶν τὸ γεγονὸς καὶ ὂν καὶ ἐσόμενον, I am all that *Was, Is, or ſhall be.* And he drew this from the very *fountain*, where he calls himſelf, *Exod.* 3. 12. Ὁ ὤν, *I am that I am*, or, *That which is.* This doctrine of *Plato* that nothing truly *Is* but *God*, is approved by all the *Fathers*. *Simplicius* explains it thus, That which has more degrees of *Privation*, or, *Not-Being* than of *Being* (which is the caſe of all *Creatures*) is not properly ſaid to *Be*; and again, That which is in a perpetual *Fieri* or *Making*, never is quite *Made*; and therefore never properly *Is*. Now becauſe this perpetual *Flux* of *Being* is not in *Angels*, or *Separated Spirits*, I allow them the *Title* of *Being* and *Living*, and carry not the *Figure* (for in truth it is no other) ſo far as *Plato*.

2. That the *Gods* call things by other names than we do, was the fancy of *Homer*,

Ὃν Ξάνθον καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον,
Ὃν βεάθειν καλέουσι θεοὶ, θνητοὶ δ' ἄνθεμον πολὺν
Ἀργείοισι.

And the like in ſeveral other places, as alſo in other Authors, *Athenæus*, l. 7. c. 9. *Ovid Metam. &c.* and this is likewiſe drawn from Scripture; for *Iſaiah* (Chap. 40. v. 36.) makes it a *Property* of *God*, that he calls the *Stars* by their *Names*.

3. So *Euripid.*

Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ὃ θνῄσκει καθανεῖν,
Τὸ καθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν;

Who knows whether to *Live*, be not to *Die*; and to *Die* to *Live*?

2.

1. Iſa. 40. 26. *Behold the Nations are as the Drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the ſmall Duſt of the Balance, &c.*

2. Becauſe *Heraldry* conſiſts in the *Figures* of Beaſts, Stars, Flowers, and ſuch like, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient Egyptians.

3. An *uncertain Number* for a *Certain*. The Egyptian Kingdom, according to *Manethon*, had 31 Dynaſties before *Alexanders* time, 5355 years; others content not themſelves with ſo ſmall a *Number*; for *Diod.* ſays, *lib.* 1. from *Oſyris* to *Alexander*, they reckon above ten thouſand years; or as others will have it, little leſs than 23 thouſand. See the Egyptian Prieſts diſcourſe to *Solon* in *Plato's Timæus*. But theſe vaſt accounts aroſe from the æquivocal term of a *Year* among them, which ſometimes they made *Solar*, ſometimes of *Four*, ſometimes of *Three*, nay, *Two*, or *One Month*. *Xenoph. de Tempor. Aquin. Solin.* c. 7. *Plin.* l. 7. c. 11. *Macrob.* in *Somn. Scipion. &c.*

4. A Spaniſh Coyn, one of the leaſt that is.

The 34. Chapter of the Prophet *Iſaiah*.

1.

1 AWake and with attention hear,
Thou *drowſie World*, for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I ſay, and liſten well,
To what from *God*, I, his *loud Prophet*, tell.
Bid both the *Poles* ſuppreſs their ſtormy noiſe,
And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its voice.
Be ſtill thou *Sea*, be ſtill thou *Air* and *Earth*,
2 Still as old *Chaos* before *Motions* birth,
A dreadful *Hoſt* of *Judgments* is gone out;
In ſtrength and number more
Than e're was rais'd by God before,
To ſcourge the *Rebel World*, and march it round about.

2.

I ſee the *Sword* of *God* brandiſht above;
And from it ſtreams a diſmal ray;
2 I ſee the *Scabbard* caſt away.
How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!
How will it *ſweat* and *reek* in *blood!*
3 How will the *Scarlet-glutton* be *o'regorged* with his food!
And devour all the mighty *Feaſt!*
Nothing ſoon but *Bones* will reſt.
God does a ſolemn *Sacrifice* prepare;
4 But not of Oxen, nor of Rams,
Not of Kids, nor of their Dams,
Not of Heifers, nor of Lambs,
The *Altar* all the *Land*, and all *Men* in't the *Victims* are,
Since wicked *Mens* more guilty blood to ſpare,
The *Beaſts* ſo long have ſacrificed bin.
Since Men their *Birth-right* forfeit ſtill by *Sin*,
5 'Tis fit at laſt *Beaſts* their *Revenge* ſhould have,
And *Sacrificed* Men their better *Brethren* ſave.

3.

So will they fall, ſo will they flee;
Such will the *Creatures* wild diſtraction be,
When at the final Doom,
Nature and *Time* ſhall both be *Slain*,
Shall ſtruggle with *Deaths pangs* in vain,
And the whole *world* their *Funeral Pile* become.
The wide-ſtretcht *Scrowl* of *Heaven*, which we
1 Immortal as the *Deity* think,
2 With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it

With

With ſuch deep *Senſe* by *Gods* own *Hand* were writ,
Whoſe *Eloquence* though we *underſtand* not, we admire,
Shall crackle, and the parts together ſhrink
3 Like *Parchment* in a fire.
4 Th'exhauſted *Sun* to th' *Moon* no more ſhall lend;
But truly then headlong into the *Sea* deſcend.
The glittering *Hoſt*, now in ſuch fair array,
So proud, ſo well appointed, and ſo gay,
Like fearful *Troops* in ſome ſtong *Ambuſh* ta'ne,
5 Shall ſome fly routed, and ſome fall ſlain,
6 Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in *Autumn* fall,
With ſuch a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree* and *all.*

4.

And Thou, O curſed *Land*,
Which wilt not ſee the *Præcipice* where thou doſt ſtand,
Though thou ſtandſt juſt upon the brink;
Thou of this poyſoned *Bowl* the bitter *Dregs* ſhalt drink.
Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* ſhall ſo
With humane blood oreflow;
That they ſhall fetch the ſlaughter'd corps away,
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the *Beaſts* and *Birds* to give the *Fiſh* their prey.
The rotting Corps ſhall ſo infect the air;
Beget ſuch *Plagues* and putrid *Venomes* there,
That by thine own *Dead* ſhall be ſlain,
All thy few *Living* that remain.
1 As one who buys, *Surveys* a ground,
So the *Deſtroying Angel meaſures* it round.
So careful and ſo ſtrict he is,
Leſt any *Nook* or *Corner* he ſhould miſs.
He walks about the periſhing *Nation*,
Ruine behind him ſtalks and empty *Deſolation.*

5.

1 Then ſhall the *Market* and the *Pleading-place*
Be choakt with *Brambles* and oregrown with *graſs.*
The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* ſhall rowl,
And in thy lower Rooms the *Wolves* ſhall howl,
2 And thy gilt Chambers lodge the *Raven* and the *Owl*,
And all the wing'd *Ill Omens* of the aire,
Though no *new-Ills* can be *fore-boded* there.
The *Lyon* then ſhall to the *Leopard* ſay,
Brother Leopard come away;
Behold a Land which God has giv'en us in prey!
Behold a Land from whence we ſee
Mankind expulſt, *His* and *Our* common *Enemie!*
The *Brother Leopard* ſhakes himſelf, and does not ſtay.

The

6.

2 The glutted *Vulturs* ſhall expect in vain
New *Armies* to be ſlain.
Shall find at laſt the buſineſs done,
Leave their conſumed *Quarters*, and be gone,
3 Th' unburied *Ghoſts* ſhall ſadly moan,
The *Satyrs* laugh to hear them groan.
The *Evil Spirits* that delight
To dance and revel in the *Mask* of *Night*,
The *Moon* and *Stars*, their ſole *Spectators* ſhall affright.
And if of loſt *Mankind*
Ought happen to be left behind,
If any *Reliques* but remain,
They in the *Dens* ſhall lurk, *Beaſts* in the *Palaces* ſhall raign.

NOTES.

1.

Iſa. ch. 34. Verſe 1. *COme near ye Nations to hear, and hearken ye people. let the Earth hear, * and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. 2. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all Nations, and his fury upon all their Armies; he hath utterly deſtroyed them, he hath delivered them to the ſlaughter.* * Terra & plenitudo ejus.

The manner of the *Prophets* writing, eſpecially of *Iſaiah*, ſeems to me very like that of *Pindar*; they paſs from one thing to another with almoſt *Inviſible connexions*, and are full of words and expreſſions of the higheſt and boldeſt flights of *Poetry*, as may be ſeen in this Chapter, where there are as extraordinary Figures as can be found in any *Poet* whatſoever; and the connexion is ſo difficult, that I am forced to add a little, and leave out a great deal to make it ſeem *Senſe* to us, who are not uſed to that elevated way of expreſſion. The *Commentators* differ, and ſome would have it to be a *Prediction* of the deſtruction of *Judæa*, as *Hugo*, *Lyran*, and others; the reſt underſtand it as a *Prophecie* of the day of *Judgment*. The deſign of it to me ſeems to be this, firſt to denounce great deſolations and ruines to *all Countries*, and then to do it more particularly to *Judæa*, as which was to ſuffer a greater meaſure of them than the reſt of the World; as it has done, I think, much more than any other Land under the Sun; and to illuſtrate theſe confuſions by the ſimilitude of them to thoſe of the laſt Day, though in the Text there be no Tranſitions from the *ſubject* to the *ſimilitude*; for the old faſhion of writing, was like *Diſputing* in *Enthymemes*, where half is left out to be ſupplyed by the Hearer: ours is like *Syllogiſms*, where all that is meant is expreſt.

2. For as ſoon as *Motion* began, it ceaſed to be *Chaos*, this being all *Confuſion*, but *Natural Motion* is *regular*: I think I have read it ſomewhere called ἀκίνητον χάος. The Scripture ſays, *And darkneſs was upon the face of the Earth, and the ſpirit of God moved upon the Waters.* So that the firſt *Motion*, was that of the *Spirit* of *God* upon *Chaos*, to which ſucceeded the *Motion* in *Chaos*. *And God ſaid* (that is, the *motion* of the Spirit of God, for it is a Proceſſion of his *will* to an outward *Effect*) *let there be light, and there was light* (that is the firſt *Motion* of *Chaos*.)

2.

Verſe 5. *For my ſword * ſhall be bathed in Heaven, behold it ſhall come down upon Idumæa, and upon the people of my curſe to Judgement. 6. The ſword of God is filled with blood, * it is made fat with fatneſs, and with the blood of Lambs, and Goats, with the fat of the Kidneys of Rams; for the Lord has a Sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great ſlaughter in the Land of Idumæa.* * Quoniam inebriatus eſt in cœlo gladius meus, & ſup. populum interfectiones meæ ad judicium——
* Incraſſatus eſt adipe.

I have left out the ſeventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Verſes; in which where the Prophet ſays *Unicorns* and *Bulls*, I take that to be a *Metaphor* only of great *Tyrants*, and men of the mightieſt power; the *Horn* ſignifying that in Hebrew, and other Languages too; as *Horace*.

Addet cornua pauperi, &c.

v. 8. And

And the year of recompences for the controverſies of *Sion*, *Annus retributionis judicii Sion.* This makes *Vatabl. Montan. Sanchez*, and divers others interpret, *Judicium Sionis*, the Judgment which God ſhall exerciſe againſt the *Idumæans* in revenge of *Sion*; but I take it rather to be, This is the year when *Sion* ſhall be *judged* for her *judgment*; that is, for the condemnation and execution of her *Meſſias*, who likewiſe foretels the ſame things as *Iſaiah*, concerning the deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, and even in the ſame manner, part of the threatnings ſeeming to belong particularly to *Jeruſalem*, and part being only applicable to the Day of *Judgment*. Obſerve this remarkable conformity in the 24. of *Matthew*.

2. As not intending to put it up again, or to be ever reconciled; in which ſenſe it was ſaid, as I take it, to the great *Duke* of *Guiſe*, that he who draws his Sword againſt his *Prince*, ſhould fling away the *Scabbard*.

3. For the Text ſays, it is *made drunk with blood*, and *made fat with fleſh*. Like the rich *Glutton* in the Goſpel, who is deſcribed to be cloathed with *Purple*.

4. The Text ſeems to ſay quite contrary to this, *It ſhall be made fat with fatneſs, and with the blood of Lambs and Goats, and kidneys of Rams*, &c. But the names of *Beaſts* in that place muſt neceſſarily be underſtood, as put for *Men*; all ſorts of Men. *Cornel à Lap.* ſays, that by *Lambs* are ſignified the *Common People*; by *Goats*, the *Captains* and *Princes*; by *Rams*, the *Magiſtrates*. But theſe two laſt interpretations of *Goats* and *Rams*, ſeem very ſlight and forced; the meaning is, that all ſorts of men ſhall be ſacrificed to Gods Juſtice, as Lambs, Goats and Rams were wont to be. It may be askt, why *Idumæa* and *Bozra*, (the *Metropolis* of it) are here particulary mentioned? Is it not with alluſion to the Names? for *Idumæa* (or *Edom*) ſignifies *Red*, a Country that ſhall be *red* with bloodſhed; and *Bozra* ſignifies a *Strong fortified Place*. So that in the *Pſal.* 108. *v* 10. where we read, *Who will bring me into the ſtrong City?* the Hebrew is, *Who will bring me into Bozra?* From which word too by a Metatheſis of Letters, ſome derive *Byrſa*, the ſtrong *Caſtle* of *Carthage*, which was founded by the *Phœnicians*, and therefore it is more likely the Caſtle ſhould have a *Phœnician* (which Language is ſaid to have been little different from the *Hebrew*) than a *Græcian name*, to wit, from Βύρσα, an *Hide*, becauſe *Dido* is reported to have bought of *Iarbas* as much ground as could be compaſt with an *Oxes hide*, which cut into very narrow thongs, took up the whole ſpace where ſhe built the *Caſtle*. Virg.

Mercatiq; ſolum facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantum poſſent circumdare tergo.

Wherefore under the name of *Bozra*, the Prophet threatens all ſtrong Places, and more eſpecially of *Judæa*, which God will make an *Edom*, or *red*, or *bloody Country*.

5. Though *Beaſts* were firſt *created* in time, yet becauſe *Man* was firſt and chiefly deſigned, and they only in order to him, the right of *Primogeniture* belongs to him; and therefore all Beaſts at firſt obeyed and feared him. We need not be angry, or aſhamed to have them called our *Brethren*; for they are literally ſo, having the ſame *Creator* or *Father*; and the *Scripture* gives us a much worſe *kindred*; *I have ſaid to Corruption, thou art my Father; and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Siſter*, Job 17. v. 14.

3.

And all the hoſt of heaven ſhall be diſſolved * *and the heavens ſhall be rolled together as a ſcroll, and all their hoſt ſhall fall down as the leaf falleth from the Vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree.* * Et complicabuntur ſicut Liber cœli, &c. D. *Thomas Hug.* and divers others interpret this to be an *Hyperbolical* expreſſion of the calamities of thoſe times; which ſhall be ſo great that men ſhall think the World at an end, and ſhall be ſo diſtracted, that the Heavens ſhall ſeem to be rolled together, and the Stars to fall. But methinks, it is more naturally taken for a real deſcription of the end of the World, but by way of *Similitude*, to illuſtrate the confuſions that are foretold. *Verſe* 4.

1. The vulgar opinion, and that of *Ariſtotle*, and moſt *Philoſophers*, has always been that the Heavens are *Immutable*, and *Incorruptible*, nay even, *Immaterial*; in which, though experience it ſelf of viſible *Mutations* in them (as the production and extinction two years after of the *new Star* in *Caſſiopæa*, 1572.) might ſufficiently by natural reaſon convince them, yet ſome men are ſo given up even to the moſt *reprobate ſenſe* of *Ariſtotle*, that not ſo much as the *Divine Authority* can draw them from it; as in this point *Suarez*, and many others, are ſo far from the opinion of the *Heavens* being now *corruptible* and *mutable*, that they will allow them to be changed only *accidentally* (as they call it) and not *ſubſtantially* at the laſt day. Of which *Maldon.* upon S. *Matth* ſays well, That he had rather believe *Chriſt* who affirms it, than *Ariſtotle* who denies it.

2. The *Stars* may well be termed *Characters* or *Letters*, where the *Heavens* are called a *Scroul* or *Book*, in which perhaps *Mens fortunes*, *Gods glory is certainly* written; and in this ſenſe the *Pſalmiſt* ſpeaks, *The heavens ſhall declare his righteouſneſs*. *Origen* cites a Book of great authority in his days, called *Narratio Joſeph*, in which *Jacob* ſays to his Sons, *Legi in tabulis cœli quæcunq; contingent vobis & filiis veſtris.*

3. The Text is, rolled up like a *Scroul*, or rather Book; for the ancient Books were not like ours, divided into leaves; but made of ſheets, of skins, or parchment, and rolled upon a *Cylinder*, after the faſhion of our *Maps*. So that when they had read them, they

rolled them up again, as God will the *Heavens*, when he has done with them. But I thought that this comparison of *Parchment* that ſhrivels up in the fire does more repreſent the violence of their deſtruction, which is to be by burning.

4. He ſupplies now the *Moon* and *Stars* that ſhine by reflexion from him, but then ſhall want light for himſelf. *In thoſe days the Sun ſhall be darkened, and the Moon ſhall not give her light*, Mat. 24. Where I take *Her* to have an *Emphaſis*; even *her own little Light*: for I believe the *Moon* and *Stars* not to be totally opaque and dark bodies.

Truly, is *Emphatical*; for according to the Fables, whenſoever he ſets, he deſcends into the Sea, but now he really does ſo; that is, he will be mingled with the *Sea* and *Earth*, and all other things that muſt then be diſſolved: And the Heathens had both this opinion of the end of the World, and fell almoſt into the ſame expreſſions. As *Lucan.*

Miſtis Sidera ſideribus concurrent, Ignea pontum
Aſtra petent ———

St. *Mathew* and *Mark*, *And the Stars of Heaven ſhall fall*; and here, *Their hoſt ſhall fall down*, &c. Sen ad Marc. *Sidera ſideribus incurrent, & omni flagrante materiâ, uno igne, quicquid nunc ex diſpoſito lucet, ardebit.* And one might caſt up a pedantical heap of authorities to the ſame purpoſe.

5. It is, I hope, needleſs to admoniſh any tolerable *Reader*, that it was not negligence or ignorance of *Number*, that produced this *Stumbling Verſe*, no more than the other before, *And truly then headlong into the Sea deſcend.* And ſeveral others in my Book of the like kind.

6. That of the *Wind* is added to the Text here, but taken out of another juſt like it in the *Revelations*, Chap 6. v. 13. *And the Stars of Heaven fell unto the Earth, even as a Fig-tree caſteth her untimely Figs when ſhe is ſhaken of a mighty Wind.* And there follows too the ſimilitude of the *Scroll.*

4.

1. Verſe 11. *And he ſhall ſtretch out upon it the Line of confuſion, and the ſtones of Emptineſs.* The Latine very differently, *Et extendetur ſuper eam menſura, ut redigatur ad nihil, & perpendiculum in deſolationem.* The *Metaphor* is, that as a *Carpenter* draws a *Line* to mark exactly the ſpace that he is to *build*, ſo *God* does here, to mark that which he is to *deſtroy*.

Our *Tranſlation* follows *Vatabl. Extendet ſuper eam regulam inanitatis, & lapides vacuitatis.* Which *ſtones* of *Emptineſs* may have two interpretations, either making the *Stones*, *Termini*, that is *Bound-ſtones* of *Deſolation*, as if he ſhould ſay, This is the Land of *Deſolation*, and I have ſet theſe *bounds* and *limits* to circumſcribe it. Or elſe he ſays, the *Stones* of *Emptineſs*, as an effect of *Deſolation*; for when a ground is uncultivated and abandoned, it grows *ſtony*. According to the vulgar Latine Tranſlation it is very like another Text of *Iſaiah*, Chap. 28. v. 17. *Judgment alſo will I lay to the Line, and righteouſneſs to the Plummet.* Which is no more in plain language, than, I will be exact in *Judgment* & *Righteouſneſs*. There is a much harder Text with the ſame *Metaphor* in 2 *Sam.* Chap. 8. Verſe 2. *And he ſmote Moab, and meaſured them with a Line, caſting them down to the ground, even with two Lines meaſured he to put to death, and with one full Line to keep alive; And ſo the Moabites became Davids Servants, and brought gifts.* Which ſome interpret, that he put two parts of them to the Sword, and ſaved the third, who became his Servants. And that he did this, not by a juſt account, or polling of them (for the number was too great) but by meaſuring out the Land into three parts, and deſtroying two of them, 2 Kings 21. 13. *I will ſtretch over Jeruſalem the Line of Samaria, and the Plummet of the Houſe of Ahab, and I will wipe Jeruſalem as a man wipeth a diſh, wiping and turning it upſide down.* The Latine, *Pondus domus Achab*: and inſtead of a diſh, uſes a more noble *Metaphor* of a *Table-book*. *Deleto Jeruſalem ſicut deleri ſolent Tabulæ, & delens vertam, & ducam crebrius ſtilum ſuper faciem ejus.*

5.

1. Verſe 11. *The Cormorant and the Bittern ſhall poſſeſs it, the Owl and the Raven ſhall dwell in it.* V. 15. *And thorns ſhall come up in her Palaces, and Brambles in the Fortreſſes thereof; and it ſhall be an habitation for Dragons, and a Court for Owls.*

Et poſſidebunt illam Onocrotalus & Ericius, Ibis & Corvus habitabunt in eâ. *V.* 13 Et orientur in domibus ejus ſpinæ & urticæ, & paliurus in munitionibus ejus, & erit cubile Draconum & paſcua Struthionum. The *Cormorant* is called *Onocrotalus*, from Ὄνος an *Aſs*, and κρόταλος, Noiſe: becauſe it makes a noiſe like the braying of an Aſs I know not whether we are in the right, who tranſlate it a *Bittern*; or the Latine, which calls it *Ericius*, an *Hedg-hog*. *Ericius* among the Claſſick Authors, ſignifies an Inſtrument of War, made with Iron Pikes, like Paliſſadoes ſticking out of it. Some think a *Perculis*, from the ſimilitude of which, *Echinus* was in the time of corrupted Latine, called *Ericius*. *Ibis* is a Bird like a Stork moſt known in *Egypt*, and worſhipt there, becauſe it kills multitudes of *Serpents* which would elſe infeſt the Country. We erroneouſly tranſlate it *Owl*, for mention of *Owls* is made afterwards. I do not uſe the ſame names of Beaſts and Birds exactly which the Prophet does: nor is that material; for the meaning only is, that the Land ſhall be poſſeſt by *Beaſts* inſtead of *Men.*

2. Of

2. Of *Birds* from which the Ancients took *Auguries:* Some were called *Oſcines* from whoſe voices they drew their Divinations, and other *Præpetes*, from their manner of *flight*, Crows, Swallows, Kites, Owls, and ſuch like, were counted inauſpicious Birds; and others (as Vultures) in ſome caſes portended good, and in others evil.

3 Though the *Lyra* might call any *Beaſt Brother*, yet it may more properly the *Leopard*; for the *Leopard* is begot of a *Lyoneſs*, and a he-*Panther*, which is called *Pardus*.

6.

Verſe 14. *The wild beaſts of the Deſart ſhall alſo meet with the wild beaſts of the Iſlands, and the Satyre ſhall cry to his fellow, the Skrich Owl ſhall alſo reſt there, and find for her ſelf a place of reſt* V. 15 *There ſhall the great Owl make her neſt, and lay and hatch, and gather under her ſhadow; There ſhall the Vultures alſo be gathered every one with her Mate. V.* 14. Et occurrent Dæmonia Onocentauris, & Piloſus clamabit alter ad alterum; Ibi cubavit *Lamia*, & invenit ſibi requiem. V 15 Ibi habuit foveam *Ericius*, & enutrivit catulos, & circumfodit, & fovit in umbrâ ejus; illuc congregati ſunt Milvi, alter ad alterum.

Here is a great difference between the two *Tranſlations*; and it appears, methinks, that none perfectly underſtood the *Hebrew*, neither in this nor many other places. From whence they give the fabulous *Greek* names as thoſe of *Satyrs*, *Lamiæ*, *Onocentaurs*, *Unicorns*, *Dragons*, *Orion*, *Pleiades*, and the like, to ſeveral *Hebrew* words, whoſe true ſignification was loſt; which is no wonder, for even in the *Greek* and *Latine* we have much ado to tranſlate all the names of Birds, Beaſts, Fiſhes, and Herbs, *&c.* and I am afraid we are often miſtaken in them. So the Septuag. in *Job* 42. v. 14. tranſlate the name of *Jobs* third Daughter *The horn of Amalthæa*, alluding to a *Græcian* fable born long after *Jobs* time. Κέρας Ἀμαλθείας, which the Latine call *Cornu ſtibii* the *horn* of *Antimony*, perhaps becauſe *Antimony* is accounted by ſome the Mother of Metals. We (I know not why) name her *Kerenhappuch*, not according to the ſignification, but the word of the *Hebrew*. It ſeems by the *Greek*, that *Jobs* three Daughters names ſignified *Sweetneſs*, *Light* or *Beauty*, *Plenty* or *Fruitfulneſs*. So in the 15. of *Judith* it is tranſlated; *Nec filii Titan percuſſerunt eum:* when the meaning is, They were not the Sons of *Gyants* that ſlew him, but, *&c. Not great ſtrong men*, but a weak *woman*.

2 The Latine ſays *Milvi:* which Tranſlation is beſt I know not, nor does it import. The *Vultures* from their devouring of dead bodies, were called τάφοι ἔμψυχοι, *Living Tombs*. They are ſaid to aſſemble themſelves together by a natural *Divinatory Inſtinct* in the places where any great ſlaughters are to be made; which *Tradition* ariſes, becauſe they uſe to follow *Armies*; not as foreſeeing the day of Battel, but becauſe even in the marches of Armies there are always a great many men, horſes, and other beaſts, that fall here and there by the way. *Job* has the like deſcription of the *Eagle*, Chap 39. verſ. 30. *And where the ſlain are, there is ſhe.*

3 The *Engliſh* mentions only *Satyrs*, the *Latine* beſides that (for *Piloſi* are the ſame) *Dæmonia*, and *Lamiæ*, *Hobgoblings*. The Hebrew is ſaid to ſignifie *Nocturnum ſpectrum*, An appearance of ſomething in the Night. From whence the Chald. tranſl. it, An *Owl*, the Engliſh a *Skrich Owl*. Whether there be any ſuch Creatures in Nature as *Satyrs*, &c. I will not determine. S. *Antony* ſeeking S. *Paul* the *Hermite* is reported by *Athanaſius* to have met with a *Monſter* half *Man*, and half *Beaſt*, which he drove away with the ſign of the *Croſs*, and S. *Hierom* in the life of the *Hermite*, ſays that ſuch a kind of *Monſter* was in his time brought to *Alexandria*. *Pliny* teſtifies, that he himſelf ſaw an *Hippocentaur*, the body of which was preſerved in honey, and brought to *Claud. Cæſar*; but I am ſorry he does not deſcribe the form of it, *Lib.* 7. *Cap.* 3.

The Plagues of Egypt.

1.

IS this thy *Brav'ery Man*, is this thy *Pride!*
Rebel to *God*, and *Slave* to all beſide!
Captiv'ed by every thing! and only *Free*
To fly from thine *own Libertie?*
All *Creatures* the *Creator* ſaid *were thine*;
No *Creature* but might ſince, ſay, *Man is Mine.*
In black *Egyptian Slavery* we ly;
And ſweat and toil in the vile Drudgery
Of *Tyrant Sin*;
To which we *Trophees* raiſe, and wear out all our Breath,
In building up the *Monuments* of *Death*;
We, the *choice Race*, to *God* and *Angels Kin!*
In vain the *Prophets* and *Apoſtles* come
To call us home,
Home to the promis'd *Canaan* above,
Which does with nouriſhing *Milk*, and pleaſant *Honey* flow;
And ev'en i'th'way to which we ſhould be fed
With *Angels taſteful Bread:*
But, we, alas, the *Fleſh-pots* love,
We love the very *Leeks* and ſordid *roots* below.

2.

In vain we *Judgments* feel and *Wonders* ſee;
In vain did *God* to deſcend hither dain,
He was his *own Ambaſſador* in vain,
Our *Moſes* and our *Guide* himſelf to be.
We will not let *our ſelves* to go,
And with worſe hardned hearts do our *own Pharaohs* grow;
Ah, leſt at laſt we periſh ſo!
Think, ſtubborn Man, think of th' *Egyptian Prince*,
(Hard of *Belief* and *Will*, but not ſo hard as Thou)
Think with what dreadful proofs *God* did convince
The feeble arguments that humane pow'er could ſhow;
Think what Plagues attend on Thee,
Who *Moſes God* doſt now refuſe, more oft than *Moſes He.*

3.

If from ſome *God* you come (ſaid the proud *King*)
1 With half a ſmile and half a Frown;
2 (But what *God* can to *Egypt* be unknown?)
3 What *Sign*, what *Powers*, what *Credence* do you bring?
Behold his *Seal*, behold his *Hand*,
Cryes *Moſes*, and caſts down th' *Almighty Wand.*

Th'

4 Th' *Almighty Wand* ſcarce toucht the Earth,
When with an undiſcerned birth
Th' Almighty Wand a *Serpent* grew
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew.
Upwards his threatning *Tail* he threw;
Upwards he caſt his threatning *Head*,
He gap'd and hiſt aloud;
With flaming Eyes ſurvey'd the trembling croud,
And like a *Baſilisk* almoſt *lookt* the Aſſembly dead;
5 Swift fled th' *Amazed King*, the *Guards before* him fled.

4.

1 *Jannes* and *Jambres* ſtopt their flight,
And with proud words allay'd th'affright.
The *God* of Slaves (ſaid they) how can he be
More powerful than their *Maſters Deitie?*
And down they caſt their *Rods*,
2 And mutter'd ſecret ſounds that charm the *ſervile Gods*.
The evil Spirits their charms obey,
And in a ſubtle cloud they ſnatch the *Rods* away,
3 And *Serpents* in their place the airy *Juglers* lay.
Serpents in *Egypts* monſtrous land,
Were ready ſtill at hand,
And all at the *Old Serpents* firſt command.
And they too gap'd, and they too hiſt,
And they their threatning Tails did twiſt,
But ſtraight on both the *Hebrew-Serpent* flew;
Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it ſlew,
And both almoſt at once devour'd,
So much was over-power'd
By *Gods* miraculous *Creation*
His *Servant Natures* ſlightly wrought, and feeble *Generation*.

5.

1 On the fam'd bank the *Prophets* ſtood,
Toucht with their *Rod*, and *wounded* all the *Flood*;
Flood now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*.
The helpleſs *Fiſh* were found
In their ſtrange *Current* drown'd,
The Herbs and Trees waſht by the *mortal Tide*
About it *bluſht* and *dy'd*,
Th'amazed *Crocodiles* made haſte to ground;
From their vaſt trunks the dropping gore they ſpied,
Thought it their *Own*, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
2 Nor all thy *Prieſts*, nor *Thou*
Oh *King*, couldſt ever ſhow
From whence thy wandring *Nile* begins his courſe;
Of this *new Nile* thou ſeeſt the ſacred *Sourſe*;
And as thy Land *that* does oreflow,
Take heed leſt *this* do ſo.

What

3 What *Plague* more juſt could on thy *Waters* fall?
The *Hebrew Infants Murder* ſtains them all.
The kind, *inſtructing Puniſhment* enjoy;
Whom the *Red-River* cannot *Mend*, the *Red-Sea* ſhall *Deſtroy*.

6.

The *River* yet gave one *Inſtruction* more,
1 And from the rotting Fiſh and unconcocted Gore,
Which was but *Water* juſt before,
A loathſome *Hoſt* was quickly made,
That ſcal'd the *Banks*, and with loud noiſe did all the *Country* (invade.
As *Nilus* when he quits his ſacred *Bed*
2 (But like a *Friend* he viſits all the Land
With welcome *preſents* in his hand)
So did this *Living Tide* the Fields oreſpread.
In vain th'alarmed Country tries
To kill their noiſome Enemies,
From th'unexhauſted *Source* ſtill new *Recruits* ariſe.
Nor does the *Earth* theſe greedy *Troops* ſuffice,
The *Towns* and *Houſes* they poſſeſs,
The *Temples* and the *Palaces*,
Nor *Pharaoh*, nor his *Gods* they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unſatiate yet they mount up higher,
Where never *Sun-born Frog* durſt to aſpire;
And in the ſilken *Beds* their ſlimy Members place;
A *Luxurie* unknown before to all the *Watry Race*.

7.

The *Water* thus her *Wonders* did produce;
But both were to no uſe.
As yet the *Sorcerers mimick power* ſerv'ed for excuſe.
Try what the *Earth* will do (ſaid God) and Lo!
They ſtroke the *Earth* a *fertile* blow.
And all the *Duſt* did ſtraight to ſtir begin;
One would have thought ſome ſudden *Wind* 't had bin;
But, Lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within!
And all the little *Springs* did move,
1 And every *Duſt* did an arm'd *Vermine* prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the *Magick-Gods* could neither *make* or *find*.
The wretched ſhameful *Foe* allow'd no reſt
Either to Man or Beaſt.
Not *Pharaoh* from th'unquiet Plague could be,
With all his change of Rayments free;
The *Devils* themſelves confeſt
This was *Gods Hand*; and 'twas but juſt
To puniſh thus mans pride, to puniſh *Duſt* with *Duſt*.

Lo,

8.

Lo the *third Element* does his Plagues prepare,
And ſwarming Clouds of *Inſects* fill the Air.
With ſullen noiſe they take their flight,
And march in *Bodies* infinite;
In vain 'tis *Day above*, 'tis ſtill *beneath* them *Night*.
1 Of harmful *Flies* the *Nations* numberleſs,
Compos'd this mighty *Armies* ſpacious boaſt;
Of different *Manners* different *Languages*;
And different *Habits* too they wore,
And different *Arms* they bore.
And ſome, like *Scythians*, liv'd on *Blood*,
And ſome on *Green*, and ſome on *Flowry Food*,
2 And *Accaron*, the *Airy Prince*, led on this *various Hoſt*.
Houſes ſecure not Men, the populous ill
Did all the Houſes fill.
The Country, all around,
3 Did with the cryes of tortured *Cattel* ſound;
About the fields enrag'd they flew,
And wiſht the *Plague* that was t'enſue.

9.

1 From *poyſonous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came
(The mingled *Malice* of their Flame)
A skilful *Angel* did th'Ingredients take,
And with juſt hands the ſad *Compoſure* make,
And over all the Land did the full *vial* ſhake.
Thirſt, Giddineſs, Faintneſs, and putrid Heats,
And *pining Pains*, and *Shivering Sweats*,
On all the Cattle, all the Beaſts did fall;
With *deform'd Death* the Country's covered all.
The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow*;
The crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led
Sink, and prevent the *lifted Blow*.
The generous *Horſe* from the *full Manger* turns his Head;
Does his lov'd Floods and Paſtures ſcorn,
Hates the ſhrill Trumpet and the Horn,
Nor can his lifeleſs Noſtril pleaſe,
With the once-raviſhing ſmell of all his dappled *Miſtreſſes*.
The ſtarving *Sheep* refuſe to feed,
They bleat their innocent Souls out into air;
The faithful *Dogs* lie gaſping by them there;
Th'aſtoniſht *Shepherd* weeps, and breaks his tuneful *Reed*.

10.

Thus did the *Beaſts* for *Mans Rebellion* die,
God did on *Man* a Gentler *Medicine* try,
And a *Diſeaſe* for *Phyſick* did apply.
Warm aſhes from the Furnace *Moſes* took;
The *Sorcerers* did with wonder on him look;

And

And ſmil'd at th'unaccuſtom'ed *Spell*
1 Which no *Egyptian Rituals* tell.
He flings the *pregnant Aſhes* through the *Air*,
And ſpeaks a mighty Pray'er,
Both which the *Miniſtring Winds* around all *Egypt* bear.
As gentle weſtern Blaſts with downy wings
Hatching the tender *Springs*
To the'unborn *Buds* with vital whiſpers ſay,
Ye *living Buds* why do ye ſtay?
The paſſionate *Buds* break through the *Bark* their way:
So whereſoere this *tainted Wind* but blew,
Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers* grew,
It from the body call'ed all *ſleeping Poyſons* out,
And to them added new;
2 A noyſome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as *Leaves* did ſprout.

II.

Heaven it ſelf is angry next;
Wo to *Man*, when *Heaven* is vext.
With ſullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd firſt in an imperfect ſound.
Till *Moſes* lifting up his *hand*,
Waves the expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,
And all the full-charg'ed *clouds* in ranged *Squadrons* move,
And fill the ſpacious *Plains* above.
Through which the rowling *Thunder* firſt does play,
And opens wide the *Tempeſts* noiſie way.
And ſtraight a *ſtony ſhower*
Of monſtrous *Hail* does downwards pour,
Such as ne're *Winter* yet brought forth
From all her ſtormy *Magazins* of the *North*.
It all the *Beaſts* and *Men* abroad did ſlay,
1 O're the defaced corps, like *Monuments*, lay,
The Houſes and ſtrong-body'd Trees it broke,
Nor askt aid from the *Thunders* ſtroke,
The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew,
The *Hail* alone the work could do.
The diſmal *Lightnings* all around,
Some flying through the *Air*, ſome running on the *ground*,
Some ſwimming o're the *waters* face,
Fill'd with *bright Horror* every place.
One would have thought their *dreadful Day* to have ſeen,
The very *Hail*, and *Rain* it ſelf had *kindled* been.

12.

1 The Infant *Corn*, which yet did ſcarce appear,
Eſcap'd this general *Maſſacre*
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-ſtored *Egyptian year*

Began

Began to cloath her Fields and Trees anew.
2 When, Lo! a *ſcorching wind* from the burnt Countries blew,
And endleſs *Legions* with it drew
3 Of greedy *Locuſts*, who where e're
With ſounding wings they flew,
Left all the Earth depopulate and bare,
As if *Winter* it ſelf had marcht by there.
What e're the *Sun* and *Nile*
Gave with large Bounty to the thankful ſoil,
The wretched *Pillagers* bore away,
And the whole *Summer* was their Prey,
Till *Moſes* with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent Weſtern wind,
Which all theſe *living clouds* did headlong bear
(No *Stragglers* left behind)
4 Into the *purple Sea*, and there beſtow
On the luxurious *Fiſh* a Feaſt they ner'e did know.
With *untaught joy Pharaoh* the News does hear,
And little thinks *their Fate* attends on *Him*, and *His* ſo near.

13.

What *blindneſs* or what *Darkneſs* did there e're
Like this *undocil King's* appear?
What e're but that which now does repreſent
And paint the *Crime* out in the *Puniſhment?*
1 From the deep, baleful Caves of *Hell* below,
Where the old *Mother Night* does grow,
Subſtantial Night, that does diſclaime,
Privation's empty Name,
Through ſecret Conduits monſtrous *ſhapes* aroſe,
Such as the *Suns* whole force could not oppoſe,
They with a *Solid Cloud*
All Heavens *Eclipſed Face* did ſhrowd.
Seem'd with large *Wings* ſpread o're the Sea and Earth
To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed birth.
2 And every *Lamp*, and every *Fire*
Did at the dreadful ſight *wink* and *expire*,
To th' *Empyræan Source* all *ſtreams* of *Light* ſeem'd to retire.
The *living Men* were in their *Standing*-houſes *buried*;
But the *long Night* no *ſlumber* knows,
But the *ſhort Death* finds no *repoſe*.
Ten thouſand terrors through the darkneſs fled,
And *Ghoſts* complain'd, and *Spirits* murmured.
And *Fancies* multiplying ſight
View'd all the *Scenes Inviſible* of *Night*.

14.

Of *Gods* dreadful anger theſe
Were but the firſt light *Skirmiſhes*;

The *Shock* and bloody *battel* now begins,
The plenteous *Harveſt* of full-ripened Sins.
1 It was the time, when the ſtill *Moon*
Was mounted ſoftly to her *Noon*,
And dewy *ſleep*, which from *Nights* ſecret *ſprings* aroſe,
Gently as *Nile* the land o'reflows,
2 When (Lo!) from the high Countries of *refined Day*,
The *Golden Heaven* without *allay*,
Whoſe *droſs* in the *Creation* purg'd away,
Made up the *Suns* adulterate ray,
3 *Michael*, the warlike *Prince*, does downwards fly
Swift as the journies of the Sight,
Swift as the race of Light,
And with his *Winged Will* cuts through the yielding sky.
He paſt through many a Star, and as he paſt,
Shone (like a *ſtar* in them) more brightly there,
Than *they* did in their *Sphere*.
On a tall *Pyramids* pointed Head he ſtopt at laſt,
And a mild look of ſacred *Pity* caſt
Down on the ſinful Land where he was ſent,
T' inflict the *tardy Puniſhment*;
Ah! yet (ſaid He) yet ſtubborn King repent;
Whilſt thus unarm'd I ſtand,
Ere the keen *Sword* of God fill my commanded *Hand*;
Suffer but yet *Thy ſelf*, and *Thine* to live;
Who would, alas! believe
That it for *Man* (ſaid He)
So hard to be forgiven ſhould be,
And yet for *God* ſo eaſie to *Forgive!*

15.

He ſpoke, and downwards flew,
And ore his ſhining *Form* a well-cut *cloud* he threw
Made of the blackeſt *Fleece* of Night,
And cloſe-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,
Yet wrought ſo *fine* it hindred not his *Flight*,
But through the Key-holes and the chinks of dores,
And through the narrow'eſt *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,
He paſt more ſwift and free,
Than in wide air the wanton *Swallows* flee.
1 He took a *pointed Peſtilence* in his hand,
The *Spirits* of thouſand mortal poyſons made
The ſtrongly temper'd *Blade*,
The ſharpeſt *Sword* that e're was laid
Up in the *Magazins* of God to ſcourge a wicked Land.
Through *Egypts* wicked Land his march he took.
2 And as he marcht the *ſacred Firſt-born* ſtrook
Of every womb; none did he ſpare;
3 None from the meaneſt *Beaſt* to *Cenchres purple Heire*.

The

16.

The ſwift approach of endleſs *Night*,
Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers* rowling Eyes;
They 'awake the reſt with dying cries,
And darkneſs doubles the affright.
The mixed ſounds of *ſcatter'd Deaths* they hear,
And loſe their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear*.
Louder than all the ſhrieking *Womens* voice
Pierces this *Chaos* of confuſed noiſe.
As brighter *Lightning* cuts a way
Clear, and diſtinguiſht through the *Day*.
1 With leſs complaints the *Zoan Temples* ſound,
2 When the adored *Heifer*'s drown'd,
And no true markt *Succeſſor* to be found.
Whilſt *Health* and *Strength*, and *Gladneſs* does poſſeſs
The feſtal *Hebrew Cottages*;
The bleſt *Deſtroyer* comes not there
To interrupt the ſacred chear
3 That new begins their well-reformed *Year*.
Upon their doors he read and underſtood,
Gods Protection writ in Blood;
Well was he skill'd i'th' *Character Divine*;
And though he paſt by it in haſte,
He bowed and worſhipt as he paſt,
The mighty *Myſtery* through its *humble Sign*.

17.

The *Sword* ſtrikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play;
No Diligence or coſt they ſpare
To haſte the *Hebrews* now away,
Pharaoh himſelf chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is *Fear!*
But, oh, the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we ow,
Is but like *Fire* ſtruck out of *ſtone*,
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it ſcarce out-lives the *Blow*.
Sorrow and fear ſoon quit the *Tyrants* breſt;
Rage and *Revenge* their place poſſeſt.
With a vaſt Hoſt of *Chariots* and of *Horſe*,
And all his powerful Kingdoms ready force
The *travelling Nation* he purſues;
Ten times o'recome, he ſtill th'unequal war renewes.
Fill'd with proud hopes, At leaſt (ſaid he)
Th' *Egyptian Gods* from *Syrian Magick* free
Will now revenge *Themſelves* and *Me*;
Behold what paſsleſs Rocks on either hand
Like *Priſon* walls about them ſtand!
Whilſt the *Sea* bounds their Flight before,

And in our injur'd *juſtice* they muſt find
A far worſe ſtop than *Rocks* and *Seas* behind.
Which ſhall with crimſon gore
New paint the *Waters Name*, and *double dye* the *ſhore*.

18.

He ſpoke; and all his Hoſt
Approv'd with ſhouts th' *unhappy boaſt*,
A bidden *wind* bore his vain *words* away,
And drown'd them in the neighb'ring Sea.
No means t'eſcape the faithleſs *Travellers* ſpie,
And with degenerous fear to die,
Curſe their new-gotten *Libertie*.
But the great *Guide* well knew he led them right,
And ſaw a *Path* hid yet from humane ſight.
He ſtrikes the raging waves, the waves on either ſide
Unlooſe their cloſe *Embraces*, and divide;
And backwards preſs, as in ſome ſolemn ſhow
The crowding *People* do
(Though juſt before no ſpace was ſeen)
To let th' admired *Triumph* paſs between.
The *wondring Army* ſaw on either hand
The no leſs *wondering Waves*, like *Rocks* of *Cryſtal* ſtand.
They march betwixt and boldly trod
The *ſecret paths* of God.
And here and there all ſcatter'd in their way
The Seas old ſpoils, and gaping *Fiſhes* lay
Deſerted on the ſandy plain,
The *Sun* did with aſtoniſhment behold
The inmoſt *Chambers* of the opened *Main*,
For whatſoere of old
By his *own Prieſts* the *Poets* has been ſaid,
He never ſunk till then into the *Oceans Bed*.

19.

Led chearfully by a bright *Captain Flame*,
To th'other ſhore at Morning Dawn they came,
And ſaw behind th'unguided Foe
March diſorderly and ſlow.
The *Prophet* ſtraight from th' *Idumean* ſtrand
Shakes his *Imperious Wand*.
The upper waves, that higheſt crowded lie,
The beckning *Wand* eſpie.
Straight their firſt right-hand *files* begin to move,
And with a murmuring wind
Give the word *March* to all behind,
The left-hand *Squadrons* no leſs ready prove,
But with a joyful louder noiſe
Anſwer their diſtant fellows voice
And haſte to meet them make,

As

As ſeveral *Troops* do all at once a common *Signal* take.
What tongue th'amazement and th'affright can tell
Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,
When on both ſides they ſaw the roaring Main
Broke looſe from his *Inviſible Chain?*
They ſaw the *monſtrous Death* and *watry War*
Come rowling down loud Ruine from afar.
In vain ſome backward, and ſome forwards fly
With helpleſs haſte; in vain they cry
To their *Cœleſtial Beaſts* for aid;
In vain their guilty *King* they 'upbraid,
In vain on *Moſes he*, and *Moſes God* does call,
With a *Repentance true too late*;
They're compaſt round with a *devouring Fate*
That draws, like a ſtrong *Net*, the mighty *Sea* upon them all.

NOTES.

3.

1. Like that of *Virgil*,

Subridens miſtâ Mezentius irâ.

And *Mezentius* was like *Pharaoh* in his contempt of the Deity, *Contemptorq; Deûm Mezentius.* Exod. 5. 2. *And* (*Pharaoh*) *anſwered Who is the Lord, that I ſhould hear his voice, and let Iſrael go? I know not the Lord, nither will I let Iſrael go.*

2. For no Nation under the Sun worſhipt ſo many Gods as *Egypt*; ſo that probably *Pharaoh* would have known the name of any God but the true one, *Jehovah.*

3. That *Pharaoh* askt a ſign, appears by *Exod.* 7. 9. *And when Pharaoh ſhall ſay to you Shew me a ſign, &c.*

4. *Almighty*, as it was the *Inſtrument* of the *Almighty* in doing Wonders; for which it is called the *Rod* of the *Lord*, as well as of *Moſes* and *Aaron*; and in this ſence *Fortune* is rightly called by *Virgil Omnipotens.*

5. We may well ſuppoſe that the *King* and his *Guards* fled for fear at the ſight, ſince *Moſes* himſelf did ſo at firſt, *Exod.* 4. 2. *And it was turned into a Serpent, ſo that Moſes fled from it.*

4.

1. So the *Apoſtle* calls the chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, 2. Tim. 3. 8. but S. *Hierom* tranſlates their names *Johannes* and *Mambres*; and they ſay there is a Tradition in the *Talmud*, that *Juhanni* and *Mamre*, chief of *Pharaohs Magicians*, ſaid to *Moſes*, Thou bringeſt ſtraw into *Æphraim*, which was where abundance of Corn grew; as if they ſhould have ſaid, to bring your Magical Arts hither, is to as much purpoſe, as to bring water to *Nilus*. *Jannes* was famous even among Heathen Authors. *Plin. lib.* 3. *c.* 1. *Eſt & alia Magices factio, à Moſe, & Janne & Jotape Judæis pendens.* And *Numenius* the *Pythagorean* names him in *Euſeb. l.* 9. *Præparat. Evang.* They here are called by ſeveral names, in ſeveral Tranſlations, by the Septuag. Φάρμακοι, *Venefici*, *Poiſoners*, and Ἐπαοιδοὶ, *Incantatores*, *Inchanters*; by *Sulpitius Severus*, *Chaldæans*, that is, *Aſtrologers*; by others, *Sapientes & Malefici Wiſemen* (that is, Men eſteemed ſo among the *Egyptians*) *Philoſophers* and *Witches.*

2. *Fecerunt etiam ipſi per incantationes Ægyptiacas & arcana quædam ſimiliter.* Their Gods may well be called *Servile*, for in all Enchantments we find them *threatned* by the *Conjurers*, and forced whether they will or no, by the power of Spells, to do what they are commanded. *Tireſias* in the 4. *Theb.* becauſe they did not obey him at firſt word, ſpeaks to them like a Schoolmaſter with a rod in his hand.

—Et nobis ſævire facultas.
—An Scythicis quoties armata venenis
Colchis aget trepido pallebunt Tartara motu,
Noſtri cura minor? &c.

And *Lucan* ſays of *Erichtho*,

Omne nefas ſuperi primâ jam voce precantis
Concedant, carmenq; timent audire ſecundum.

And

And the *Witches* uſed always ſome obſcure murmurings in their Charms. So of *Erichtho*,

Tum vox Lethæas cunctis pollentior herbis
Excantare Deos, confundit murmura primum
Diſſona, & humanæ multùm diſcordia Linguæ.

3. There are four opinions concerning this action of the *Magicians*; the firſt, that their Rods *appeared Serpents* by an *Illuſion* of the ſight. This was *Joſephus* his opinion; for he ſays, Βακ]ηείαι ὀι δοχοῦσε ἐδόκων; and *Tertullian*, *Hierom*, *Gregory Nyſſen*, are cited for it too. *Sedulius in lib. 4. Carm.*

—— Sed imagine falſâ
Viſibus humanis magicas tribuêre figuras.

This I like not by no means; for if the *appearance* of the *Serpents* was an Illuſion, ſo was the *devouring* of them too by *Moſes* his Serpent. Therefore the ſecond opinion to ſalve this difficulty, ſays, that the Devil for the Magicians, did really on the ſudden make up ſome bodies that looked like *true Serpents*, but were not ſo, and thoſe bodies were *truly devoured* by *Moſes* his *true Serpent*. But it does not fully anſwer the objection; and beſides by this *Deceipt*, they might as well have imitated the other miracles. The third is *Thom. Aquinas*, and *Cajetans*, and *Delrios*, and divers others, That they were *true Serpents*, not *Created* in an inſtant by the *Devil* (for that is granted by all to exceed his power) but *Generated* in a moment of Time by application of all things required to the generation of *Serpents*, which is *Spontaneous* ſometimes. The fourth is of *Pererius*, *Abulenſis*, and many more, that the Devil ſnatcht away the *Rods*, and had *true Serpents* there in readineſs to put in their place, and this agrees bettter with the ſwiftneſs of the action, for which, and ſome other reaſons, I follow it.

5.

1. The Bank of *Nilus*, which is incomparably the moſt famous *River* in the World, whether we conſider the greatneſs and length of it (for it runs about 900 German miles) or the things that it produces, or the miraculous flowing and ebbing of it. It is therefore called abſolutely in the Scripture *Machal Miſraim*, *The River of Egypt*. From whence the word *Nile* is not unnaturally derived *Nahal*, *Naal*, *Neel*, *Neil*; as *Bahal*, *Baal*, *Beel*, *Bel*, Βῆλος: and *Pompon. Mela* reports *l.* 3. *c.* 10. That the Fountain of *Nilus* is called *Nachul* by the *Ethiopians*. Now whereas God ſays to *Moſes*, *Go to Pharaoh in the morning, when he ſhall go forth to the Water*: I believe, as the *Perſians* worſhipt every morning the riſing *Sun*, ſo the *Egyptians* did *Nile*; and that this going forth of the *King* to the *River*, was a conſtant act of *Devotion*, *Theodoret*. μέγα ἐφρόνουν δὴ τὸν ποταμὸν καὶ θεὸν τοῦτον ἐνόμιζον. Nay I doubt whether *Oſyris* (their great Deity) be not worſhipped for *Nilus*, *Seld. de Diis Syris*.

2. The Fountain of *Nilus* is now known to be in the mountains called *Lunæ montes*, and one of the Titles of *Preſter John* is, *King of Goyome, where Nile begins*; but the Ancients were totally ighorant of it, inſomuch that this was reckoned among the famous proprieties of *Nilus*, that it concealed its Spring, *Fontium qui celat origines*; of which ſee *Lucan* in the 10. Book; where, among other things, he ſays moſt admirably of *Nilus*.

—— Ubicunq; videris,
Quæris, & nulli contingit gloria genti
Ut Nilo ſit lata ſuo.

3. *Theodoret* upon *Exodus*, ſays thus of this change of *Nilus*, μεταβληθεὶς εἰς τὸ αἷμα τὴν χρωμένης καταφορᾷ παιδοκτονίας. Being changed into *Blood*, it accuſed the Egyptians of the *Infants Murder*; and the Book of *Wiſdom* in Chap. 11. makes the ſame obſervation.

6.

1. *Computruit fluvius*; and before the Septuag. ἀποζώσει ὁ ποταμὸς, where the vulgar Edition ſays, *Computreſcunt aquæ*; that is, *fervebit, vel efferveſcet fluvius*, relating perhaps to *Blood*, which when it corrupts, *boils* and burns as it were in the Veins: when the Water had been corrupted in this manner, it is no wonder if it produced a great number of *Frogs*; but the Wonder conſiſts in that the number was ſo infinite in that it was ſo ſuddenly produced upon the action of *Aaron*, and that contrary to their nature, they came to moleſt the *Egyptians* in their very Houſes. The like judgment with this we find in profane Hiſtories, and to be attributed to the ſame hand of God, though the *Rod* was *inviſible*. *Athenæus* in his 8. Book, *Ch.* 2. reports, that in *Pæonia* and *Dardanium* (now called *Bulgary*) there rained down ſo many *Frogs* from Heaven (that is perhaps they were ſuddenly produced after great ſhowers) that they filled all the publick ways, and even private Houſes, that their domeſtical furniture was covered with them, that they found them in the very Pots where they boiled their meat; and that what with the trouble of the *Living*, and the ſmell of the *Dead ones*, they were forced at laſt to forſake their Country. And *Pliny* reports in his 8. *B. Ch.* 29. That a whole *City* in *Gallia* hath been driven away by *Frogs*, and another in *Afrique* by *Locuſts*; and many examples of this kind might be collected.

2. *Sen. l.* 4. *Quæſt. Natur. c.* 11. *Nilus* brings both *Water* and *Earth* too to the thirſty and ſandy ſoil; for flowing thick and troubled, he leaves all his Lees, as it were, in the clefts of the parched ground, and covers the dry places with the fatneſs which he brought with him, ſo that he does good to the Country two ways, both by *overflowing* and by *manuring*.

So

So that *Herod* calls it Ἐργαλικὸν. The *Husbandman* Tibul. *Te propter nullos* Tellus *tua poſtulat imbres, Arida nec pluvio ſupplicat herba Jovi*; for which reaſon *Lucan* ſays, that *Egypt* hath no need of *Jupiter*,

——Nihil indiga mercis
Aut Jovis, in ſolo tanta eſt fiducia Nilo.

And one in *Athenæus* bolder, yet calls *Nilus* excellently well, Διὸς πῆλε Ζεῦ Νεῖλε, *O Nilus, thou Egyptian Jupiter*: nay, it was termed by the *Egyptians* themſelves, Ἀγλίμιμος τῷ ὠγυγῷ, *The River that emulates and contends with Heaven.*

7.

1. What kind of *Creature* this was, no man can tell certainly. The Sept. tranſlate it both here, and in the *Pſalm.* 105 Ζυΐνας. And ſo *Philo*, and the vulgar Edition retains the word *Sciniphes*, *Ciniphes*, or *Kniphes* ſeem to come from the word, κνίζων, which ſignifies to *prick*, and they were a kind of *Gnat*: and *Pliny* renders them *Culices muliones*, and ſometimes ſimply *Culices*; as likewiſe *Columella*. *Dioſcorid. cap.* 1. 12. terms them, Θηλέα κωνωποειδῆ. And *Heſych.* Κνιὸν ζῶον πτηνὸν, ὅμοιον κώνωπι. So *Iſidor. l.* 12. *Origin.* and *Oroſ.* 7. 8. and ſo *Origen.* Yet *Junius* and *Tremel.* and the *French* and the *Engliſh*, and divers other Tranſlations, render it by *Lice*, and *Lice* too might have *Wings*; for *Diod. Sicul. l.* 3. *c.* 3. ſpeaking of the *Acridophagi*, or eaters of *Locuſts*, ſays, that when they grow old, their bodies breed a kind of *winged Lice*, by which they are devoured. It ſeems to me moſt probable, that it was ſome new kind of Creature, called analogically by an old known name, which is *Pererius* his conjecture, and is approved by *Rivet*: And this I take to be the reaſon why the *Magicians* could not counterfeit this *miracle*, as it was eaſie for them to do thoſe of the *Serpents*, the *Blood*, and the *Frogs*, which were things to be had every where. This I think may paſs for a more probable cauſe than the pleaſant fancy of the *Hebrews*, who ſay, that the *Devils* power is bounded to the producing of no Creature leſs than a *grain of Barley*, or than S. *Auguſtines* allegorical reaſon, and *too poetical* even for *Poetry*, who affirms, that the Magicians failed in the *third Plague*, to ſhew the defect of humane *Philoſophy*, when it comes to the *myſtery* of the *Trinity*; but ſuch pitiful *alluſions* do more hurt than good in *Divinity*.

8.

1. A grievous *Swarm of Flies*——So our *Engliſh Tranſlation*; St. *Hier. Omne genus muſcarum*. All *ſorts of Flies*. The Septuag. Κυνομυῖαν, *Canina Muſca*, a particular kind of *Fly*, called a *Dog-Fly*, from his biting. If it be not to be read Κανομυῖαν, which may ſignifie *Aquila's* Παμμυῖαν. Some tranſlate this place, *A mixture of Beaſts*. The French, *une meſlee de beſtes*. Jun. ad Tremel. *Colluviem*: and it ſhould ſeem that *Joſephus* underſtood it of ſeveral ſorts of *wild Beaſts* that infeſted the Country. For he ſays, Θηρίων παντοίων καὶ πολυβότων: and *Pagninus Omne genus ferarum*; which is not very probable, for the puniſhments yet were rather troubleſom than mortal, and even this puniſhment of infinite numbers of *ſmall Tormentors* is ſo great a one, that God calls them *his Army*, Joel 2. 25. nay his *Great Army, The Locuſt, the Canker-worm, and the Caterpillar, and the Palmer worm, my great Army, which I ſent among you.*

2. *The God of Flies Belzebub*, a Deity worſhipped at *Accaron*, *Jupiter*, ἀπόμυιος, either from bringing or driving away of Swarms of *Flies*, Plin. lib. 10. c 28. Thoſe of *Cyrene* worſhip the *God Achor*, great multitudes of *Flies* cauſing there a Peſtilence, which preſently die upon the ſacrificing to this *God*; where *Achor*, I conceive to be the ſame with *Accaron*, moſt of the Sea-Coaſts of *Afrique*, being ancient Colonies of the *Phœnicians*. *Clemens* reports, that in *Acar* at the Temple of *Æſian Apollo*, they ſacrificed an *Ox* to *Flies*: And *Ælian*, lib. 11. *de Animal. c.* 8. Θύουσι βοῦν τῇ μυίᾳ. Both, as I ſuppoſe, meaning that they ſacrificed the *Ox*, not to the *Flies* themſelves, but to *Apollo* or *Jupiter*, ἀπομύῳ, *Pauſan. l.* 5. Ἥλιος θύεται τῷ Ἀπομύῳ Διΐ, ἐξελαύνοντι τὰ Ἠλείας Ὀλυμπίας τὰς μυίας. The *Eleans* ſacrifice to *Jupiter* (the *Driver away of flies*) for the driving away of Flies, from the Country of *Elea*. The *Romans* called this God not *Jupiter*, but *Hercules Apomyius*, though we read not of the killing of *Flies* among his *Labours*, *Plin. l.* 29. *c.* 6. No living Creature has leſs of underſtanding, or is leſs docile (than *Flies*) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the *Olympique Games*, upon the ſacrificing of an *Ox* to the *God* whom they call *Myiodes*, whole Clouds of them flie out of the Territory. And among the *Trachinians*, we read of *Hercules*, κορνωνίων, the *Driver away of Gnats*, with the *Erythræans* of *Hercules* Ἰποκλόνου, the *Killer of Worms*, that hurt the Vines, and many more Deities of the like honourable imployment are to be found among the Ancients.

3. Many ſorts of *Flies* moleſt the Cattle, none ſo as the *Aſilus* or *Oeſtrum* (the *Gad Fly*) *Virg. Georg.* 3.

Oeſtrum Græci vertêre vocantes,
Aſper, acerba ſonans, quo tota exterrita ſilvis
Diffugiunt armenta——

Wiſht the Plague that was to enſue; that is, not in the ſenſe that *Claudian* ſpeaks of *Pluto's Horſes*.

Craſtina ventura expectantes gaudia prædæ.

For

For how (as *Scaliger* ſays) could they know it, but ſimply, *Wiſht for death.*

9.

1 (*i*) *Poyſoning.* The conjunction of which produces *Poyſons* (*i.*) Infectious diſeaſes according to the received opinion of Aſtrologers *Virgil* ſays, By the *ſick*, or *Diſeaſed Heaven*; that is, which cauſes diſeaſes, but *Heaven* is there perhaps taken for the *Air*,

Hic quondam Morbo cœli miſeranda coorta eſt
Tempeſtas totóq; Autumni incanduit æſtu, &c.

Where ſee his moſt incomparable deſcription of a Peſtilence.

10.

1 No Books of Writings of the *Rites* of *Magick* amongſt the *Egyptians.*

2. It is called by *Moſes*, Chap. 9.10 *Ulcus inflationum germinans in homine &c.* Sprouting out with blains, &c. which *Jun.* and *Tremel. Erumpens multis puſtulis.* This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the curſes with which the diſobedience to God is threatned, *Chap.* 18. 27. *The Lord ſhall ſmite thee with the botch of Egypt, &c.* From hence, I believe, came the calumny, that *Trog. Pompeius*, *Diod. Siculus*, *Tacitus*, and other Heathens caſt upon the *Hebrews*, to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being ſcabbed and leprous, which miſtake was eaſie, inſtead of being diſmiſt for having brought thoſe diſeaſes upon the *Egyptians.*

11.

1. Not each one like a *Monument*, for that *Metaphor* would be too *big*; but many of them together, like a *Monument*, and the moſt ancient Monuments, we know, were *heaps of ſtones*, not great *Tomb ſtones.*

12.

1. (*i*) The Wheat and Rye. See *Chap.* 9. *v.* 32.

2. *Ch.* 10. *v.* 13. Our Tranſlation has *Eaſt wind*; *And the Lord brought an Eaſt wind upon the Land all that day, and all the night, &c.* The vulgar has *Ventum urentem.* The Septuagint a *South wind.* And *Eugub.* ſays, There is no doubt but it was a *South wind*; which opinion I follow (though the Jewes unanimouſly will have it to be an *Eaſt wind*) becauſe the Southern parts of *Afrique* were moſt infeſted with *Locuſts*, where they are in ſome places the chief food of the inhabitants: ſo that from thence they might eaſily be fetcht; for I cannot agree with ſome, who imagine, that the hot wind blowing all day and night produced them.

3. Wonderful are the things which Authors report of theſe kind of Armies of *Locuſts*, and of the order and regularity of their marches. *Aldrovandus* and *Fincelius* (as I find them cited) ſay thus, That in the year 852. they were ſeen to flye over twenty miles in *Germany* in a day, in manner of a formed Army, divided into ſeveral ſquadrons, and having their quarters apart when they reſted. That the *Captains*, with ſome few, marcht a days journey before the reſt, to chuſe the moſt opportune places for their *Camp.* That they never removed till Sun-riſing, and juſt then went away in as much order as an *Army* of men could do. That at laſt having done great miſchief whereſoever they paſt, after prayers made to God, they were driven by a violent wind into the *Belgick Ocean*, and there drowned, but being caſt again by the Sea upon the ſhore, cauſed a great Peſtilence in the Country. Some add, that they covered an hundred and forty Acres at a time. St. *Hier.* upon *Joel* ſpeaks thus, When the Armies of Locuſts came latley into theſe parts, and filled all the air, they flew in ſo great order, that ſlates in a pavement cannot be laid more regularly, neither did they ever ſtir one inch out of their ranks and files. There are reckoned thirty ſeveral ſorts of *Locuſts*, ſome in *India* (if we dare believe *Pliny*) three foot long. The ſame Author adds of *Locuſts* (*Lib.* 11. *cap.* 29.) *That they paſs in troops over great Seas, enduring hunger for many days together in the ſearch of foreign food. They are believed to be brought by the anger of the Gods; for they are ſeen ſometimes very great, and make ſuch a noiſe with their wings in flying, that they might be taken for* Birds. *They over-caſt the Sun, whilſt people ſtand gazing with terror, leſt they ſhould fall upon their lands — out of* Afrique *chiefly they infeſt* Italy, *and the people are forced to have recourſe to the Sibyls Books, to enquire for a remedy. In the Country of* Cyrene, *there is a Law to make war againſt them thrice a year, firſt by breaking their Eggs, then by killing the young ones, and laſtly, the old ones, &c.*

4. The *Red Sea*, which, methinks, I may better be allowed to call *Purple*, than Homer and *Virgil* to term any Sea ſo;

Εἰς ἅλα πορφυρέην.

Virg. *In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Pliny ſays, *Purpuram irati maris faciem referre.* And *Theoph.* Πορφυροῦται ἡ θάλασσα, ὅταν τὰ κύματα μεμειγμένα σιαδῇ.

13.

1. Chap. *v.* 21. *Even darkneſs that may be felt.* The *Vulgar*, *Tam denſæ (tenebræ) ut palpari*

pari queant. Whether this darkneſs was really in the *air*, or only in their *eyes*, which might be blinded for the time: Or whether a ſuſpenſion of *Light* from the act of illumination in that Country: or whether it were by ſome black, thick, and damp vapour which poſſeſt all the air, it is impoſſible to determine. I fancy that the darkneſs of Hell below, which is called *Uter darkneſs*, aroſe and overſhadowed the Land; and I am authorized by the *Wiſdom of Solom. Chap.* 17 *v.* 14. where he calls it a night that came upon them out of the *bottom of inevitable Hell*; and therefore was the more proper to be (as he ſays after) An *Image* of that darkneſs which ſhould afterwards receive them.

2. That all Fires and Lights went out, is to be plainly collected from the Text; for elſe how could it be truly ſaid, that they could not ſee one another? and is confirmed by the *Wiſdom of Solom.* Chap. 17. 5. *No power of the fire might give them light.*

3. See the above cited *Chap.* 17.

14.

1. *Midnight*, called alſo by the Latines *Meridies noctis*.

2. It is very much diſputed what that *Light* was that was created the firſt day. It ſeems to me to be the moſt probable opinion, that it was the *Empyræan heaven*, out of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made the fourth day: and therefore before I ſay, that all *Light* ſeemed to be returned to the *Empyræan* or higheſt Heaven from whence it came at firſt.

3. Some think that God inflicted this Plague upon the Egyptians immediately *himſelf*, becauſe he ſays, *Chap.* 11. *v.* 4. *About midnight will I go out into the midſt of Egypt.* And to the ſame effect, *Chap.* 12. 12. but it is an ordinary manner of ſpeech to attribute that to *God*, which is done by one of his *Angels*; and that this was an *Angel*, appears out of *Chap.* 12. 23. *The Lord will paſs over the door and will not ſuffer the Deſtroyer to come into your houſes to ſmite you.* From which place, and *Pſalm.* 78. *v.* 49. where it is ſaid (of the *Egyptians*) *He caſt upon them the fierceneſs of his anger, wrath, and indignation, and trouble, by ſending evil Angels among them*; Some collect, that God uſed here the miniſtry of an *Evil* or *evil Angels*; but I cannot believe, that *God* and the *Magicians* had the ſame *Agents*, and that Text of the *Pſalm* is perhaps ill tranſlated. *Jun.* and *Tremel.* underſtand by it *Moſes* and *Aaron*, as *Nuntios Malorum*; and if we interpret it (as others) of *Angels*, it were better rendred in Engliſh *Deſtroying* or *Puniſhing Angels*, Inflicters of Evil upon them. I attribute this inflict-ion to the *Archangel Michael*: firſt becauſe it was he (by name) who fought with the *Dragon*, and ſmote him and his *Angels*, *Rev.* 12. 7. Secondly, becauſe in *Daniel* too he is mentioned as an *Angel* of *War*, Chap. 10. *v.* 13. And laſtly becauſe the very name is ſaid to ſignifie *Percuſſio Dei*, The *Smiting of God*. The *Wiſdom* of *Solomon*, Chap. 18. *v.* 14, 15, 16. gives a little hint of the fancy of this *Stanza*: *For whilſt all things were in quiet ſilence, and that the night was in the midſt of her ſwift courſe, Thine Almighty Word leapt down from Heaven out of thy royal Throne, as a fierce man of war into the midſt of a Land of deſtruction: And brought thine unfeigned command as a ſharp ſword, and ſtanding up, filled all things with death, &c.*

15.

1. That this Plague was a *Peſtilence*, is the opinion of *Joſephus*, and moſt Interpreters.

2. The Law of conſecrating all *firſt-borns* to God ſeems *Exod.* the 13. to be grounded upon this ſlaughter of the Egyptian *firſt born*. But that was rather the addition of a new cauſe why the Hebrews ſhould exactly obſerve it, than that it was the whole reaſon of it: for even by natural right, the *Firſt-born*, and *Firſt-fruits* of all things are *ſacred* to God; and therefore anciently, not only among the *Jews*, but alſo other Nations, the *Prieſthood* belonged to the *eldeſt Sons*.

3. The Name of that *Pharaoh* who was drowned in the *Red Sea*. There is great confuſion in the ſucceſſion of the *Egyptian Kings*, and divers named by ſome *Chronologers* that are quite omitted by others; as *Amenophis*, whom *Mercator*, and ſome others, will have to be the King drowned in the Red Sea; but that it was *Cenchres*, is the moſt probable and moſt received opinion.

16.

1. That *Zoan*, or *Tzoan*, was the place where *Moſes* did his miracles, and conſequently the City where *Pharaoh Cenchres* lived, we have the authority of *Pſalm.* 78. 12. It was likewiſe called *Tanis* (by the *Græcians*) and from it that mouth of the *Nile* near which it ſtood, *Oſtium Taniticum*. So that they are miſtaken, who make *Noph*, or *Moph*, that is *Memphis*, the place where *Pharaoh* kept his court, for that was built afterwards, and lies more Southward.

2. The *Adored Heifer*. *Apis*, and *Serapis*, and *Oſyris*, (who was *Miſraim*) I conceive to have been the ſame *Deity* among the *Egyptians*, known by other Nations by the names of *Mithra*, *Baal*, *Tamuz*, *Adonis*, *&c.* and ſignifying the *Sun*; the great lamentations for the diſappearing or loſs of *Oſyris*, *Tamuz*, and *Adonis*, and rejoycing for their return, ſignify-ing nothing but the Elongation by *Winter*, and re-approach of the *Sun* by *Summer*. The Egyptians under *Apis*, or *Oſyris* did likewiſe worſhip *Nilus*; and their Ἀγανισμὸς and

Ἔυρεσις signified the overflowing of *Nilus*, and return of it to the Channel. Now owing all their ſuſtenance to the *Sun* and *Nilus*, for that reaſon they figured both under the ſhape of an *Ox*; and not, I believe, as *Voſſius* and ſome other learned men imagine, to repreſent *Joſeph*, who fed them in the time of the Famine: Beſides, the Images of this *Ox* (like that which *Aaron* made for the Children of *Iſrael*, in the imitation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry) they kept a *living one*, and worſhipped it with great reverence, and made infinite lamentations at the death of it, till another was found with the like marks, and then they thought that the old one was only returned from the bottom of *Nilus*, whither they fancied it to retreat at the death or diſappearing.

——*Quo ſe gurgite Nili*
Condat adoratus trepidis paſtoribus Apis. Stat.

The *Marks* were theſe. It was to be a black *Bull*, with a white ſtreak along the back, a white mark like a Half-moon on his right ſhoulder, two hairs only growing on his tail with a ſquare blaze in his forehead, and a bunch, called *Cantharus*, under his tongue: By what art the *Prieſts* made theſe marks, is hard to gueſs. It is indifferently named *Ox*, *Calf*, or *Heifer*, both by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Latines. So that which *Exodus* terms a *Calf*, *Pſalm.* 106. renders an *Ox*.

3. See *Chap.* 12.2. From this time the Hebrews had two computations of the beginning of the year; the one *Common*, the other *Sacred*: The *Common* began in *Tiſri*, which anſwers to our *September*, at the *Autumnal Æquinoctial*; and all civil matters were regulated according to this, which was the old account of the year. The *Sacred*, to which all Feſtivals, and all religious matters had relation, began at the *Vernal Æquinoctial*, and was inſtituted in commemoration of this deliverance.

17.

1. Give a new occaſion for it to be called the *Red Sea*. Concerning the name of which, the opinions are very different; that which ſems to me moſt probable is, that it is denominated from *Idumæa*; and that from *Edom* or *Eſau*, that ſignifies *Red*; and the *King Erithra* or *Erythrus*, from whence the *Græcians* derive it, was *Eſau*, and *Erythræa* his Country, *Idumæa*, both ſignifying the ſame thing in *Hebrew* and *Greek*; but becauſe that opinion of *Redneſs* of the ſhore in ſome places, has been moſt received and is confirmed even to this day by ſome Travellers, and ſounds moſt poetically, I allude to it here, whether it be true or not.

18.

1. *Plutarch* de Iſ. & Oſyr. teſtifies, that χημία was an ancient name of *Egypt*, and that it was called ſo, long after by the moſt skilful of the *Egyptian Prieſts*; that is, the Country of *Cham*: As alſo, the *Scripture* terms it, *Pſalm.* 105. *Et Jacob peregrinus fuit in terra Cham.* From whoſe Son it was afterwards named *Miſraim*, and by the *Arabians Meſre* to this day.

2. *Beaſts* that were deified by the Egyptians, who choſe at firſt the figures of *Beaſts* for the Symbols or Hieroglyphical ſigns of their Gods, perhaps no otherwiſe than as the Poets make them of *Conſtellations*, but in time the worſhip came even to be terminated in them.

FINIS.

Davideis,

A

SACRED POEM

OF THE

TROUBLES

OF

DAVID.

In FOUR BOOKS.

VIRG. GEORG. 2.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti percuſſus amore,
Accipiant, Cœliq; vias ac Sidera monſtrent.

LONDON,

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange*. 1674.

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DAVIDEIS.

The First Book.

1,2 I Sing the *Man* who *Judahs Scepter* bore
In that right hand which held the *Crook* before;
Who from beſt *Poet*, beſt of *Kings* did grow
The two chief *gifts Heav'n* could on *Man* beſtow.
Much dangers firſt, much toil did he ſuſtain,
Whilſt *Saul* and *Hell* croſt his ſtrong fate in vain.
Nor did his *Crown* leſs painful work afford;
Leſs exerciſe his *Patience*, or his *Sword*;
So long her *Conqu'eror Fortunes* ſpight purſu'd;
Till with unwearied *Virtue* he ſubdu'd;
All homebred Malice, and all forreign boaſts;
Their ſtrength was *Armies*, his the *Lord of Hoſts*.
Thou, who didſt *Davids* royal ſtem adorn,
And gav'ſt him *birth* from whom thy ſelf waſt *born*.
Joh. 8.58.
Who didſt in *Triumph* at *Deaths Court* appear,
And ſlew'ſt him with thy *Nails*, thy *Croſs* and *Spear*,
Whilſt *Hells* black *Tyrant* trembled to behold,
The glorious light he forfeited of old,
Who Heavens *glad burden* now, and juſteſt pride,
Sit'ſt high enthron'd next thy great *Fathers* ſide,
(Where hallowed Flames help to adorn that Head
Which once the *bluſhing Thorns* environed,
Till crimſon drops of precious *blood* hung down
Like *Rubies* to enrich thine *humble Crown*.)
Ev'en *Thou* my breaſt with ſuch bleſt rage inſpire,
As mov'd the tuneful ſtrings of *Davids Lyre*,
Guide my bold ſteps with thine old *travelling Flame*;
Exod. 13. 21.
3 In theſe untrodden paths to *Sacred Fame*;
Lo, with *pure hands* thy heav'enly *Fire* to take,
My well-chang'd Muſe I a chaſt *Veſtal* make!
From earths vain joys and loves ſoft witchcraft free,
I conſecrate my *Magdalen* to Thee!

Lo,

Lo, this great work, a *Temple* to thy praiſe,
On poliſht *Pillars* of ſtrong *Verſe* I raiſe!
A *Temple*, where if *Thou* vouchſafe to dwell,
It *Solomons*, and *Herods* ſhall excel.
Too long the *Muſes-Land* have *Heathen* bin;
Their *Gods* too long were *Dev'ils*, and *Vertues Sin*;
But *Thou*, *Eternal World*, haſt call'd forth *Me*
Th' *Apoſtle*, to convert that *World* to *Thee*;
T' unbind the charms that in ſlight *Fables* lie,
And teach that *Truth* is *trueſt Poeſie*.
The malice now of jealous *Saul* grew leſs,
O'recome by conſtant *Virtue* and *Succeſs*;
He grew at laſt more weary to *command*
New dangers, than young *David* to withſtand
Or *Conquer* them; he fear'd his maſtring Fate,
And envy'd him a *Kings* unpowerful Hate.
Well did he know how *Palms* by 'oppreſſion ſpeed,
Victorious, and the *Victors* ſacred Meed!
The *Burden* lifts them *higher*. Well did he know
How a tame *ſtream* does wild and dangerous grow
By unjuſt force; he now with wanton play,
Kiſſes the ſmiling Banks, and glides away,
But his known Chanel ſtopt, begins to roare,
And ſwell with rage, and buffet the dull ſhore.
His mutinous waters hurry to the *War*,
And *Troops* of *Waves* come rolling from afar.
Then ſcorns he ſuch weak ſtops to his free ſource,
And over-runs the neighbouring fields with violent courſe.
This knew the *Tyrant*, and this uſeful thought
His wounded mind to health and temper brought.
He old kind vows to *David* did renew,
Swore conſtancy, and meant his Oath for true,
A general joy at this glad newes appear'd,
For *David* all men *lov'd*, and *Saul* they *fear'd*.
Angels and *Men* did *Peace*, and *David* love,
But *Hell* did neither *Him*, nor *That* approve;
From mans *agreement* fierce *Alarms* they take,
And *Quiet* here, does their new buſineſs make.
Beneath the ſilent chambers of the earth,
Where the *Suns* fruitful beams give *metals* birth,
Where he the growth of *fatal Gold* does ſee,
Gold which above more *Influence* has than *He*.
Beneath the Dens where *unfletcht Tempeſts* lye,
And infant *Winds* their tender *Voices* try,
Beneath the mighty *Oceans* wealthy Caves,
Beneath th'eternal *Fountain* of all Waves,
Where their vaſt *Court* the *Mother-Waters* keep,
And undiſturb'd by *Moons* in ſilence ſleep,
There is a place deep wondrous deep below,
Which genuine *Night* and *Horrour* does o'reflow;

No

No bound controlls th' unwearied ſpace, but *Hell*
Endleſs as thoſe dire *pains* that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpſe of the *Suns* lovely face,
Strikes through the *Solid* darkneſs of the place;
No dawning *Morn* does her kind red diſplay;
One ſlight weak beam would here be thought the *Day*.
No gentle *Stars* with their fair *Gems* of *Light*
Offend the tyr'annous and unqueſtion'd *Night*.
Here *Lucifer* the mighty *Captive* reigns;
Proud, 'midſt his *Woes*, and *Tyrant* in his *Chains*.
Once *General* of a gilded *Hoſt* of *Sprights*,
Like *Heſper*, leading forth the ſpangled *Nights*.
But down like *Lightning*, which him ſtruck, he came;
And roar'd at his firſt plunge into the *Flame*.
Myriads of *Spirits* fell wounded round him there;
With dropping *Lights* thick ſhone the ſinged *Air*.
Since when the diſmal *Solace* of their wo,
Has only been weak *Mankind* to undo;
Themſelves at firſt againſt *themſelves* they 'excite,
(Their deareſt *Conqueſt*, and moſt proud delight)
And if thoſe *Mines* of ſecret *Treaſon* fail,
With open force mans *Vertue* they aſſail;
Unable to *corrupt*, ſeek to *deſtroy*;
And where their *Poyſons* miſs, the *Sword* employ.
Thus ſought the *Tyrant Fiend* young *Davids* fall;
And 'gainſt him arm'd the pow'erful rage of *Saul*.
He ſaw the beauties of his ſhape and face,
His female ſweetneſs, and his manly grace,
1 Sam. 16. 12. He ſaw the nobler wonders of his *Mind*,
Great *Gifts*, which for great *Works* he knew deſign'd.
He ſaw (t'aſhame the ſtrength of *Man* and *Hell*)
1 Sam. 17. How by's young hands their *Gathite Champion* fell.
He ſaw the reverend *Prophet* boldly ſhed
1 Sam. 16. 13. The *Royal Drops* round his *Enlarged Head*.
Gen. 49. 10. And well he knew what *Legacy* did place,
The ſacred *Scepter* in bleſt *Judahs* race,
From which th' *Eternal Shilo* was to ſpring;
A *Knowledge* which new *Hells* to *Hell* did bring!
And though no leſs he knew himſelf too weak
The ſmalleſt Link of ſtrong-wrought *Fate* to break;
Yet would he rage and ſtrugle with the *Chain*;
Lov'd to *Rebel*, though ſure that 'twas *in vain*.
And now it broke his form'd deſign to find
The gentle change of *Sauls* recov'ering *Mind*.
He truſted much in *Saul*, and rag'd, and griev'd
(The great *Deceiver*) to be Himſelf *Deceiv'd*.
Thrice did he knock his Iron Teeth, thrice howl,
And into frowns his wrathful forehead rowl.
His eyes dart forth red flames which ſcare the *Night*,
And with worſe *Fires* the trembling *Ghoſts* affright.

A Troop of gaſtly *Fiends* compaſs him round,
And greedily catch at his lips fear'd ſound.
Are we ſuch *Nothings* then (ſaid *He*) Our will
Croſt by a *Shepherds Boy?* and you yet ſtill
Play with your *idle Serpents* here? dares none
Attempt what becomes *Furies?* are ye grown
Benum'd with *Fear*, or *Virtues* ſprightleſs cold,
You, who were once (I'm ſure) ſo *brave* and *bold?*
Oh my ill-chang'd condition! oh my fate!
14 Did I loſe *Heav'en* for this?
With that, with his long tail he laſht his breaſt,
And horribly ſpoke out in *Looks* the reſt.
The quaking Pow'ers of Night ſtood in amaze,
And at each other firſt could only gaze.
A dreadful *Silence* fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terrour of *Hells* face;
Rivers of flaming Brimſtone, which before
So loudly rag'd, crept ſoftly by the ſhore;
No hiſs of *Snakes*, no clank of *Chains* was known,
The *Souls* amidſt their *Tortures* durſt not groan.
Envy at laſt crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direful'ſt; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling *Serpents*; her pale skin
Was almoſt dropt from the ſharp bones within,
And at her breaſt ſtuck *Vipers* which did prey
Upon her panting heart, both night and day
Sucking black *blood* from thence, which to repair
Both night and day they left freſh *poyſons* there.
Her garments were deep ſtain'd in humane gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which ſhe bore
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the brim
Did with green gall, and juice of wormwood ſwim.
With which when ſhe was drunk, ſhe furious grew
And laſht *herſelf*; thus from th' accurſed crew,
Envy, the worſt of *Fiends*, herſelf preſents,
Envy, *good* only when ſhe herſelf *torments*.
Spend not, great *King*, thy precious rage (ſaid ſhe)
Upon ſo poor a cauſe; ſhall *Mighty We*
The glory of our wrath to *him* afford?
Are *We* not *Furies* ſtill? and *you* our *Lord?*
At thy dread anger the fixt *World* ſhall ſhake,
And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forſake.
Do *Thou* but threat, loud ſtorms ſhall make reply,
And *Thunder* eccho't to the trembling Sky,
Whilſt raging *Seas* ſwell to ſo bold an height,
As ſhall the *Fires* proud *Element* affright.
Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten way,
Shall at thy *Voice* ſtart, and miſguide the *day*.
The jocund *Orbs* ſhall break their meaſur'd pace,
And ſtubborn *Poles* change their allotted place.

Heavens gilded *Troops* ſhall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boaſting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere*;
15 Nay their *God* too---- for fear *he* did, when *We*
Took noble *Arms* againſt his *Tyrannie*,
So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cauſe* ſo great,
That *Triumphs* they deſerve for their *Defeat*.
There was a *Day!* oh might I ſee't again
Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thruſt us in!
And can ſuch pow'rs be by a *Child* withſtood?
Will *Slings*, alas, or *Pebles* do him good?
What th'untam'd *Lyon*, whet with hunger too,
And *Gyants* could not, that my *Word* ſhall do:
I'll ſoon diſſolve this *Peace*; were *Sauls* new *Love*
(But *Saul* we know) great as my *Hate* ſhall prove,
Before *their Sun* twice more be gone about,
I, and my faithful *Snakes* would drive it out.
Gen. 4 8. 16 By Me *Cain* offer'd up his *Brothers* gore,
A *Sarcifice* far worſe than that before;
I ſaw him fling the *ſtone*, as if he meant,
At once his *Murder* and his *Monument*,
And laught to ſee (for 'twas a goodly ſhow)
Ib. v. 2. The *Earth* by her *firſt Tiller* fatned ſo.
Exod. 14. 23. I drove proud *Pharaoh* to the parted *Sea*;
He, and his *Hoſt* drank up cold death by *Me*;
By Me rebellious Arms fierce *Corah* took,
Num. 16. 1. And *Moſes* (curſe upon that *Name!*) forſook;
Ib. 31. 17 Hither (ye know) almoſt alive he came
Through the cleft *Earth*; Ours was his *Fun'eral Flame*.
By *Me*----but I loſe time, methinks, and ſhould
Perform new acts whilſt I relate the old;
David's the next our fury muſt enjoy;
'Tis not thy *God* himſelf ſhall ſave thee, *Boy*;
No, if he do, may the whole *World* have *Peace*;
May all ill *Actions*, all ill *Fortune* ceaſe,
And baniſht from this potent Court below,
May *I* a ragged, contemn'd *Vertue* grow.
She ſpoke; all ſtar'd at firſt and made a pauſe;
But ſtraight the general murmur of applauſe
Ran through Deaths Courts; ſhe frown'd ſtill, and begun
To *envy* at the praiſe *her ſelf* had won.
18 Great *Belzebub* ſtarts from his burning Throne
To 'embrace the *Fiend*, but ſhe now furious grown
To act her part; thrice bow'd, and thence ſhe fled;
The *Snakes* all hiſt, the *Fiends* all murmured.
It was the time when ſilent night began
T'enchain with *ſleep* the buſie *ſpirits* of Man;
And *Saul* himſelf, though in his troubled breſt
The weight of *Empire* lay, took gentle reſt:
So did not *Envy*; but with haſte aroſe;
And as through *Iſraels* ſtately Towns ſhe goes,

She

She frowns and ſhakes her head; ſhine on (ſays ſhe)
Ruines e're long ſhall your ſole *Monuments* be.
The ſilver *Moon* with terrour paler grew,
And neighb'ring *Hermon* ſweated flowry dew;
Swift *Jordan* ſtarted, and ſtraight backward fled,
Hiding among thick reeds his aged head;
19 Lo, at her entrance *Sauls* ſtrong *Palace* ſhook;
And nimbly there the reverend ſhape ſhe took
Of *Father Benjamin*; ſo long her beard,
So large her limbs, ſo grave her looks appear'd.
20 Juſt like his *ſtatue* which *beſtrid Sauls* gate,
And ſeem'd to *guard* the race it did *create*.
In this known form ſhe approacht the *Tyrants* ſide;
And thus her words the ſacred *Form* bely'd.
Ariſe, loſt *King* of *Iſra'el*; can'ſt thou lie
Dead in *this ſleep*, and yet thy *Laſt* ſo nigh?
If *King* thou be'ſt, if *Jeſſe*'s race as yet
Sit not on *Iſraels Throne!* and ſhall he ſit?
Did ye for this from fruitful *Egypt* fly?
From the mild *Brickhils nobler ſlavery?*
For this did *Seas* your pow'rful *Rod* obey?
Did *Wonders guide*, and *feed* you on your way?
Could ye not there *great Pharaohs* bondage bear,
You who can ſerve a *Boy*, and *Minſtrel* here?
Forbid it *God*, if thou be'ſt *juſt*; this ſhame
Caſt not on *Sauls*, on *mine*, and *Iſraels Name*.
Why was I elſe from *Canaans Famine* lead?
Happy, thrice happy had I there been dead
E're my full *Loyns* diſcharg'd this num'erous race, Gen. 4.
This luckleſs *Tribe*, even *Crown'd* to their *Diſgrace!*
Ah *Saul*, thy *Servants Vaſſal* muſt thou live?
Place to his *Harp* muſt thy dread *Scepter* give?
What wants he now but that? can'ſt thou forget
(If thou be'ſt *man* thou can'ſt not) how they met
The *Youth* with Songs? Alas, poor *Monarch!* you 1 Sam.
Your *thouſand* only, he *ten thouſand* ſlew! 18. 7.
Him *Iſra'el loves*, him neighb'ring *Countries fear*;
You but the *Name*, and empty *Title* bear;
And yet the *Traytor* lives, lives in thy *Court*;
The *Court* that muſt *be his*; where he ſhall ſport
Himſelf with all thy *Concubines*, thy *Gold*,
Thy coſtly *Robes*, thy *Crown*; Wert thou not told
This by proud *Samuel*, when at *Gilgal* he 1 Sam.
With bold falſe threats from *God* affronted Thee? 13. 13.
The *dotard* ly'd; *God* ſaid it not I know;
Not *Baal* or *Moloch* would have us'd thee ſo;
Was not the choice his own? did not thy worth
Exact the *royal Lot*, and call it forth?
Haſt thou not ſince (my beſt and greateſt *Sonne*)
To *Him*, and to his per'iſhing *Nation* done 1 Sam. 19. 21.

Such laſting ben'efits as may juſtly claime
A *Scepter* as eternal as thy *Fame?*
Poor Prince, whom *Mad men*, *Prieſts*, and *Boys* invade;
By thine *own Fleſh* thy ingrateful *Son* betray'd!
Unnat'ural *Fool*, who can thus cheated be
By *Friendſhips* Name againſt a *Crown* and *Thee!*
Betray not too thy ſelf; take courage, call
Thy 'enchanted Vertues forth, and be *Whole Saul.*
Lo, this great cauſe makes thy *dead Fathers* riſe,
Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clos'd *Tomb* and *Eyes.*
Nor can their jealous *Aſhes*, whileſt this *Boy*
Survives, the *Priv'ilege* of their *Graves* enjoy.
Riſe quickly *Saul*, and take that *Rebels* breath
Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'en our *Death*,
Kill him, and thou'rt ſecure; 'tis only *He*
That's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *Thee*,
As *Earths* low Globe robs the High Moon of *Light*;
When this *Eclipſe* is paſt, thy *Fate's* all bright.
Truſt me, dear *Son*, and credit what I tell;
I'have ſeen thy royal *Stars*, and know them well.
Hence *Fears* and dull *Delays!* Is not thy *Breaſt*
(Yes, *Saul* it is) with noble thoughts poſſeſt?
May they beget like *Acts*. With that ſhe takes
One of her worſt, her beſt beloved *Snakes*,
Softly, dear *Worm*, ſoft and unſeen (ſaid ſhe)
Into his boſom ſteal, and in it be
My *Vice-Roy*. At that word ſhe took her flight,
And her looſe ſhape diſſolv'd into the *Night*.
The infected *King* leapt from his bed amaz'd,
Scarce knew himſelf at firſt, but round him gaz'd,
And ſtarted back at piec'd up ſhapes, which fear
And his diſtracted *Fancy* painted there.
Terror froze up his hair, and on his face
Show'rs of cold ſweat roll'd trembling down apace.
Then knocking with his angry hands his breaſt,
Earth with his feet; He crys, Oh 'tis confeſt;
I' have been a *pious Fool*, a *Woman-King*;
Wrong'd by a *Seer*, a *Boy*, *every thing*.
Eight hundred years of *Death* is not ſo deep,
So unconcern'd as my *Lethargick ſleep*.
My patience ev'en a *Sacriledge* becomes,
Diſturbs the *Dead*, and opes their ſacred *Tombs*.
Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father!* who for me
This curſed World endur'ſt again to ſee!
All thou haſt ſaid, great *Viſion*, is ſo true,
That all which thou command'ſt, and more I'll do:
Kill him? yes *mighty Ghoſt* the wretch ſhall die,
Though every *Star* in Heav'en ſhould it deny;
Nor mock th' aſſault of our juſt wrath again,
Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thouſand* ſlain.

Should

Should that bold popular *Madman*, whoſe deſign
Is to revenge his *own diſgrace* by *Mine*,
Should my ingrateful *Son* oppoſe th' intent,
Should mine *own heart* grow ſcrup'ulous and relent;
Curſe me juſt *Heaven* (by which this truth I ſwear)
If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *Self* do ſpare.
No gentle *Ghoſt*, return to thy ſtill home;
Thither this day mine, and thy *Foe* ſhall come.
If that curſt object longer vex my ſight,
It muſt have learnt to appear as *Thou* to night.
Whilſt thus his wrath with threats the *Tyrant* fed,
The threatned *Youth* ſlept fearleſs on his bed;
Sleep on, reſt quiet as thy *Conſcience* take,
For though *Thou* ſleep'ſt thy ſelf, thy *God*'s awake.
24 Above the ſubtle foldings of the Sky,
Above the well-ſet *Orbs* ſoft *Harmony*,
Above thoſe petty *Lamps* that gild the *Night*;
There is a place o'reflown with hallowed *Light*;
Where *Heaven*, as if it left it ſelf behind,
Is ſtretcht out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here *peaceful Flames* ſwell up the ſacred place,
25 Nor can the glory contain it ſelf in th' endleſs ſpace.
For there no twilight of the *Suns* dull ray,
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in ſtoln beams appear,
Or with dim *Taper* ſcatters *darkneſs* there.
On no ſmooth *Sphear* the reſtleſs *ſeaſons* ſlide,
No circling *Motion* doth ſwift *Time* divide;
Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Paſt*,
26 But an *Eternal Now* does always laſt.
There ſits th' *Almighty*, *Firſt* of all, and *End*;
Whom nothing but *Himſelf* can comprehend.
Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,
And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*.
Only he ſpoke, and every thing that *Is*
From out the womb of *fertile Nothing* ris.
Oh who ſhall tell, who ſhall deſcribe thy throne,
Thou great *Three-One*?
There Thou thy ſelf do'ſt in full preſence ſhow,
Not abſent from theſe meaner *Worlds* below;
No, if thou wert, the *Elements League* would ceaſe,
And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Natures* peace.
The *Sun* would ſtop his courſe, or gallop back:
The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themſelves would crack:
Earths ſtrong foundations would be torn in twain,
And this vaſt work all ravel out again
To its firſt *Nothing*; For his *Spirit* contains
27 The well-knit *Maſs*, from him each Creature gains
Being and *Motion*, which he ſtill beſtows;
From him th' *effect* of our weak *Action* flows.

1 Sam. 8. 19.

Round

28 Round him vaſt *Armies* of ſwift *Angels* ſtand,
Which ſeven triumphant Generals command,
They ſing loud Anthems of his endleſs praiſe,
And with fixt eyes drink in immortal rayes,
29 Of theſe he call'd out one; all Heav'en did ſhake,
And ſilence kept whilſt its Creator ſpake.
Are we forgotten then ſo ſoon? can He
Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *Me*
That gave it? can he think we did not hear
(Fond man!) his threats? and have we made the *Ear*
To be accounted *deaf?* No, *Saul*, we heard;
And it will coſt thee dear; the ills thou'ſt fear'd,
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double ſend;
Have *we* not ſpoke it, and dares *Man* contend!
Alas, poor duſt! didſt thou but know the day
1 Sam. 31. When thou muſt lie in blood at *Gilboa*,
Thou and thy *Sons*, thou wouldſt not threaten ſtill,
Thy trembling Tongue would ſtop againſt thy will.
Then ſhall thine *Head* fixt in curſt *Temples* be,
And all their *fooliſh Gods* ſhall laugh at Thee.
That hand which now on *Davids Life* would prey,
Shall then turn *juſt*, and its own *Maſter* ſlay;
He whom thou *hat'eſt*, on thy *lov'd Throne* ſhall ſit,
And expi'ate the diſgrace thou do'ſt to it.
Haſte then; tell *David* what his *King* has ſworn,
Tell him whoſe blood muſt paint this riſing Morn.
Yet bid him ſo ſecurely when he ſends;
30 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.
The *Man* who has his *God* no aid can lack,
And *we* who bid him *Go*, will bring him back.
He ſpoke; the *Heavens* ſeem'd decently to bow,
With all their bright *Inhabitants*; and now
The jocund *Sphæres* began again to play,
Again each *Spirit* ſung *Halleluja*.
Only that *Angel* was ſtraight gon; Ev'en ſo
(But not ſo ſwift) the *morning Glories* flow
At once from the bright *Sun*, and ſtrike the ground;
So winged *Lightning* the ſoft air does wound.
Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to call
The *Motion*, having no *Account* ſo *ſmall*.
So flew this *Angel* till to *Davids* bed
He came, and thus his ſacred Meſſage ſaid.
31 Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King* has ſworn;
He ſwore thy blood ſhould paint this riſing Morn.
Yet to him go ſecurely when he ſends;
'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friends*.
The *Man* who has his *God*, no aid can lack;
And he who bids thee *Go*, will bring thee back.
Up leapt *Jeſſides*, and did round him ſtare;
But could ſee nought; for nought was left but air,

Whilſt

Whilſt this great *Viſion* labours in his thought,
Lo, the *ſhort Prophecie* t' effect is brought.
In treacherous haſte he's ſent for to the King,
And with him bid his charmful *Lyre* to bring. 1 Sam. 18. 10. & 19. 9.
The King, they ſay, lies raging in a Fit,
Which does no cure but ſacred tunes admit;
32 And true it was, ſoft *muſick* did appeaſe 1 Sam. 16. 23.
Th'obſcure fantaſtick rage of *Sauls* diſeaſe.
33 Tell me, oh *Muſe* (for *Thou*, or none canſt tell
The myſtick pow'rs that in bleſt *Numbers* dwell,
Thou their great *Nature* know'ſt, nor is it fit
This nobleſt *Gem* of thine own *Crown* t' omit)
Tell me from whence theſe heav'nly charms ariſe;
Teach the dull world *t' admire* what they *deſpiſe*.
As firſt a various unform'd *Hint* we find
Riſe in ſome god-like *Poets* fertile *Mind*,
Till all the parts and words their places take,
And with juſt marches *verſe* and *muſick* make;
34 Such was *Gods Poem*, this *Worlds* new *Eſſay*;
So wild and rude in its firſt draught it lay;
Th'ungovern'd parts no *Correſpondence* knew,
An artleſs *war* from thwarting *Motions* grew;
Till they to *Number* and fixt Rules were brought
By the *eternal Minds Poetique Thought*.
35 *Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* choſe,
Earth made the *Baſe*, the *Treble Flame* aroſe,
36 To th'active *Moon* a quick briſk ſtroke he gave,
To *Saturns ſtring* a touch more ſoft and grave.
The *motions Straight* and *Round*, and *Swift*, and *Slow*,
And *Short*, and *Long*, were mixt and woven ſo,
Did in ſuch artful *Figures* ſmoothly fall,
As made this decent meaſur'd *Dance* of *All*.
And this is *Muſick*; *Sounds* that charm our ears,
Are but one *Dreſſing* that rich *Science* wears.
Though no man hear't, though no man it reherſe,
Yet will there ſtill be *Muſick* in my *Verſe*.
In this *Great World* ſo much of it we ſee;
37 The *Leſſer*, *Man*, is all o're *Harmony*.
Storehouſe of all *Proportions! ſingle Quire!*
Which firſt *Gods Breath* did tunefully inſpire!
From hence bleſt *Muſicks* heav'nly charms ariſe,
From *ſympathy* which *Them* and *Man* allies.
Thus they our *Souls*, thus they our *Bodies* win,
Not by their *force*, but *Party* that's within.
38 Thus the ſtrange *Cure* on our ſpilt *Blood* apply'd,
Sympathy to the diſtant *Wound* does guide.
39 Thus when two *Brethren ſtrings* are ſet alike,
To *move* them *both*, but one of them we *ſtrike*.
Thus *Davids Lyre* did *Sauls* wild rage controul,
And tun'd the harſh diſorders of his *Soul*.

When

Pſal. 114. 41 When *Iſrael* was from bondage led,
Led by th' *Almighty's* hand
From out a forreign Land,
The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.
As men purſu'd, when that fear paſt they find,
Stop on ſome higher ground to look behind,
So whilſt through wondrous ways
The ſacred *Army* went,
The *Waves* afar ſtood up to gaze,
And their own *Rocks* did repreſent,
Solid as *Waters* are above the *Firmament.*

Old *Jordans* waters to their *ſpring*
Start back with ſudden *fright*;
The *ſpring* amaz'd at ſight,
Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring.
The *Mountains* ſhook, and to the *Mountains* ſide,
The little *Hills* leapt round themſelves to hide;
As young affrighted *Lambs*
When they ought dreadful ſpy,
Run trembling to their helpleſs *Dams:*
The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,
Were glad for their *excuſe* to ſee the *Hills* to fly.

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee?
Or why did *Jordans* Tide
Back to his Fountain glide?
Jordans Tyde, what ailed Thee?
Why leapt the *Hills?* why did the *Mountains* ſhake?
What ail'd them their fixt *Natures* to forſake?
Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea!*
And *Jordans* Current ceaſe;
Jordan there is no need of thee,
For at *Gods* word, when e're he pleaſe,
Exod. 17. 6. The *Rocks* ſhall weep new *Waters* forth inſtead of theſe.
Num. 24. 11. Thus ſung the great *Muſician* to his Lyre;
And *Sauls* black rage grew ſoftly to retire;
But *Envy's Serpent* ſtill with him remain'd,
Pſ. 58. 5. 42 And the wiſe *Charmers* healthful voice diſdain'd.
Th' unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his fit,
Seems to lie drown'd and buried ſtill in it.
From his paſt madneſs draws this wicked uſe,
To ſin diſguis'd, and *murder* with *excuſe:*
For whilſt the fearleſs youth his cure purſues,
And the ſoft *Medicine* with kind art renews;
1 Sam. 18. 11. & 19. 10. The barb'arous *Patient* caſts at him his *Spear,*
(The uſual *Scepter* that rough hand did bear)

Caſts

Caſts it with violent ſtrength, but into th' room
An *Arm* more ſtrong and ſure than his was come;
An *Angel* whoſe unſeen and eaſie might
Put by the *weapon*, and *miſled* it *right*.
How vain Mans pow'er is! unleſs God command,
The *weapon* diſobeys his *Maſters* hand;
Happy was now the error of the blow;
At *Gilboa* it will not ſerve him ſo.
One would have thought, *Sauls* ſudden rage t'have ſeen,
He had himſelf by *David* wounded been.
He ſcorn'd to leave what he did ill begin.
And thought his *Honour* now engag'd i'th' *Sin*.
A bloody Troop of his own Guards he ſends
(*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falſly cal'd his *Friends*)
To mend his *error* by a ſurer blow;
So *Saul* ordain'd, but *God* ordain'd not ſo.
Home flies the *Prince*, and to his trembling *Wife*
Relates the new-paſt hazard of his life,
Which ſhe with *decent paſſion* hears him tell;
For not her own fair *Eyes* ſhe lov'd ſo well.

43 Upon their *Palace* top beneath a row
Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,
And with bright ſtores of golden fruit repay
The *Light* they drank from the *Suns* neighb'ring ray,
(A ſmall, but artful *Paradiſe*) they walk'd;
And hand in hand ſad gentle things they talk'd.
Here *Michol* firſt an armed Troop eſpies
(So faithful and ſo quick are *loving Eyes*)
Which marcht, and often gliſter'd through a wood,
That on right hand of her fair *Palace* ſtood;
She ſaw them; and cry'd out; They're come to kill
My deareſt *Lord*; *Sauls* ſpear purſues thee ſtill. 1 Sam. 19
Behold his wicked *Guards*; Haſte quickly, fly, 11.
For Heavens ſake haſte; My dear *Lord*, do not die.
Ah cruel *Father*, whoſe ill-natur'd rage
Neither thy *worth*, nor *Marriage* can aſſwage!
Will he part thoſe he joyn'd ſo late before?
Were the two-hundred Foreskins worth no more? 1 Sam. 18.
He ſhall not part us; (Then ſhe wept between) 27.
At yonder Window thou mayſt ſcape unſeen;
This hand ſhall let thee down; ſtay not, but haſt;
'Tis not my *Uſe* to ſend thee hence ſo faſt.
Beſt of all women, he replies----- and this
Scarce ſpoke, ſhe ſtops his anſwer with a Kiſs;
Throw not away (ſaid ſhe) thy precious breath,
Thou ſtay'ſt too long within the *reach* of *death*.
Timely he' obeys her wiſe advice, and ſtreit

44 To unjuſt Force ſhe'oppoſes juſt deceit.
She meets the Murd'erers with a *vertuous Ly*, 1 Sam. 19.
And good diſſembling Tears; May he not *dy*, 13.

1 Sam 19. 14. In quiet then? (ſaid ſhe) will they not give
That freedom who ſo fear leſt he ſhould *Live?*
Even fate does with your cruelty conſpire,
And ſpares your *guilt*, yet does what you *deſire.*
Muſt he not *live?* for that ye need not *ſin*;
My much-wrong'd *Husband* ſpeechleſs lies within,
And has too little left of vital breath
To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death.*
One *hour* will do your work ------
Here her well-govern'd Tears dropt down apace;
Beauty and *Sorrow* mingled in one face
Has ſuch reſiſtleſs charms that they believe,
And an *unwilling aptneſs* find to *grieve*
At what they *came* for; A pale *Statues* head
In linnen wrapt appear'd on *Davids* bed;
Two ſervants mournful ſtand and ſilent by,
And on the Table med'cinal reliques ly;
In the cloſe room a well-plac'd Tapers light,
Adds a becoming horrour to the ſight.
And for th' *Impreſſion God* prepar'd their *Sence*;
They ſaw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.
How vain attempts *Sauls* unbleſt anger tryes,
By his own *hands* deceiv'd, and ſervants *Eyes!*
It cannot be (ſaid he) no, can it? ſhall
Our great *ten thouſand Slayers* idly fall?
The ſilly rout thinks *God* protects him ſtill;
But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *ill.*
Oh may he guard him! may his members be
In as full ſtrength, and well-ſet harmonie
As the freſh body of the firſt made Man
E're *Sin*, or Sins juſt meed, *Diſeaſe* began.
He will be elſe too *ſmall* for our *vaſt Hate*;
And we muſt *ſhare* in our revenge with *fate.*
No; let us have him *Whole*; we elſe may ſeem
To'have ſnatcht away but ſome few days from him,
And *cut* that *Thread* which would have *dropt* in two;
Will our great anger learn to ſtoop ſo low?
I know it cannot, will not; him we prize
Of our juſt wrath the ſolemn *Sacrifice,*
That muſt not *blemiſht* be; let him remain
Secure and *grow up* to our *ſtroak* again.
'Twill be ſome pleaſure then to take his breath,
When he ſhall *ſtrive*, and *wreſtle* with his *death*;
Go, let him live ----- And yet ----- ſhall I then ſtay
So long? good and great actions hate delay,
Some fooliſh piety perhaps, or He
That has been ſtill mine *honors Enemie*,
Samuel may change or croſs my juſt intent,
And I this *Formal Pity* ſoon repent.
Beſides *Fate* gives him me, and whiſpers this,

That

That he can fly no more, if we ſhould miſs;
Miſs? can we miſs again? go bring him ſtraight,
Though gaſping out his Soul; if the wiſht date
Of his accurſed life be almoſt paſt,
Some *Joy* 'twill be to *ſee* him breath his laſt.
The *Troop* return'd, of their *ſhort Virtue* 'aſham'd,
Sauls courage prais'd, and their own weakneſs blam'd,
But when the *pious fraud* they underſtood,
Scarce the reſpect due to *Sauls* ſacred blood,
Due to the ſacred *beauty* in it reign'd,
From *Michols* murder their wild rage reſtrain'd.
She'alledg'd the holieſt chains that bind a *wife*,
Duty and *Love*; ſhe 'alledg'd that her own Life,
Had ſhe refus'd that ſafety to her Lord,
Would have incurr'd juſt danger from his Sword.
Now was *Sauls* wrath full grown; he takes no reſt;
A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled breſt,
And in fierce *Lightning* from his *Eye* do's break;
Not his own *fav'orites*, and beſt friends dare ſpeak,
Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,
Fear where this *Cloud* will burſt, and *Thunder* fall.
So when the *pride* and *terrour* of the *Wood*,
A *Lyon* prickt with rage and want of food,
Eſpies out from afar ſome well-fed beaſt,
And bruſtles up preparing for his feaſt;
If that by ſwiftneſs ſcape his gaping jaws;
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his ſharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Laſhing his angry tail, and roaring out.
Beaſts creep into their dens, and *tremble there*;
Trees, though no *wind* ſtirring, ſhake with fear;
Silence and *horror* fill the place around.
Eccho it ſelf dares ſcarce repeat the ſound.

1 Sam. 19. 15.

1 Sam. 19. 17.

1 Sam. 19. 19.

46 Midſt a large *Wood* that joyns fair *Ramahs* Town
(The neighbourhood fair *Rama's* chief renown)
47 A *College* ſtands, where at great *Prophets feet*
The *Prophets Sons* with ſilent dili'gence meet,
By *Samuel* built, and mod'erately endow'd,
Yet more to 'his lib'ral *Tongue* than *Hands* they ow'd.
There himſelf *taught*, and his bleſt voice to hear,
Teachers themſelves lay proud *beneath* him there.
The *Houſe* was a large *Square*; but plain and low;
Wiſe *Natures* uſe *Art* ſtrove not to outgo.
An inward Square by well-rang'd Trees was made;
And midſt the friendly cover of their ſhade,
A pure, well-taſted, wholſome *Fountain* roſe;
Which no vain coſt of *Marble* did encloſe;
Nor through carv'd *ſhapes* did the forc'd waters paſs,
Shapes gazing on themſelves i'th' *liquid glaſs*.
Yet the chaſte ſtream that 'mong looſe pebles fell

48 For *Cleanneſs*, *Thirſt* *Religion* ſerv'd as well.
49 The *Scholars*, *Doctors* and *Companions* here,
Lodg'd all apart in neat ſmall Chambers were:
Well-furniſht Chambers, for in each there ſtood,
50 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of Wood;
More is but clog where *uſe* does bound *delight*;
And thoſe are rich whoſe *Weal h's* proportion'd right
To their *Lifes Form*; more *goods* would but becom
A *Burden* to them, and contract their *room*.
A ſecond *Court* more ſacred ſtood behind,
Built fairer, and to nobler uſe deſign'd:
The *Hall* and *Schools* one ſide of it poſſeſt;
The *Library* and *Synagogue* the reſt.
Tables of plain-cut Firre adorn'd the Hall;
51 And with beaſts skins the *beds* were cov'red all.
52 The reverend *Doctors* take their ſeats on high,
Th' *Elect Companions* in their boſoms lie.
The *Scholars* far below upon the ground,
On freſh-ſtrew'd ruſhes place themſelves around.
With more reſpect the *wiſe* and *ancient* lay;
But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* than they,
Nor purer *Waters* drank, their conſtant feaſt;
But by great days, and *Sacrifice* encreaſt.
The *Schools* built round and higher, at the end
With their fair circle did this ſide extend;
To which their *Synagogue* on th'other ſide,
And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide.
The midſt towards their large *Gardens* open lay,
To'admit the joys of *Spring* and *early day*.
I'th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* ſtood;
Yet 'twas well ſtor'd, for that ſmall ſtore was *good*;
Writing, Mans *Spir'itual Phyſick*, was not then
It ſelf as now, grown a *Diſeaſe* of Men.
Learning (*young Virgin*) but few *Suiters* knew;
The common *Proſtitute* ſhe lately grew,
And with her *ſpurious brood* loads now the Preſs;
Laborious effects of *Idleneſs!*
Here all the various forms one might behold
How *Letters* ſav'd themſelves from *Death* of old;
53 Some painfully engrav'd in thin wrought *Plates*,
Some cut in *Wood*, ſome lightlier trac'd on *Slates*;
54 Some drawn on fair *Palm-leaves*, with ſhort-liv'd toyl,
Had not their *friend* the *C dar* lent his *Oyl*.
55 Some wrought in *Silks*, ſome writ in tender *Barks*;
Some the ſharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks;
56 Some in beaſts *skins*, and ſome in *Biblos reed*;
Both new rude arts, which age and growth did need.
The *Schools* were painted well with uſeful skill;
Stars, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd wall did fill.
Wiſe wholeſome *Proverbs* mixt around the room,

Some

57 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* ſome.
Here all the nobleſt *Wits* of men inſpir'd,
From earths ſlight joys, and worthleſs toils retir'd,
Whom *Samuels Fame* and *Bounty* thither lead,
Each day by turns their ſolid knowledge read.
58 The courſe and power of *Stars* great *Nathan* thought,
And home to man thoſe *diſtant Wonders* brought,
How toward both *Poles* the *Suns* fixt journey bends,
And how the *Year* his *crooked walk* attends.
By what juſt ſteps the *wandring Lights* advance,
And what eternal meaſures guide their *dance.*
Himſelf a *Prophet*; but his *Lectures* ſhow'd
How little of that *Art* to *them* he ow'd.
Mahol th'inferior worlds fantaſtick face,
Through all the turns of *Matters Maze* did trace,
Great *Natures* well-ſet *Clock* in pieces took;
On all the *Springs* and ſmalleſt *Wheels* did look
Of *Life* and *Motion*; and with equal art
Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part.*
The *Prophet Gad* in *learned Duſt* deſignes
Th'immortal ſolid rules of fanci'd *Lines.*
Of *Numbers* too th' *unnumbred wealth* he ſhowes,
And with them far their *endleſs journey* goes.
59 *Numbers* which ſtill encreaſe more high and wide.
From *One*, the *root* of their *turn'd Pyramide.*
Of *Men*, and *Ages* paſt *Seraiah* read;
Embalm'd in long liv'd *Hiſtory* the *Dead.*
Show'd the *ſteep falls*, and ſlow *aſcent of States*;
What *Wiſdom* and what *Follies* make their *Fates.*
Samuel himſelf did *Gods* rich *Law* diſplay;
Taught doubting men with *Judgment* to *obey.*
And oft his raviſht *Soul* with ſudden flight
Soar'd above *preſent Times*, and humane ſight.
Thoſe *Arts* but welcome *ſtrangers* might appear,
Muſick and *Verſe* ſeem'd *born* and *bred* up here;
Scarce the bleſt *Heav'en* that rings with *Angels* voyce,
Does with more conſtant *Harmony* rejoyce.
The ſacred *Muſe* does here each breaſt inſpire;
Heman, and ſweet-mouth'd *Aſaph* rule their *Quire*;
Both charming *Poets*, and all ſtrains they plaid,
By artful *Breath*, or nimble *Fingers* made.
The *Synagogue* was dreſt with care and coſt,
(The only place where that they'eſteem'd *not loſt*)
The glittering roof with gold did daze the view,
60 The ſides refreſh't with ſilks of *ſacred blew.*
Here thrice each day they read their perfect *Law*,
Thrice pray'ers from willing *Heav'en* a bleſſing draw;
Thrice in glad *Hymns* ſwell'd with the *Great Ones* praiſe,
61 The plyant *Voice* on her ſev'en ſteps they raiſe,
Whilſt all the *enlivened Inſtruments* around

To the juſt feet with various concord ſound;
Such things were *Muſes* then, contemn'd low earth;
Decently proud, and mindful of their *birth*.
'Twas *God* himſelf that here tun'd every Toung;
And gratefully of him alone they ſung.
They ſung how *God ſpake out* the worlds vaſt ball;
From *Nothing*, and from *No where* call'd forth *All*.
No *Nature* yet, or *place* for't to poſſeſs,
But an unbottom'd *Gulf* of *Emptineſs*.
Full of *Himſelf*, th' *Almighty* ſat, his own
Palace, and without *Solitude Alone*.
But he was *Goodneſs* whole, and all things will'd;
Which ere they *were*, his *active word* fulfill'd;
And their aſtoniſht heads o'th' ſudden rear'd;
An unſhap'd kind of *Something* firſt appear'd,
Confeſſing its new *Being*, and undreſt
As if it ſtept in haſt before the reſt.
Yet buried in this *Matters* darkſome womb,
Lay the rich *Seeds* of every thing to come.
From hence the chearful *Flame* leapt up ſo high;
Cloſe at his heels the nimble *Air* did fly;
Dull *Earth* with his own weight did downwards pierce
To the fixt *Navel* of the *Univerſe*,
And was quite loſt in *waters*: till God ſaid
To the proud *Sea*, ſhrink in your inſolent head,
See how the gaping *Earth* has made you place;
That durſt not murmure, but ſhrunk in apace.
Since when his bounds are ſet, at which in vain
He foams, and rages and turns back again.
With richer ſtuff he bad *Heav'ens* fabrick ſhine,
And from him a quick ſpring of *Light Divine*
Swell'd up the *Sun*, from whence his cher'iſhing flame
Fills the whole world, like *Him* from whom it came.
He ſmooth'd the rough-caſt *Moons* imperfect mold,
And comb'd her beamy locks with ſacred gold;
Be thou (ſaid he) *Queen* of the mournful night,
And as he ſpoke, ſhe aroſe clad o're in *Light*,
With thouſand *Stars* attending on her train;
With her they riſe, with her they ſet again.
Then *Herbs* peep'd forth, new *Trees* admiring ſtood,
And ſmelling *Flow'ers* painted the infant wood.
Then flocks of *Birds* through the glad ayr did flee,
Joyful, and ſafe before *Mans Luxurie*,
Teaching their *Maker* in their untaught lays:
Nay the *mute Fiſh* witneſs no leſs his praiſe.
For thoſe he made, and cloath'd with ſilver ſcales;
From *Minoes* to thoſe *living Iſlands*, *Whales*.
Beaſts too were his command: what could he more?
Yes, *Man* he could, the *bond* of all before;
In him he all things with ſtrange order hurl'd;

In

In him, that *full Abridgment* of the *World*.
This, and much more of *Gods* great works they told;
His *mercies*, and ſome *judgments* too of old:
How when all earth was deeply ſtain'd in ſin;
With an impetuous noiſe the waves came ruſhing in.
Where *birds* e're while dwelt and ſecurely ſung;
There *Fiſh* (an unknown *Net*) entangled hung.
The face of *ſhipwrackt Nature* naked lay;
The *Sun* peep'd forth, and beheld nought but *Sea*.
This men forgot, and burnt in luſt again;
Till ſhow'rs, ſtrange as their Sin, of *fiery rain*,
And ſcalding brimſtone, dropt on *Sodoms* head;
Alive they felt thoſe *Flames* they fry in *Dead*.
No better end raſh *Pharohs* pride befel
When *wind* and *Sea* wag'd war for *Iſrael*.
In his gilt Chariots amaz'd *Fiſhes* ſat,
And grew with corps of wretched *Princes* fat.
The waves and rocks half-eaten bodies ſtain;
Nor was it ſince call'd the *Red-Sea* in vain.
Much too they told of faithful *Abrams* fame,
64 To whoſe bleſt paſſage they owe ſtill their *Name*:
Of *Moſes* much, and the great ſeed of *Nun*:
What wonders they perform'd, what lands they won.
How many *Kings* they ſlew or *Captive* brought;
They held the *Swords*, but *God* and *Angels* fought.
Thus gain'd they the wiſe ſpending of their days;
And their whole *Life* was their dear *Makers* praiſe.
No minutes reſt, no ſwifteſt thought they ſold
To that beloved *Plague* of *Mankind Gold*.
Gold for which all mankind with greater pains
Labour towards *Hell*, than thoſe who dig its vains.
Their *wealth* was the *Contempt* of it; which more
They valu'd than rich fools the ſhining *Ore*.
The *Silk-worm*'s pretious death they ſcorn'd to wear,
And *Tyrian Dy* appear'd but ſordid there.
Honour, which ſince the price of *Souls* became,
Seem'd to theſe *great ones* a low idle *Name*.
Inſtead of *Down*, hard beds they choſe to have,
Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave*.
Their *Board* diſpeopled no full *Element*,
Free *Natures* bounty thriftily they ſpent
And ſpar'd the *Stock*; nor could their bodies ſay
We owe this *Crudeneſs* t' Exceſs yeſterday.
Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no ſoiling fear,
But entertain their welcome *Maker there*.
The *Senſes* perform nimbly what they're bid,
And *Honeſtly*, nor are by *Reaſon* chid.
And when the Down of *ſleep* does ſoftly fall,
65 Their *Dreams* are heavenly then, and myſtical.
With haſty wings *Time preſent* they outfly,

And

And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Deſtiny*.
There walk and ſport among the *years to come*;
And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ery *Cauſes womb*.
Thus theſe wiſe *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*;
Free from the ſpight of *much miſtaken Saul*:
For if mans Life we in juſt ballance weigh,
David deſerv'd his *Envy* leſs than *They*.
Of this retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,
Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voice*.
But long unknown even here he could not lye;
So bright his *Luſtre*, ſo quick *Envies* Eye!
1 Sam. 19. 20. Th'offended Troop, whom he eſcap'd before,
Purſue him here, and fear miſtakes no more;
Belov'd revenge freſh rage to them affords;
Some part of him all *promiſe* to their *Swords*.
They came, but a new ſpirit their hearts poſſeſt,
Scatt'ring a ſacred calm through every breſt:
The furrows of their brow, ſo rough erewile,
Sink down into the dimples of a *Smile*.
Their cooler veins ſwell with a peaceful tide,
And the chaſte ſtreams with even current glide.
A ſudden *day* breaks gently through their eyes,
And *Morning-bluſhes* in their cheeks ariſe.
The thoughts of war, of blood, and murther ceaſe;
Ib. v. 21. In peaceful tunes they adore the *God* of *Peace*.
New Meſſengers twice more the *Tyrant* ſent,
And was twice more mockt with the ſame event.
His heightned rage no longer brooks delay;
It ſends him there himſelf; but on the way
Ib. v. 23. His *fooliſh Anger* a *wiſe Fury* grew,
And *Bleſſings* from his mouth *unbidden* flew.
His Kingly Robes he laid at *Naioth* down,
Began to *underſtand* and *ſcorn* his *Crown*;
Employ'd his mounting thoughts on nobler things;
And felt more *ſolid joys* than *Empire* brings.
Embrac'd his wondring *Son*, and on his head
The *balm* of all paſt *wounds*, kind *Tears* he ſhed.
Num. 22. So cov'etous *Balaam* with a fond intent
Of *curſing* the *bleſt Seed*, to *Moab* went.
But as he went his *fatal tongue* to ſell;
Ib. v. 28. His *Aſs* taught him *to ſpeak*, *God* to *ſpeak well*.
Num. 24. 5 How comely are thy *Tents*, oh *Iſrael!*
(Thus he began) what conqueſts they foretel!
Leſs fair are *Orchards* in their *Autumn* pride,
Adorn'd with *Trees* on ſome fair *Rivers* ſide.
Leſs fair are *Valleys* their green mantles ſpread!
Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their head!
'Twas *God* himſelf (thy *God* who muſt not fear?)
Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Maſter* here.

Slaughter

Slaughter ſhall wear out theſe; new *Weapons* get;
And *Death* in triumph on thy darts ſhall ſit.
When *Judahs Lyon* ſtarts up to his prey,
The *Beaſts* ſhall hang their Ears, and creep away.
When he lies down, the *Woods* ſhall ſilence keep,
And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his *ſleep*.
Thy *Curſers*, *Jacob*, ſhall twice *curſed* be;
And he ſhall bleſs *himſelf* that bleſſes *Thee*.

NOTES
UPON THE
FIRST BOOK.

1 THE cuſtom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Propoſition* of the whole work, and an *Invocation* of ſome God for his aſſiſtance to go through with it, is ſo ſolemnly and religiouſly obſerved by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better way, I ſhould not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better; and that part of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen*, is no leſs Neceſſary for a *Chriſtian Poet*. *A Jove Principium Muſæ*; and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole work may reaſonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be ſo. The *Grecians* built this *Portal* with leſs ſtate, and made but one part of theſe *Two*; in which, and almoſt all things elſe, I prefer the judgment of the *Latins*; though generally they abuſed the Prayer, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worſt of *Men*, their *Princes*: as *Lucan* addreſſes it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*; both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuſes *Auguſtus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little ſuperior to the other two.

2 I call it *Judah*'s, rather than *Iſrael*'s *Scepter* (though in the notion of diſtinct *Kingdoms*, *Iſrael* was very much the greater.) Firſt, becauſe *David* himſelf was of that Tribe. Secondly, becauſe he was firſt made King of *Judah*, and this Poem was deſigned no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, becauſe the Monarchy of *Judah* laſted longer, not only in his Race, but out-laſted all the ſeveral Races of the Kings of *Iſrael*. And laſtly, and chiefly, becauſe our *Saviour* deſcended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes it infinitely more conſiderable than all the reſt.

3 I hope this kind of boaſt (which I have been taught by almoſt all the old *Poets*) will not ſeem immodeſt; for though ſome in other Languages have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none, that I know of, has in Engliſh: So *Virgil* ſays in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

Sed me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, quà nulla priorum.
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

Becauſe none in *Latin* had written of that ſubject. So *Horace*,

Libera, per vacuum poſui veſtigia princeps,
Non aliena meo preſſi pede. ——

And before them both *Lucretius*,

Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè
Trita ſolo, juvat integros accedere fontes
Atq; haurire ——

And ſo *Nemeſianus*,

—— *Ducitq; per avia, quà ſola nunquam*
Trita rotis ——

Though there he does wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the ſame Argument before him. And ſo *Oppian*, 1. *Ven.*

Ἔρρειν χ᾽ τραχεῖαν ἐπιστείβωμεν ἀταρπὸν
Τῶν μεζόνων ὔπῳ τὶς ἴῃς ἐπάτησεν ἀοιδαῖς.

My own alluſion here is to the paſſage of the *Iſraelites* through the *Wilderneſs*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar* of *Flame*.

4 Though there have been three *Temples* at *Jeruſalem*, the firſt built by *Solomon*, the ſecond by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod* (for it appears by *Joſephus* that *Herod* pluckt down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the firſt and laſt, which were very much ſuperiour to that of *Zorobabel* in riches and magnificence, though that was forty ſix years building, whereas *Herods* was but eight, and *Solomons* ſeven; of all three the laſt was the moſt ſtately; and in that, and not *Zorobabels* Temple, was fulfilled the Prophecie of *Hagai*, that the glory of the laſt Houſe ſhould be greater than of the firſt.

5 To be made an *Apoſtle* for the converſion of *Poetry* to *Chriſtianity*, as S. *Paul* was for the converſion of the *Gentiles*; which was done not only by the *Word*, as *Chriſt* was the Eternal *Word* of his *Father*; but by his becoming a *Particular Word* or *Call* to him. This is more fully explained in the Latin Tranſlation.

6 It was the ſame caſe with *Hercules*; and therefore I am not afraid to apply to this ſubject that which *Seneca* makes *Juno* ſpeak of him in *Hercul. Fur.*

Superat, & creſcit malis,
Iràq; noſtrâ fruitur, in laudes ſuas
Mea vertit odia, dum nimis ſæva impero.
Patrem probavi; gloriæ feci locum.

And a little after,

Minorq; labor eſt Herculi juſſa exequi,
Quàm mihi jubere ——

7 In the publick *Games* of *Greece*, *Palm* was made the ſign and reward of *Victory*, becauſe it is the nature of that *Tree* to reſiſt, overcome, and thrive the better for all preſſures,

——*Palmaq; nobilis*
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos. Hor. Od. 1.

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets*, and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it ſelf. And the Greek *Grammarians* ſay, that νικᾶν (to overcome) is derived from the ſame ſenſe, παρὰ τὸ μὴ εἴκειν, *à non cedendo.*

8 *Shore* is properly ſpoken of the *Sea*, and *Banks* of *Rivers:* and the ſame difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among the beſt *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Bank*; *Virgil.*

Littora quæ dulces auras diffunditis agris,

Speaking of *Mineius.*

9 That the *Matter* of *winds* is an *Exhalation* ariſing out of the concavities of the Earth, is the opinion of *Ariſtotle*, and almoſt all *Philoſophers* ſince him, except ſome few who follow *Hippocrates* his doctrine, who defined the wind to be *Air in Motion*, or flux. In thoſe concavities, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the place, the moiſt ones turn into water, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and theſe are the ſecret *Treaſuries*, out of which God is in the Scripture ſaid to bring them. This was alſo meant by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were kept by *Æolus*, impriſoned in deep Caves,

——Hic vaſto Rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos tempeſtateſq; ſonoras
Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he ſays, *non intellexit, nec id quod clauſum eſt, eſſe adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus eſt, poſſe claudi: nam quod in clauſo eſt, quieſcit, & aeris ſtatio eſt, omnis in fugâ ventus eſt:* For though it get not yet out, it is wind as ſoon as it ſtirs within, and attempts to do ſo. However, my Epithete of *unſtetcht Tempeſts* might paſs with him; for as ſoon as the *wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in caſe of extream reſiſtance (if it be very ſtrong) cauſes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal Sat.* 5. expreſſes very well the *Southwind*, in one of theſe dens.

——Dum ſe continet Auſter,
Dum ſedet, & ſiccat madidas in carcere pennas.

10 To give a probable reaſon of the perpetual ſupply of waters to *Fountains* and *Rivers*, it is neceſſary to eſtabliſh an *Abyſs* or deep gulph of waters, into which the *Sea* diſcharges it ſelf, as Rivers do into the Sea; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation* of water, like that of *Blood* in mans body: For to refer the original of all *Fountains* to condenſation, and afterwards diſſolution of vapors under the Earth, is one of the moſt unphiloſophical opinions in all *Ariſtotle*. And this *Abyſs* of waters is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* bleſſes *Joſeph* with the Bleſſings of the Heavens above, and with the Bleſſings of the Deep beneath; that is, with the dew and rain of Heaven, and with the Fountains and Rivers that ariſe from the Deep; and *Eſdras* conformably to this, asks, What habitations are in the heart of the Sea, and what veins in the root of the *Abyſs?* So at the end of the *Deluge*, *Moſes* ſays, that God ſtopt the Windows of Heaven, and the Fountain of the *Abyſs*.

And undiſturb'd by Moons in ſilence ſleep For I ſuppoſe the *Moon*

to

to be the principal, if not ſole cauſe of the *Ebbing* and *Flowing* of the Sea, but to have no effect upon the waters that are beneath the Sea it ſelf.

11 This muſt be taken in a Poetical ſenſe; for elſe making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the Earth, it is far from infinitely large, or deep, yet, on my Conſcience, where e're it be, it is not ſo ſtrait, as that *Crowding* and ſweating ſhould be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleaſantly fancied by *Bellarmine. Leſſius* in his Book *de Morib. Divinis*, as if he had been there to *ſurvey* it, determines the *Diameter* to be juſt a *Dutch mile*. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of) the *Apocalypſe*, allows *Pluto* a little more elbow-room, and extends it to 1600. furlongs, that is 200. Italian miles. *Virgil* (as good a Divine for this matter as either of them) ſays it is twice as deep as the diſtance betwixt Heaven and Earth:

Bis patet in præceps tantum tenditq; ſub umbras
Quantus ad æthereum cœli ſuſpectus Olympum.

Heſiod is more moderate:

Τόσσον ἔνερθ' ὑπὸ γῆς ὅσον οὐρανὸς ἐς' ἀπὸ γαίης.

Statius puts it very low, but is not ſo punctual in the diſtance: He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one,

Indeſpecta tenet vobis qui Tartara quorum
Vos eſtis ſuperi ----

Which ſure *Æſchylus* meant too by what he calls Τάρταρος ἠερόεις ἄϊδος, the *Scripture* terms it *Utter Darkneſs*, Σκότος ἐξώτερον, & Ζόφον σκότους.

12 There are two opinions concerning *Samuels* anointing of *David*: one (which is *Joſephus*'s) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a ſecret from *Davids Father* and *Brethren*; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow; and therefore we uſe the word *Boldly*: nay, I believe, that moſt of the people, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himſelf knew it, for ſo it ſeems by *Sauls* great jealouſie of his being appointed to ſucceed him; and *Jonathan* avows his knowledge of it to *David* himſelf; and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he ſhould uſe his family kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High Prieſts*; and was applyed to *Kings* (and likewiſe even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High Prieſts*, and did often exerciſe the duties of their Function, which makes me believe that *Saul* was ſo ſeverely reproved and puniſhed; not ſo much for offering Sacrifice (as an uſurpation of the *Prieſts* Office) as for his infidelity in not ſtaying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*; that is, by *God* himſelf. But there is a Tradition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of anointing *Prieſts* and *Kings* was different; as, that the *Oyl* was poured in a *Croſs* (*decuſſatim*, like the figure of Ten X) upon the *Prieſts* heads, and Round in faſhion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings*; which I follow here, becauſe it ſounds more poetically (*The royal drops round his enlarged head*) not that I have any faith in the authority of thoſe *Authors*.

13 The *Prophecie* of *Jacob* at his death concerning all his Sons, *Gen.* 49. *v.* 10. The *Scepter* ſhall not depart from *Judah*, nor the *Law-giver* from between his feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him ſhall belong

belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate it differently. The *Septuagint*, *Donec veniant*, τὰ ἀποκείμενα αὐτῷ, *quæ reposita sunt ei*. *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est*. The vulgar *Edition*, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the Rabbies, *Filius ejus*; others, *Filius mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others, *Sospitator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours, and the French Translation retain the word *Shilo*, which I chuse to follow.

14 Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil* in leaving sometimes half-verses (where the sense seems to invite a man to that liberty) yet his authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully: and I am far from their opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken *Hemistiques:* There are some places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his death by the putid officiousness of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

——*Moriamur inultæ?*
Sed moriamur, ait ——

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the passion she was then in, than to conclude abruptly with that resolution? nothing could there be well added; but if there were a necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;

Which is contrary to her sense; for to have died revenged, would have been

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Shall we die (says she) *unrevenged?* That's all that can make death unpleasant to us: but however it is necessary to die. I remember, when I made once this exception to a friend of mine, he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras:

Which does indeed a little mend the sense; but then the expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of that age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the use of these broken verses; yet that they approved it, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16. *Controversie*) upon these two verses of *Varro*,

Desiderant latrare canes, urbesq; silebant,
Omnia noctis erant placidâ compôsta quiete,

Said they would have been much better, if the latter part of the second verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

Omnia noctis erant ——

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own verses, as most remarkably in that,

Omnia pontus erant, deërant quoq; littora ponto,
All things was *S* , nor had the *Sea a Shore.*

Where

Where he might have ended excellently with

Omnia pontus erat———

But the addition is ſuperfluous, even to ridiculouſneſs.

An *Apoſiopæſis*, like *Virgils*

Quos ego———ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.

15 This would ill beſit the mouth of any thing but a *Fury*; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole ſpeech without ſome lies in it; ſuch are thoſe precedent exaltations of the *Devils* power, which are moſt of them falſe, but not *All*, for that were too much even for a *Fury*; nor are her boaſts more falſe, than her threatnings vain where ſhe ſays afterwards, *'Tis not thy God himſelf*———yet *Seneca* ventures to make a man ſay as much in *Her. Fur.*

Amplectere aras, nullus eripiet Deus
Te mihi———

16 *Cain* was the firſt and greateſt example of *Envy* in the World; who ſlew his *Brother*, becauſe his Sacrifice was more acceptable to God than his own: at which the *Scripture* ſays, *He was ſorely angred, and his countenance caſt down.* It is hard to gueſs what it was in *Cains ſacrifice* that diſpleaſed God; the *Septuagint* make it to be a defect in the *Quality* or *Quantity* of the *Offering*, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς προσενέγκῃς, ὀρθῶς δὲ μὴ διέλῃς, ἥμαρτες; If thou haſt offered right, but not rightly divided, haſt thou not ſinned? but this Tranſlation, neither the Vulgar Edition, nor ours, nor almoſt any follows. We muſt therefore be content to be ignorant of the cauſe, ſince it hath pleaſed God not to declare it; neither is it declared in what manner he ſlew his Brother: And therefore I had the Liberty to chuſe that which I thought moſt probable; which is, that he knockt him on the head with ſome great ſtone, which was one of the firſt ordinary and moſt natural weapons of anger. That this ſtone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tombſtone* of *Abel*, is not ſo Hyperbolical, as what *Virgil* ſays in the ſame kind of *Turnus*,

———Saxum circumſpicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum ingens, campo qui fortè jacebat
Limes agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret agris,
Vix illud lecti bis ſex cervice ſubirent,
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hoſtem:

Which he takes from *Homer*, but adds to the *Hyperbole*,

Ὁ δ' ἄρ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν,
Οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσιν, ὁ δ' ἦεν μιν ῥέα πάλλε δὲ οἴῳ. Il. 21.

Ovid is no leſs bold, *Metamorph.* 12.

Codice qui miſſo quem vix juga bina moverent
Juncta, Phololeniden à ſummo vertice fregit.

17 Though the *Jews* uſed to bury, and not to burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that ſome Nations, even ſo anciently practiſed Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that cuſtom: which if we believe *Statius*,

was

was received even among the *Græcians* before the *Theban War.*

18 *Belzebub.* That one evil *Spirit* preſided over the others, was not only the received opinions of the Ancients, both *Jews* and *Gentiles*; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this world*, John 12. 31. *Prince of this age*, Corinth. 11.6. *Prince of the Power of the Air*, Epheſ. 11. 2. *Prince of Devils*, Mat. 12.24. by the expreſs name of *Belzebub*, which is the reaſon why I uſe it here. *Porphyrius* ſays his name is *Serapis.* Μήποτε ἔτοι εἰσὶν οἳ ἀρχὴ ὁ Σάραπις, ἢ τούτων Σύμβολον ὁ τριπάρυιθ- κύων, ὅστ' ἐστὶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς τειοὶ τοιχείοις, ὕδαλι, γῇ, ἀέρι πονηρὸς δαίμων. According to which *Statius* calls him *Triplicis mundi ſummum*; but names him not: for he adds, *Quem ſcire nefaſtum eſt.* This is the *Spirit* to whom the two Verſes, cited by the ſame *Porphyry* addreſs themſelves,

Δαῖμον ἀλιτροσύων ψυχῶν διάδημα λελογχὼς
Ἠερίον ὑπένερθε μυχῶν, χθονίων τ' ἐφύπερθεν.

O thou *Spirit* that haſt the command of guilty *Souls*, beneath the vaults of the Air, and above thoſe of the Earth: which I ſhould rather read χθονίων τ' ὑπένερθε; And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too.

Now for the name of *Belzebub*, it ſignifies the *Lord* of *Flies*; which ſome think to be a name of *ſcorn* given by the *Jews* to this great *Jupiter* of the *Syrians*, whom they called Βεελσάμην, *id eſt*, Διὰ μυίαν, becauſe the Sacrifices in this *Temple* were infeſted with multitudes of *Flies*, which by a peculiar priviledge, notwithſtanding the daily great number of Sacrifices, never came (for ſuch is the *Tradition*) into the *Temple* at *Jeruſalem.* But others believe it was no mock name, but a *Surname* of *Baal*, as he was worſhipt at *Ekron*, either from bringing or driving away *ſwarms of Flies*, with which the Eaſtern Countries were often moleſted; and their reaſon is, becauſe *Ahaziah* in the time of his ſickneſs (when it is likely he would not rally with the *God* from whom he hoped for relief) ſends to him under the name of *Belzebub.*

19 That even inſenſible things are affected with horrour at the preſence of *Devils*, is a frequent exaggeration of ſtories of that kind; and could not well be omitted at the appearance of *Poetical Spirits*,

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, & ſylvæ intonuere profundæ,
Audiit & Triviæ longè lacus, &c.——Virg. Æneid. 7.

And *Seneca* nearer to my purpoſe in *Thyeſtes*: *Senſit introitus tuos Domus, & neſando tota contactu horruit*——*Jam tuum mœſtæ pedem Terræ gravantur, Cernis ut ſontes liquor Introrſus actus linquat, ut regio vacent, &c* And after, *Imo mugit è fundo ſolum, Tonat dies ſerenus ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares vertêre vultum.* When *Statius* makes the Ghoſt of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the War with his *Brother*, I cannot underſtand, why he makes him aſſume the ſhape of *Tireſias*, *Longævi vatis opacos Induitur vultus*,

vultus vocémq; & vellera, ſince at his going away he diſcovers him to be *Laius*,

——*Ramos, ac vellera fronti*
Diripuit confeſſus avum——

Neither do I more approve in this point of *Virgils* method, who in the 7. *Æneid.* brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at firſt in the ſhape of a *Prieſteſs*,

Fit Calybe Junonis anus;——

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her, her own figure of a *Fury*, and ſo ſpeak to him; which might have been done, methinks, as well at firſt, or indeed better not done at all; for no perſon is ſo improper to perſwade man to any undertaking, as the *Devil* without a diſguiſe: which is the reaſon why I make him here both come in, and go out too in the likeneſs of *Benjamin*, who as the firſt and chief of *Sauls* Progenitors, might the moſt probably ſeem concern'd for his welfare, and the eaſilieſt be believed and obeyed.

20 I fancy here that the *ſtatue* of *Benjamin* ſtood in manner of a *Coloſſus* over *Sauls Gate*; for which perhaps I ſhall have ſome *Criticks* fall ſeverely upon me; it being the common opinion, that the uſe of all *ſtatues*, nay, even pictures, or other repreſentations of things to the ſight, was forbidden the *Jews*. I know very well, that in latter ages, when they were moſt rigid in obſerving of the *Letter* of the *Law* (which they began to be about the time when they ſhould have left it) even the *civil uſe* of *Images* was not allowed, as now among the *Mahumetans*. But I believe that at firſt it was otherwiſe: And firſt, the words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of *Images*, not abſolutely, but with relation to the end of *bowing down, or worſhiping them*; and if the *Commandment* had implyed more, it would bind us *Chriſtians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a *Moral one*. Secondly, we have ſeveral examples in the *Bible*, which ſhew that *ſtatues* were in uſe among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by *God* to be ſo, as thoſe of the *Cherubims*, and divers other *Figures*, for the ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple*; as that likewiſe of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lyons* upon *Solomons Throne*, and the *ſtatue* of *David*, placed by *Michol* in his Bed, to deceive the Souldiers who came to murder him; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vaſques* ſays, that ſuch *Images* only were unlawful, as were *Erectæ aut conſtitutæ modo accommodato adorationi*, made, erected, or conſtituted in a *Manner* proper for *Adoration*; which *Modus accommodatus adorationis*, he defines to be, when the *Image* is made or erected *Per ſe*, for its own ſake, and not as an *Appendix* or addition for the ornament of ſome other thing; as for example, *Statues* are *Idols*, when *Temples* are made for *them*; when they are only made for *Temples*, they are but *Civil Ornaments*.

21 *Enchanted Vertues.* That is, whoſe operation is ſtopt, as it were, by ſome Enchantment. Like that *Faſcination* called by the *French*, *Novement d' eſguillette*, which hinders the natural faculty of Generation.

22 So *Homer*, Ἀχαιΐδες, οὐκ ἔτ' Ἀχαιοί.
And *Virg.* *O verè Phrygiæ, neq; enim Phryges!*

23 The number of years from *Benjamin* to *Sauls* reign; not exactly: but this is the next *whole number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones:* and indeed, though it were in prose, in so passionate a speech it were not natural to be punctual.

24 In this, and some like places, I would not have the Reader judge of my opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the Doctrine of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern* parts; for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy*. And to speak according to common opinion, though it be false, is so far from being a fault in Poetry, that it is the custom even of the Scripture to do so; and that not only in the Poetical pieces of it; as where it attributes the *members* and *passions* of mankind to *Devils*, *Angels*, and *God* himself; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest; but is spoken of, as it *seems*, not as it *Is*, and in too many other places to be collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgils* Verse,

Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram,

Says in his 86. *Epistle*, that the Tree will easily grow up to give shade to the *Planter:* but that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *Truly*, but what most *gracefully*: and aimed more at *Delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing Husbandmen:* Infinite are the examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*; 'tis in the description of a *Tempest* (a common place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four winds blow at once, to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

Una Eurúsq; Notúsq; ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus—— And *Statius*,
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus.

And so all the rest. Of this kind I take those Verses to be of *Statius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commended, even by *Scaliger* himself.

——*Jacet omne pecus, volucréq; feræque,*
Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

Hitherto there is no scruple; for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod.* He adds,

Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus occidit horror
Æquoris, & terris maria inclinata quiescunt;

Which is false, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the *Truth.*

25 I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of *Readers*, that it is not by *negligence* that this verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *Vast*; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this *Poem*, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before, *And over-runs the neighbring fields with violent course.* In the second Book, *Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all*---and,

And

And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care. In the 3. *Braſs was his Helmet, his Boots Braſs, and ore his breaſt a thick Plate of ſtrong Braſs he wore.* In the 4. *Like ſome fair Pine ore-looking all th' ignobler Wood*; and, *Some from the Rocks caſt themſelves down headlong*; and many more: but it is enough to inſtance in a few. The thing is, that the diſpoſition of words and numbers ſhould be ſuch, as that out of the order and ſound of them, the things themſelves may be repreſented. This the *Greeks* were not ſo accurate as to bind themſelves to; neither have our *Engliſh Poets* obſerved it, for ought I can find. The *Latins* (*qui Muſas colunt ſeveriores*) ſometimes did it, and their *Prince*, *Virgil*, always. In whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, ſo that it is ſuperfluous to collect them.

26 Eternity is defined by *Boet.* Lib. 5. *de Conſolat. Interminabilis vitæ tota ſimul & perfecta poſſeſſio.* The whole and perfect poſſeſſion, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the *Schoolmen*; who therefore call *eternity Nunc ſtans*, a *ſtanding Now*, to diſtinguiſh it from that *Now*, which is a difference of *time*, and is always *in Fluxu.*

27 *Seneca*, methinks, in his 58. *Epiſt.* expreſſes this more divinely than any of the *Divines*: *Manent enim cuncta, non quia æterna ſunt, ſed quia defenduntur curâ regentis, Immortalia tutore non egent, hæc conſervat Artifex, fragilitatem materiæ vi ſuâ vincens.* And the *Schoolmen* all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate *concourſe* of *God* is required as well now for the *Conſervation*, as at firſt it was neceſſary for the *Creation* of the World, and that the nature of things is not left to it ſelf to produce any action, without a concurrent act of God; which when he was pleaſed to omit, or ſuſpend, the fire could not burn the three young men in the red hot Furnace.

28 The Book of *Tobias* ſpeaks of *Seven Angels* ſuperiour to all the reſt; and this has been conſtantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient *Jews* and *Chriſtians*. *Clem. Alexand. Stromat.* 6. Ἑπτὰ τὰς ἀ μεγίσην δύναμιν ἔχοντας πρωτογόνους ἀγγέλους. The *Seven* that have the greateſt power, the *Firſt-born Angels*, *Tob.* 12. 15. I am *Raphael*, one of the *Seven holy Angels*, which preſent the Prayers of the Saints, and which go in and out before the glory of the Holy one; and this *Daniel* may very well be thought to mean, when he ſays, *Chap.* 10. 13. *Lo Michael one of the chiefeſt Princes came to help me.* That ſome *Angels* were under the command of others, may be collected out of *Zechar.* 2. 3. where one *Angel* commands another; *Run, ſpeak to this young man, &c.* and out of *Rev.* 12. 7. where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels*. The number of juſt *ſeven* ſupream *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *ſeven chief Princes* of the *Perſian Empire*; but I doubt whether the ſeven there were ſo ancient as this *Tradition*. Three names of theſe *ſeven* the *Scripture* affords, *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*; but for the other four, *Oriphiel*, *Zachariel*, *Samael*, and *Anael*, let the Authors

of them anſwer, as likewiſe for their preſiding over the *Seven Planets.*

The Verſes attributed to *Orpheus* have an expreſſion very like this of the *Angels.*

Τῷδε θρόνῳ πυρόεντι παρεστᾶσιν πολύμοχθοι
Ἄγγελοι, ὅσοι μέμηλε βροτοῖς ὡς πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called *Luke* 1. 19. ὁ παρεστηκὼς ἐνώπιον τοῦ θεοῦ, He that *ſtands* before the face of *God.* And *Daniel* had his viſion interpreted by one, τῶν ἑστηκότων, of the *ſtanders* before *God.*

29 The *Poets* are ſo civil to *Jupiter*, as to ſay no leſs when he either *Spoke*, or ſo much as *Nodded.* Hom.

——Μέγαν δ' ἐλέλιξεν Ὄλυμπον.

Virgil. *Annuit, & totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*

Stat. ——*Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.*

30 *Fricnds* in the plural, as an intimation of the *Trinity*; for which cauſe he uſes ſometimes *We*, and ſometimes *I*, and *Me.*

31 I do not like *Homers* repeating of long Meſſages juſt in the ſame words: but here I thought it neceſſary, the Meſſage coming from *God*, from whoſe words no creature ought to vary, and being delivered by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him ſay a long, eloquent, or figurative ſpeech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleaſed perhaps ſome *Readers*, but would have been a crime againſt τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency.*

32 That *Timotheus* by *Muſick* enflamed and appeaſed *Alexander* to what degrees he pleaſed; that a *Muſician* in *Denmark* by the ſame Art enraged King *Ericius*, even to the ſtriking of all his Friends about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the ſame means a woman to ſtop the fury of a young man, who came to ſet her Houſe on fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hindred another from murdering his Father, when the Sword was drawn for that purpoſe; that the fierceneſs of *Achilles* his nature was allayed by playing on the Harp (for which cauſe *Homer* gives him nothing elſe out of the Spoils of *Eëtion*) that *Damon* by it reduced wild and drunken Youths; and *Aſclepiades*, even ſeditious multitudes to Temper and Reaſon; that the *Corybantes* and effeminate Prieſts of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own fleſh (with many more examples of the like kind) is well known to all men converſant among Authors. Neither is it ſo wonderful, that ſudden paſſions ſhould be raiſed or ſuppreſt (for which cauſe *Pindar* ſays to his *Harp*, Τὸν αἰχμάταν κεραυνὸν σβεννύεις' *Thou quencheſt the raging Thunder.*) But that it ſhould cure ſetled Diſeaſes in the Body, we ſhould hardly believe, if we had not both Humane and Divine Teſtimony for it. *Plin. Lib.* 28. *Cap.* 1. *Dixit Homerus profluvium ſanguinis vulnerato femore*

ſemore Ulyſſem inhibuiſſe carmine, Theophraſtus Iſchiadicos ſanari, Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Mar. Varro Podagris; Where *Carmen* is to be underſtood as joined with *muſical* notes. For the cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophraſtus* commends the *Phrygian Muſick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A. Gell.* for giving eaſe to it, *Ut memoriæ proditum eſt*, as it is (ſays he) reported. *Apollon.* in his Book *de Miris* ſpeaks thus. It is worthy admiration, that which *Theophraſtus* writes in his Treatiſe of *Enthuſiaſm*, that *Muſick* cures many paſſions and diſeaſes, both of the Mind and Body, Καθάπερ λειποθυμίας, φόβους, καὶ τὰς ὀξὺ μακρὸν γιγνομένας τῆς διανοίας ἐκστάσεις, ἰᾶται γὰρ φησὶν ἡ καταύλησις καὶ Ἰσχιάδα καὶ Ἐπιληψίαν. And the ſame Author witneſſes, that many in his time, eſpecially the *Thebans*, uſed the *Pipe* for the cure of ſeveral ſickneſſes, which *Galen* calls καλαυλεῖν τὸ τόπον, *Super loco affecto tibiâ canere*; or, *Loca dolentia decantare*. So *Zenocrates* is ſaid to have cured mad men, *Tarpander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this example of *David*, we ſhould hardly be convinced of this *Phyſick*, unleſs it be in the particular cure of the *Tarantiſm*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be denied or eluded, and afford a probable argument that other Diſeaſes might naturally be expelled ſo too, but that we have either loſt, or not found out yet the Art. For the explication of the reaſon of theſe cures, the Magicians flye to their *Colcodea*; the *Platoniques*, to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptiſta Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, ſeems to attribute it to the *Magical Power of the Inſtrument*, rather than of the *Muſick*; for he ſays, that *Madneſs* is to be cured by the harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, becauſe the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpoſe; and the *Sciatique* by a *Muſical Inſtrument* made of *Poplar*, becauſe of the virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate thoſe kind of pains. But theſe, and many *Sympathetical* experiments are ſo falſe, that I wonder at the negligence or impudence of the *Relators*. *Picus Mirand.* ſays, That *Muſick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *Body* by the *Soul*, as *Phyſick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural reaſon to be, that in the ſame manner as *Muſical* ſounds move the outward air, ſo that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the ſeat of *Diſeaſes*) by *Condenſation*, *Rarefaction*, *Diſſipation*, or *expulſion* of *Vapours*, and by Vertue of that *Sympathy* of *Proportion*, which I expreſs afterwards in Verſe. For the producing of the effect deſired, *Athan. Kircherus* requires four conditions: 1. *Harmony*. 2. *Number* and *Proportion*. 3. *Efficacious* and pathetical *words* joined with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and diſtinctly underſtood in the *Muſick* of the *Ancients*.) And 4. An adapting of all theſe to the Conſtitution, Diſpoſition, and Inclinations of the *Patient*. Of which, and all things on this ſubject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de Arte magnâ Conſoni & Diſſoni*.

Scaliger

33 *Scaliger* in his *Hypercrit.* blames *Claudian* for his excurſion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the cauſe of it in his own perſon. If he had brought in, ſays he, any other perſon making the relation, I ſhould endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon ſo ſhort a *Digreſſion*; however, I chuſe here upon this new occaſion, by the by to make a new ſhort *Invocation* of the *Muſe*, and that which follows, *As firſt a various unform'd*, is to be underſtood as from the perſon of the *Muſe*: For this ſecond *Invocation* upon a particular matter, I have the authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheleſs I ſhould have omitted, had the digreſſion been upon any ſubject but *Muſick*. *Hom. Il.* 2.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι·
Ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστέ τε πάντα,
Ἡμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν.

And *Virgil* twice in the ſame Book (*Æn.* 7.)

Nunc age qui Reges, Erato——
Tu Vatum tu Diva mone, &c.——

And a little after,

Pandite nunc Helicona Deæ, cantúſq; ciete——
Et meminiſtis enim Divæ, & memorare poteſtis,
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

34 I have ſeen an excellent ſaying of St. *Auguſtines*, cited to this purpoſe, *Ordinem ſæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibuſdam quaſi antithetis honeſtavit Deus*——*ſicut contraria contrariis oppoſita ſermonis pulcritudinem reddunt, ità quâdam non verborum ſed rerum eloquentiâ contrariorum oppoſitione ſæculi pulchritudo componitur.* And the *Scripture* witneſſes, that the World was made in *Number, Weight, and Meaſure*; which are all qualities of a good *Poem*. This order and proportion of things is the true *Muſick* of the World, and not that which *Pythagoras, Plato, Tully, Macrob.* and many of the *Fathers* imagined, to ariſe audibly from the circumvolution of the *Heavens*. This is their *Muſical* and loud voice, of which *David* ſpeaks, *Pſalm.* 19. *The Heavens declare the glory of the Lord*——*There is no ſpeech nor Language where their voice is not heard. Their ſound is gone out through all the Earth, and their words to the end of the world*----Or as our Tranſlation nearer the *Hebrew* (they ſay) renders it, Their *Line* is gone out, *Linea vel amuſſis eorum*: to ſhew the exactneſs of their proportion.

35 Even this diſtinction of ſounds in the art of Muſick, is thought by ſome to have been invented from the conſideration of the elementary qualities: In imitation of which, *Orpheus* is ſaid to have formed an Harp with four ſtrings, and ſet them to different Tunes: The firſt to *Hypate*, to anſwer to the *Fire*. The ſecond to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranate*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.

36 Becauſe the *Moon* is but 28 days, and *Saturn* above 29 years in finiſhing his courſe.

37 There is ſo much to be ſaid of this ſubject, that the beſt way is to ſay nothing of it. See at large *Kircherus* in his 10. Book *de Arte Conſoni & Diſſoni.*

The

38 The *Weapon-Salve.*

39 The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Uniſons*, which is moſt eaſily perceived by laying a ſtraw upon one of the ſtrings, which will preſently move upon touching the other.

40 Here may ſeem to want connexion between this verſe and the *Pſalm.* It is an *Elleipſis*, or leaving ſomething to be underſtood by the *Reader*, to wit, *That* David *ſung to his Harp, before* Saul, *the enſuing Pſalm.* Of this kind is that in *Virgil.*

Jungimus hoſpitio dextras, & tecta ſubimus.
Templa Dei ſaxo venerabar ſtructa vetuſto.
Da propriam Thymbræe domum, &c.———

Where is underſtood *Et venerans dixi*, or ſome ſuch words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been ſupplyed by any care. Though *Scaliger* be of another mind in the 4. Book of *Poeſie*, where he ſays, that there are ſome places in *Virgil*, where the ſenſe is diſcontinued and interrupted by the leaveing out of ſome verſes, through the overmuch ſeverity of his judgment (*moroſiſſimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their place; and he inſtances in theſe, where for my part I ſhould be ſorry that *Virgil* himſelf had filled up the gap. The like *Elleipſis* is in his 5. Book, upon the death of *Palinurus*,

Multa gemens caſúq; animum percuſſus amici,
O nimium cœlo & pelago confiſe ſereno,
Nudus in ignotâ Pvlinure jacebis arenâ.

And ſuch is that in *Statius*, 2. *Theb.*

———*Ni tu Tritonia Virgo*
Conſilio dignata virum---Sate gente ſuperbi
Oeneos, abſentes cui dudum vincere Thebas
Annuimus———

And why do I inſtance in theſe, ſince the examples are ſo frequent in all Poets?

41 For this liberty of inſerting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no authority or example; and therefore like men who venture upon a new Coaſt, I muſt run the hazard of it. We muſt ſometimes be bold to innovate,

Nec minimum meruere decus veſtigia Græca
Auſi deſerere---Hor.

42 Pſal. 58. 5. *They are like the deaf Adder, that ſtoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of the Charmer, charm he never ſo wiſely.* So Jerem. 8. 17. *Behold I will ſend Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non eſt Incantatio:* which Texts are ill produced by the *Magick-mongers* for a proof of the power of *Charms:* For the firſt is plainly againſt them, *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one *Species* of *Serpents*, which alone had a quality of reſiſting *Incantations:* And as the other is no more than if the Prophet ſhould have ſaid, Though you practiſe *Magick Arts*, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can *charm* the very *Serpents*, yet you ſhall find with all your *Magick*, no remedy againſt thoſe which I ſhall ſend among you; for nothing in all the whole humane, or diabolical

lical Illuſion of *Magick* was ſo much boaſted of as the power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the Creatures moſt *antipathetical* and terrible to humane nature.

Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis. Virg.
Vipereas rumpo verbis & carmine fauces. Ovid.
Inq; pruinoſo coluber diſtenditur arvo,
Viperei coëunt abrupto corpore nodi,
Humanoq; cadit Serpens afflata veneno. Lucan.

43 Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the *wonders of the World*) than the κῆπος or παράδεισος κρεμαστὸς, rendred by the *Latines*, *Hortus penſilis*, at *Babylon*, which was planted on the top of prodigious buildings, made for that purpoſe, fifty Cubits high, fourſquare, and each ſide containing four Acres of ground. It was planted with all ſorts of Trees, even the greateſt, and adorned with many Banquetting-Houſes. The particular deſcription ſee in *Diodor. Sicul. l.* 11. and out of him in *Qu. Curt. l.* 5. It was built, they ſay, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonoſar*, for ſo *Joſephus*, *l.* 10. and *Suidas* expreſly ſays) in favour of a *Perſian Wife* of his, who as *Q. Curt.* ſpeaks, *Deſiderio nemorum ſylvarumq; in campeſtribus locis virum compulit naturæ genium amœnitate hujus operis imitari.* And *D. Chryſoſtome* mentions another of the like kind at *Suſæ* in his *Sermon of Riches*, οὐδ' ἂν γένοιτο ποτὲ ἄνθρωποι ἐυδαίμονες ἀνόητοι ὄντες, οὐδ' ἂν εἷς ἐν Σούσοις παράδεισον οἰκοδομήσωσιν, ὃς ἦν ὡς φασὶ, μείζων ἁπάσης. These were miracles of their kind; but the uſe of Gardens made upon the top of Palaces, was very frequent among the ancients. *Seneca. Trag. Act.* 3. *Thyeſt.*

Nulla culminibus meis Impoſita nutat ſylva. Sen. Epiſt. 122.
Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in ſummis turribus ſerunt? quorum ſilvæ in tectis domorum ac faſtigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus, quò improbè cacumina egiſſent. Plin. *In tecta olim Romæ ſcandebant ſilvæ*; Which luxury, as all others, came out of *Aſia* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar uſe among the Hebrews, even in *Davids* time, ſeveral Texts of Scripture make me conjecture, 2 *Sam.* 26.22. *They ſpread for* Abſalom *a Tent upon the Top of the Houſe, and* Abſalom *went unto his Fathers Concubines in the ſight of all* Iſrael. 2 Sam. 11. 2. *And it came to paſs in an evening, that* David *aroſe from off his bed, and walked upon the roof of the Kings Houſe; and from the roof he ſaw a woman waſhing her ſelf.* And, 1 Sam. 9.25. Samuel *communed with* Saul *upon the top of the Houſe.* And again, *verſe* 26.

44 1 Sam. 19.13. *And* Michol *took an image, and put it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats hair for his Bolſter, and covered it with a Cloath.* An *Image*; the Hebrew is *Theraphim*, a word much diſputed of, and hardly ever uſed in a good ſenſe, but here. The Images that *Rachel* ſtole from *Laban*, are ſo called; which there the *Septuagint* tranſlate by Εἴδωλον, in other places by Θεραφεὶν, or Θεραφὶν, ſometimes by γλυπτὸν, here by κενοτάφιον, the moſt improperly of all, *Herſe*, or the repreſentations of the *Dead*, laid upon *Herſes*. The *Latin* uſes *Simulachrum*, or *Statua*, and *Aquila*, μορφώματα. The fancy of *Joſephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He ſays, that *Michol* put

but between the Cloaths the Liver of a ſhe-Goat, newly cut out, and ſhew'd the palpitation of it under the Coverlet to the Souldiers, ſaying that it was *David*, and that he had not ſlept all night: How come ſuch men as he to have ſuch odd dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hoſea* ſays thus, What *Statue* was it that ſhe placed in the Bed? Certainly no Idol, for thoſe were not to be found in the Houſe of *David*; nor any *Aſtronomical Image*, made for the reception of Cœleſtial influences, which *R. Abraham* believes, for thoſe were not allowable among the Jews; but ſhe made ſome figure like a man, out of ſeveral cloaths, which ſhe ſtuft with other things, like *Scar-crows*, or thoſe figures preſented to wild Bulls in the Theaters, or thoſe that are placed upon great mens *Herſes*. And ſhe put the skin of a ſhe-Goat about his head, to repreſent his red hair; which laſt is moſt ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had ſhe to make up ſuch a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that ſhe had a ſtatue of *David* in the Houſe, and laid that in the Bed, pretending that he was ſpeechleſs; and even this deceit I am forced to help, with all the circumſtances I could imagine, eſpecially with that moſt material one, *And for th' impreſſion God prepared their ſenſe*. And now concerning the *Civil uſe* of *Images* among the Jews, I have declared my opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of importance in *Poetry*, as long as it hath any appearance of probability.

45 It was a neceſſary condition required in all Sacrifices, that they ſhould be without *Blemiſh*. See *Levit.* 1. and this was obſerved too among the Heathen.

46 *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not ſeveral Towns, but *Naioth* was a place in, or cloſe by *Rama*, where there were wont to be ſolemn religious meetings. *Adricom.*

47 The Deſcription of the *Prophets Colledge* at *Naioth*, looks at firſt ſight, as if I had taken the pattern of it from ours at the *Univerſities*; but the truth is, ours (as many other *Chriſtian* cuſtoms) were formed after the example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or fore-tellers of future things, but Religious perſons, who ſeparated themſelves from the buſineſs of the World, to employ their time in the contemplation and praiſe of God; their manner of praiſing him was by ſinging of Hymns, and playing upon Muſical Inſtruments: for which cauſe in 1 *Sam.* 10. 5. they carryed with them a *Pſaltery*, *Tabret*, *Pipe*, and *Harp*; Theſe it is probable were inſtituted by *Samuel*; for the 19, and 20. they ſaw the company of Prophets propheſying (that is, ſaw them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* ſtanding, as appointed over them, *Stantem ſuper eos*; which the Chaldee interprets *ſtantem docentem eos*, *Preaching* to them. Theſe are the firſt *Religious Orders* heard of in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterward compoſed *Pſalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee Scribes*, becauſe they laboured in reading, writing, learning and teaching the Scriptures; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as 2 *Kings* 2. 3. The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v.* 5. the *Sons* of the Prophets that were at *Jericho*: out of which may be collected, that *Colledges* of them were founded in ſeveral Towns. They are thus named (*Sons* of

the *Prophets*) either becauſe they were taught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Eliſha*, or ſome of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the ſenſe that the *Greeks* term *Phyſicians*, Ἰατρῶν παῖδας, The *Sons* of the *Phyſicians*; and the *Hebrews Men*, the *Sons of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this appellation. To this alludes St. *Matth.* 11.19. *Wiſdom is juſtifyed of her Children.* And the *Maſters* were called *Fathers*, as *Eliſha* to *Elijah*, 2 *Kings* 2. 12. *My Father, my Father, &c.*

48 For the ſeveral Sprinklings and Purifications by water commanded in the Law of *Moſes*, and ſo often mentioned in the Books of *Exod. Levit. Numb.* and *Deuteron.* the omiſſion of which, in ſome caſes was puniſhed with no leſs than death, *Exod.* 30. 20.

49 I have learnt much of my *Maſters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, moſt of my *Scholars*; was the ſpeech of an ancient *Rabbi*; from whence we may collect this diſtinction, of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* ſate in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high Chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the ground at the feet of their *Teachers*, from whence S. *Paul* is ſaid to be brought up at the feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* ſate at *Jeſus* his *feet*, and heard his word, *Luke* 10. 39. After the Scholars had made good progreſs in learning, they were *Elected* and made, by impoſition of hands, *Companions* to the *Rabbies*, like our *Fellows* of *Colledges* to the *Maſters*, which makes me call them *Th' Elect Companions.*

50 The Furniture of the *Prophet Eliſha*'s Chamber, 2 *Kings* 4. 10.

51 It was the ancient cuſtom to cover the Seats and *Table-beds* with Beaſts skins: So *Eumæus* places *Ulyſſes*, *Odyſs.* 14.

Ἐσθεισεν δ' ὅν ῥῆμα ἰονδάδυν ἀγρι῵ αἰγός.

Collocavit ſuper pellem villoſæ ſylveſtris capræ.

So *Euander Æneas*, 8. *Æneid.*

Præcipuumq; toro & villoſi pelle Leonis
Accipit Æneam ——

Ovid. *Qui poterat pelles addere, dives erat.*

52 There is a great diſpute among the Learned, concerning the antiquity of this cuſtom of *Lying down* at meat; and moſt of the *Critiques* are againſt me, who make it here ſo ancient. That the *Romans* at firſt uſed *ſitting* at table, is affirmed by *Pliny*; that the *Græcians* did ſo too, appears by *Athenæus*, *l.7.c.*15. That in our Saviours time (long before which the *Romans* and *Græcians* had changed *ſitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down, is plain from the ſeveral words uſed in the New Teſtament upon this occaſion, as ἀναπίπτειν, *Luke* 22. ἀνακεῖσθαι, *Matthew* 26. κατακεῖσθαι, *Luke* 14. ἀνακλιθῆναι, *Matth.* 14. ſo *John* is ſaid to lean on *Jeſus boſom*, *John* 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the Feaſt; and alluding to this cuſtom, *Chriſt* is ſaid to be in the *boſom* of his *Father*, and the Saints in the *boſom* of *Abraham*. Some think the *Jews* took this faſhion from the *Romans* after they were ſubdued by them, but that is a miſtake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the Eaſtern people: even in the *Prophets* time we have teſtimony of this cuſtom, *Ezek.* 23. 41. *Thou ſateſt upon*

upon a ſtately bed, and a Table prepared before it, Amos 2 8. *They lay themſelves upon cloaths laid to pledge by every Altar*; that is, they uſed garments laid to pledge inſtead of *Beds*, when at the Altar they eat things ſacrificed to *Idols*. What was the faſhion in *Samuels* time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Diſcubation* was then in practice, and long before: for the plucking off their ſhoes when they went to *Table*, ſeems to imply it, that being done to preſerve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a ſtrict particular command to have their ſhoes on their feet at the eating of the *Paſsover*, but becauſe they were wont to have their ſhoes off at other meals?

53 There is no matter capable of receiving the marks of *Letters*, that hath not been made uſe of by the Ancients for that purpoſe. The *twelve Tables* of the *Roman Laws* were ingraven in *Braſs*; ſo was the League made with the *Latins*, *Liv. Dec. j. Lib.* 2. and *Talus* among the *Cretans* was feigned to be a man made of *Braſs* by *Vulcan* (of whom they report many ridiculous ſtories) becauſe he carried about in that Country the Laws graven in braſs: and put them ſeverely in execution. *Pauſan.* in *Boetic.* makes mention of the whole Book of *Heſiods* Ἔργων καὶ ἡμερῶν, written in Lead; which kind of plates *Sueton.* in *Nerone* calls *Chartam plumbeam*, *Leaden Paper*. This faſhion was in uſe before *Jobs* time; for he ſays, *Job* 19. 23, 24. *Oh that my words were graven with an Iron pen and Lead in the Rock for ever. Rock*, that is, the *Leaden plates* ſhould be placed upon *Rocks* or *Pillars*. They likewiſe anciently engraved the very Pillars themſelves; as thoſe two famous ones of *Enoch*, one of which was extant even in *Joſephus* his days. And *Iamblichus* avows, that he took the principles of his myſtical Philoſophy from the *Pillars* of *Mercury*. *Plin. l.* 7. 56. reports, that the *Babylonians* and *Aſſyrians* write their Laws *in Coctis lateribus*, that is, *Pillars* of *Brick*, *Moſes* his in *Stone*. *Horace*:

Non inciſa notis marmora publicis.

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a *private Library*. They uſed alſo of old *Plates* or Leaves of *Ivory*; from whence they were termed *Libri Elephantini*; not as ſome conceive, from their *bigneſs*. Mart.

Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.

As for *Wood* and *Slates*, we may eaſily believe, that they and all other capable materials were written upon. Of thin ſhavings of wood the *Longobards* at their firſt coming into *Italy*, made *Leaves* to write on: ſome of which *Pancirollus* had ſeen and read in his time.

54 See *Plin. l.* 13. 11. From whence *Letters* are called *Phœnicean*, not from the *Country*, but from φοῖνιξ, a *Palm tree*. But *Guiland de Papyro*, thinks that *Phœnicea* in *Pliny* is not the ſame with φοῖνιξ, and has a long diſcourſe to prove that *Palm Leaves* were not in uſe for writing, and that we ſhould read *Malvarum* inſtead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold correction upon very ſlight grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon *Mallows*, as appears by *Iſidor.* and the *Epigram* of *Cinna* cited by him.

Hæc tibi Arateis multùm invigilata lucernis
Carmina queis ignes novimus æthereos,
Lævis in aridulo Malvæ descripta libello
Prusiacâ vexi munera naviculâ.

But this was a *raritie*; for *Mallows* are too soft to be proper for that use. At *Athens* the names of those who were expelled the Senate, were written in some kind of *Leaf*, from whence this sentence was called Ἐκφυλλοφόρησις, as the names of those banisht by the people were in *Shells*; but at *Syracuse*, it was in *Olive Leaves*, and called Πελαλισμοὶ ἀπὸ τῆς πέλαλε ἐλαίας. And in this manner wrote *Virgils Sibylla.*

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda.

Pliny testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under ground unperished, by having been rubbed over with the Oylof *Cedar. Horace, de Ar. Po.*

——Speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda Cedro, aut lævi servanda Cupresso?

Ovid. *——Nec cedro charta notetur*; and,

——Cedro digna locutus;

Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by *Cedar Oyl*; which was likewise used in the Embalming of dead Bodies.

55 Of *Linen Books Livy* makes often mention: They were called *Libri Lintei*, and were *publick Records*; by others termed too *Linteæ Mappæ*, and *Carbasina volumina*, Silken Volumes, *Claud. de B. Get.*

——Quid carmina poscat
Fatidico custos Romani carbasus ævi.

And *Sym. l.4. Epist. Monitus Cumanos linteа texta sumpserunt.* And *Pliny* says, the *Parthians* used to have Letters woven in their Cloaths.

55 *Tender Barks.* The thin kind of skin between the outward Bark and the body of the Tree. The paper used to this day in *China* and some part of the *Indies*, seems to be made of the same kind of stuff. The name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

Some the sharp style, &c. These waxen Table-books were very ancient, though I am not sure there were any of them in the *Library* at *Naioth. Iliad. 6. Prætus* sent a Letter in such Table-books by *Bellerophon.* The *Style* or *Pen* with which they wrote, was at first made of Iron, but afterwards that was forbid at *Rome*, and they used *styles* of Bone; it was made sharp at one end to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them; from whence *stylum vertere.*

56 *Pliny* says that *Paper* (so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed so of a Town of that name in the Marshes of *Egypt*) was not found out till after the building of *Alexandria*; and Parchment, not till *Eumenes* his time, from whose Royal City of *Pergamus* it was denominated *Pergamena.* In both which he is deceived; for *Herod* in *Terps.* says, that the *Ionians* still call *Paper, skins*, because formerly when they wanted Paper, they were forced to make use of *skins* instead of it.

See

See *Melch. Guiland. de pap.* upon this argument. And the *Diptheræ* of the *Græcians* were nothing elſe but the skins of beaſts; that wherein *Jupiter* is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things was made of the ſhe-Goat that gave him milk. And many are of opinion, that the famous *Golden-Fleece* was nothing but a Book written in a *Sheep-skin*. *Diod. Sicul. l.* 2. affirms that the *Perſian Annals* were written in the like Books; and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produced; however, I call *Parchment* and the *Paper of Egypt new Arts* here becauſe they were later than the other.

57 *Hieroglyphicks.* The uſe of which it is very likely the *Jews* had from *Egypt* where they had lived ſo long, *Lucan. l.* 3.

Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblos
Noverat, & ſaxis tantùm volucreſq; feræq;
Sculptaq; ſervabant magicas animalia linguas.

58 *Nathan* and *Gad* were famous Prophets in *Davids* time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Samuel* in his *Colledge:* for their particular *Profeſſorſhips*, the one of *Aſtronomy*, the other of *Mathematicks*, that is a voluntary gift of mine to them, and I ſuppoſe the places were very lawfully at my diſpoſing. *Seraia* was afterwards *Scribe* or *Secretary* to *David*, called 1 *Kings* 42. *Siſha*, and 1 *Chron.* 18. 16. *Shaſhu. Mahol* the *Reader* of *Natural Philoſophy*, is mentioned, 1 *Kings* 4. 31. *Heman* and *Aſaph* are often ſpoken of in the Scripture, 1 *Kings* 4. 1 *Chron.* 15. 17, 19. and 16. 5. and 37. 41, 42, and 25.

59 A *Pyramid* is a figure broad beneath, and ſmaller and ſharper by degrees upwards, till it end in a point, like our Spire-ſteeples. It is ſo called from πῦρ, *Fire*, becauſe *Flame* aſcends in that Figure. *Number*, is here called a *Turn'd Pyramid*, becauſe the bottom of it, is the point *One* (which is the beginning of *Number*, not properly *Number*, as a *point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up ſtill larger and larger, juſt contrary to the nature of *Pyramidical Aſcenſion.*

60 *Sacred Blew.* Becauſe of the uſe of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the Curtain for the Door, the *Vail*, the *Prieſts Ephod*, *Breaſt-plate*, and briefly all ſacred Ornaments. The reaſon of chuſing *Blew*, I ſuppoſe to have been in the *Tabernacle*, to repreſent the ſeat of *God*, that is, the *Heavens*, of which the *Tabernacle* was an *Emblem*, *Numbers* 15. 38. The Jews are commanded to make that lace or ribband of *Blew*, wherewith their Fringes are bound to their Cloaths; and they have now left off the very wearing of Fringes; becauſe, they ſay, the art is loſt of dying that kind of *Blew*, which was the perfecteſt sky-colour. *Cæruleus* is derived by ſome, *Quaſi cœluleus.*

Virg. *l.* 6. *Æn.*

61 *Obloquitur numeris Septem diſcrimina vocum.*

From which *Pancirollus* conjectures that, as we have now ſix notes in *Muſick*, *Ut. Re. Mi. Fa. So. La.* (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to S. *John*, beginning every line with thoſe ſyllables) ſo the ancients had *ſeven*; according to which *Apollo* too inſtituted the Lyre with ſeven

seven strings; and *Pindar* calls it Ἑπτάτονον, his Interpreter, Ἑπτάμιτον, and the *Argives* forbad under a penalty, the use of more strings.

62 *Porphyrius* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*, 3. *Præpar. Evang.* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) believed but *one God*, whom they called Κνὰφ (whom *Plutarch* also names *de Is. & Osyr.* & *Strabo*, *l.* 17. *Cnuphis*) and that the image of that God was made with an *Egg* coming out of his mouth, to shew that he *Spoke out the world*, that is, made it with his *word*; for an *Egg* with the *Egyptians* was the *symbol* of the *world*. So was it too in the mystical Ceremonies of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut. Sympos. l.* 11. *Quæst.* 3. and *Macrob. l.* 7. *c.* 16. whence *Proclus* says upon *Timæus*, Τὸ Ὀρφικὸν ᾠὸν, καὶ τὸ τῷ Πλάτωνι Ὄν, to be the same things. *Voss. de Idol.*

63 *Theophil. l.* 2. *adversus Gent.* Θεὸς οὐ χωρεῖται, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἐστι τόπος τῶν ὅλων, God is in no place, but is the *place* of all things; and *Philo*, Αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ τόπος, καὶ αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ πλήρης. Which is the same with the expression here.

64 Gen. 14.13. *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew, &c.* Which Text hath raised a great controversie among the Learned, about the derivation of the name of the *Hebrews:* The general opinion received of old was, that it came from *Eber*; which is not improbable, and defended by many learned men, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon *Gen.* 11. The other, which is more followed by the late Critiques, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the name came from *Abrahams* passage over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the name of *Welch* is said to signifie no more than *strangers*, which they were called by the people amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which opinion is chiefly grounded upon the Septuagint Translation in this Text, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τὸν περάτην, The *Passenger*, and *Aquila*, Περάτην.

65 For even these *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were Students in Colledges did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 *King.* 2. 3, &c.

THE

THE CONTENTS.

THE *Friendſhip betwixt* Jonathan *and* David; *and upon that occaſion a digreſſion concerning the nature of* Love. *A diſcourſe between* Jonathan *and* David, *upon which the latter abſents himſelf from* Court, *and the former goes thither, to inform himſelf of* Sauls *reſolution. The Feaſt of the* New-Moon, *the manner of the Celebration of it; and therein a Digreſſion of the Hiſtory of* Abraham. Sauls *Speech upon* Davids *abſence from the Feaſt, and his anger againſt* Jonathan. Davids *reſolution to fly away; he parts with* Jonathan, *and falls aſleep under a Tree. A Deſcription of* Phanſie; *an* Angel *makes up a* Viſion *in* Davids *head; the* Viſion *it ſelf, which is, A* Prophecie *of all the ſucceſſion of his Race till* Chriſts *time, with their moſt remarkable actions. At his awaking,* Gabriel *aſſumes an humane ſhape, and confirms to him the truth of his* Viſion.

DAVIDEIS.

The Second Book.

BUT now the early Birds began to call
The morning forth; up roſe the *Sun* and *Saul*;
Both, as men thought, roſe freſh from ſweet repoſe;
But both, alas, from reſtleſs labours roſe.
For in *Sauls* Breaſt, *Envy*, the toilſome *Sin*,
Had all that night active and ty'rannous bin,
She'expell'd all forms of *Kindneſs*, *Vertue*, *Grace*;
Of the paſt day no footſteep left for trace.
The new-blown ſparks of this old rage appear,
Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *fear*.
So near a ſtorm wiſe *David* would not ſtay,
Nor truſt the glittering of a faithleſs Day.
He ſaw the *Sun* call in his beams apace,
And angry Clouds march up into their place.
The *Sea* it ſelf ſmooths his rough brow a while,
Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a ſmile;
But he, whoſe ſhip-wrackt Barque it drank before,
Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.
Such is the *Sea*, and ſuch was *Saul*,
But *Jonathan*, his *Son*, and *Only Good*,
Was gentle as fair *Jordans* uſeful Flood.
Whoſe innocent ſtream as it in ſilence goes,
Freſh *Honours*, and a ſudden ſpring beſtows
On both his banks to every flower and tree;
The manner *How* lies hid, th'*effect* we ſee.
But more than *all*, more than himſelf he lov'd
The man whoſe worth his *Fathers* Hatred mov'd.

For

For when the noble *youth* at *Dammin* ſtood
Adorn'd with *ſweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,
Jonathan pierce'd him through with greedy Eye 1 Sam. 18. 1.
And underſtood the future *Majeſtie*.
Then deſtin'ed in the glories of his look;
He ſaw, and ſtraight was with amazement ſtrook,
To ſee the ſtrength, the feature, and the grace
Of his young limbs; he ſaw his comely face
Where Love and Rev'erence ſo well mingled were;
2 And *Head*, already *crown'd* with *golden haire*.
He ſaw what *Mildneſs* his bold *Spi'rit* did tame,
Gentler than *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*.
He ſaw his *Valour* by their *Safety* prov'ed;
He ſaw all this, and as he ſaw, he *Lov'ed*.
What art thou, *Love*, thou great myſterious thing?
From what hid ſtock does thy ſtrange *Nature* ſpring?
'Tis thou that mov'eſt the *world* through every part
And holdſt the vaſt frame cloſe, that nothing ſtart
From the due *Place* and *Office* firſt ordain'd.
3 By *Thee* were all things *Made*, and are *ſuſtain'd*.
Sometime we ſee thee *fully*, and can ſay
From hence thou took'eſt thy *Riſe*, and went'ſt that way;
But oftner the ſhort beams of *Reaſons* Eye
See onely, *There thou art*, not *How*, nor *Why*.
How is the *Loadſtone*, Natures ſubtle pride,
By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride?*
How was the *Weapon wounded?* what hid *Flame*
The ſtrong and conqu'ering *Metal* overcame?
4 *Love* (this *Worlds Grace*) exalts his *Natural* ſtate;
He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*.
5 Ye learned *Heads*, whom Ivy *garlands* grace,
Why does that twining plant the *Oak* embrace?
The *Oak* for courtſhip moſt of all unfit,
And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it?
How does the abſent *Pole* the *Needle* move?
How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love?*
Which are the *Wings* of *Lightneſs* to aſcend?
Or why does *Weight* to th'*Centre* downwards bend?
Thus Creatures void of *Life* obey thy Laws,
And ſeldom *We*, *they* never know the *Cauſe*.
In thy large ſtate, *Life* gives the next degree,
6 Where *Senſe*, and *Good Apparent* places thee;
But thy chief *Palace* is *Mans Heart* alone,
Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full glories ſhown,
7 Handſome *Deſires*, and *Reſt* about thee flee,
Union, *Inhærence*, *Zeal*, and *Extaſie*.
Thouſand with *Joys* cluſter around thine head,
O're which a gall-leſs *Dove* her wings does ſpread,
A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter farre
Than *Conſciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,

Lies at thy feet; and thy right hand does hold
The myſtick *Scepter* of a *Croſs* of Gold.
Thus do'eſt thou ſit (like Men e're ſin had fram'ed
A guilty bluſh) *Naked*, but not *Aſham'ed*.
What cauſe then did the fab'ulous Ancients find,
When firſt their ſuperſtition made thee *blind?*
'Twas *They*, alas, 'twas *They* who could not ſee,
When they miſtook that *Monſter*, *Luſt*, for *Thee*.
Thou art a bright, but not conſuming *Flame*;
Exo. 32. Such in th'amazed Buſh to *Moſes* came;
When that ſecure its new-crown'd head did rear,
And chid the trembling Branches needleſs fear.
Thy *Darts* of healthful *Gold*, and downwards fall
Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletcht withal.
Such, and no other, were thoſe ſecret Darts,
Which ſweetly toucht this nobleſt pair of Hearts.
Still to one end they both ſo juſtly drew,
As courteous *Doves* together yok'd would do.
No weight of *Birth* did on one ſide prevaile,
Two *Twins* leſs even lie in *Natures Scale*.
They mingled Fates, and both in each did ſhare,
They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.
If any Joy to one of them was ſent,
It was moſt his, to whom it leaſt was meant,
And fortunes malice betwixt both was croſt,
For ſtriking one it wounded the other moſt.
Never did *Marriage* ſuch true *Union* find,
Or mens deſires with ſo glad violence bind;
For there is ſtill ſome tincture left of *Sin*,
And ſtill the *Sex* will needs be ſtealing in.
Thoſe joys are full of droſs, and thicker farre,
Theſe, without matter, clear and liquid are.
Such ſacred *Love* does heav'ens bright *Spirits* fill,
Where *Love* is but to *Underſtand* and *Will*,
With ſwift and unſeen *Motions*; ſuch as We
Somewhat expreſs in heightned *Charitie*.
O ye bleſt Ones! whoſe *Love* on *earth* became
So pure that ſtill in *Heav'en* 'tis but the ſame!
There now ye ſit, and with mixt ſouls embrace,
Gazing upon great *Loves* myſterious Face,
And pity this baſe world where *Friendſhip*'s made
A *bait* for ſin, or elſe at beſt a *Trade*.
Ah wondrous *Prince!* who a true *Friend* could'ſt be,
When a *Crown flatter'ed*, and *Saul threatned* Thee!
Who held'ſt him dear, whoſe *Stars* thy birth did croſs!
And bought'ſt him nobly at a *Kingdoms loſs!*
Iſraels bright *Scepter* far leſs glory brings;
There have been fewer *Friends* on earth than *Kings*.
To this ſtrange pitch their high affections flew;
Till *Natures* ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as *Two*.

Hither

Hither flies *David* for advice and aide, 1 Sam. 20. 1.
As ſwift as Love and Danger could perſwade,
As ſafe in *Jonathans* truſt his thoughts remain
As when *Himſelf* but *dreams* them o're again.
My deareſt *Lord*, farewel (ſaid he) farewel;
Heav'n bleſs the *King*; may no misfortune tell
Th' injuſtice of his hate, when I am dead;
They're coming now, perhaps; my guiltleſs head
Here in your ſight, perhaps, muſt bleedingly,
And ſcarce your own ſtand ſafe for being nigh.
Think me not ſcar'ed with *death*, hower't appear,
I know thou can'ſt not think ſo: 'tis a fear
From which thy *Love*, and *Dammin* ſpeaks me free;
I have met him face to face, and ne're could ſee
One terrour in his looks to make me *fly*
When *Vertue* bids me ſtand; but I would *dy*
So as becomes my *Life*, ſo as may prove
Sauls Malice, and at leaſt excuſe your *Love*.
He ſtopt, and ſpoke ſome paſſion with his eyes;
Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replies)
Thou haſt ſo prov'd thy Virtues, that they're known
To all good men, more than to each his *own*.
Who lives in *Iſrael*, that can doubtful be
Of thy great actions? for he lives by *Thee*.
Such is thy *Valour* and thy vaſt ſucceſs,
That all things but thy *Loyalty* are leſs.
And ſhould my *Father* at thy ruine aime
'Twould wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*.
Think them not coming then to ſlay thee here,
But doubt miſhaps, as little as you *fear*.
For by thy loving God who e're deſign
Againſt *thy Life* muſt ſtrike at it through *Mine*.
But I my royal *Father* muſt acquit
From ſuch baſe guilt, or the low thought of it.
Think on his ſoftneſs when from death he freed
The faithleſs *King* of *Am'alecks* curſed ſeed; 1 Sam. 15. 9.
Can he to'a *Friend*, to'a *Son* ſo bloudy grow,
He who ev'n ſin'd but now to ſpare a *Foe*?
Admit he could; but with what ſtrength or art
Could he ſo long cloſe, and ſeal up his heart?
Such counſels jealous of themſelves become,
And dare not fix without conſent of ſome.
Few men ſo boldly ill, great ſins to do,
Till licens'ed and approv'ed by others too.
No more (believe't) could he hide this from me,
Than I, had he diſcover'd it, from *Thee*. 1 Sam. 20. 2.
Here they embraces join, and almoſt tears;
Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears.
The praiſe you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to ſpend
Was all out-ſpoken when you ſtil'd me *Friend*.

DAVIDEIS.

The Second Book.

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Th' injuſtice of his hate, when I am dead;
They're coming now, perhaps; my guiltleſs head
Here in your ſight, perhaps, muſt bleedingly,
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Think me not ſcar'ed with *death*, hower't appear,
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One terrour in his looks to make me *fly*
When *Vertue* bids me ſtand; but I would *dy*
So as becomes my *Life*, ſo as may prove
Sauls Malice, and at leaſt excuſe your *Love*.
He ſtopt, and ſpoke ſome paſſion with his eyes;
Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replies)
Thou haſt ſo prov'd thy Virtues, that they're known
To all good men, more than to each his *own*.
Who lives in *Iſrael*, that can doubtful be
Of thy great actions? for he lives by *Thee*.
Such is thy *Valour* and thy vaſt ſucceſs,
That all things but thy *Loyalty* are leſs.
And ſhould my *Father* at thy ruine aime
'Twould wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*.
Think them not coming then to ſlay thee here,
But doubt miſhaps, as little as you *fear*.
For by thy loving God who e're deſign
Againſt *thy Life* muſt ſtrike at it through *Mine*.
But I my royal *Father* muſt acquit
From ſuch baſe guilt, or the low thought of it.
Think on his ſoftneſs when from death he freed
The faithleſs *King* of *Am'alecks* curſed ſeed; 1 Sam. 15. 9.
Can he to'a *Friend*, to'a *Son* ſo bloudy grow,
He who ev'n fin'd but now to ſpare a *Foe*?
Admit he could; but with what ſtrength or art
Could he ſo long cloſe, and ſeal up his heart?
Such counſels jealous of themſelves become,
And dare not fix without conſent of ſome.
Few men ſo boldly ill, great ſins to do,
Till licens'ed and approv'ed by others too.
No more (believe't) could he hide this from me,
Than I, had he diſcover'd it, from *Thee*. 1 Sam. 20. 2.
Here they embraces join, and almoſt tears;
Till gentle *David* thus new prov'd his fears.
The praiſe you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to ſpend
Was all out-ſpoken when you ſtil'd me *Friend*.

That name alone does dang'erous glories bring,
And gives excuſe to th' *Envy* of a *King*.
What did his Spear, force, and dark plots impart
But ſame eternal rancour in his heart?
Still does he glance the fortune of that day
When drown'd in his own blood *Goliah* lay,
And cover'd half the plain; ſtill hears the ſound
How that vaſt *Monſter* fell, and ſtrook the ground:
The *Dance*, and *David his ten thouſand ſlew*,
Still wound his ſickly ſoul, and ſtill are new.
Great acts t' ambitious *Princes Treaſons* grow,
So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *ow*.
Tyrants dread all whom they raiſe high in place,
From the *Good*, *danger*; from the *Bad*, *diſgrace*.
They doubt the *Lords*, miſtruſt the *Peoples* hate,
Till *Blood* become a *Principle* of *State*.
Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,
But ſtill they *Fear* ev'en more than they *Affright*.
Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and ſtern:
His *Will* too ſtrong tó bend, too proud to learn.
Remember, Sir, the *Honey*'s deadly ſting;
Think on that ſavage Juſtice of the *King*.
When the ſame day that ſaw you do before
Things above Man, ſhould ſee you Man no more.
'Tis true th'accurſed *Agag* move'd his ruth,
He pitied his tall Limbs and comely youth;
Had ſeen, alas, the proof of Heav'ens fierce hate,
And fear'd no miſchief from his powerleſs fate.
Remember how th'old Seer came raging down,
And taught him boldly to ſuſpect his Crown.
Since thence his pride quakes at th' *Almighties* rod,
Nor dares he love the man belov'ed by *God*.
Hence his deep rage and trembling *Envy* ſprings;
Nothing ſo wild as *Jealouſie* of *Kings*.
Whom ſhould he counſel ask, with whom adviſe,
Who *Reaſon* and *Gods Counſel* does deſpiſe?
Whoſe head-ſtrong will no *Law* or *Conſcience* daunt,
Dares he not ſin, do'you think, without your grant?
Yes, if the truth of our fixt love he knew,
He would not doubt, believ't, to kill ev'n *you*.
The Prince is mov'ed, and ſtraight prepares to find
The deep reſolves of his griev'd Fathers mind.
The danger now appears, *Love* can ſoon ſhow't,
And force his *Stubborn piety* to know't,
1 Sam. 20. 5. &c. They'agree that *David* ſhould conceal'd abide,
Till his great friend had the Courts temper tri'd,
Till he had *Sauls* moſt ſecret purpoſe found,
And ſearcht the depth and rancour of his wound.
'Twas the years ſeventh-born *Moon*; the ſolemn *Feaſt*
Lev. 23. 24 Num. 26. 1. That with moſt noiſe its ſacred mirth expreſt.

From

From op'ning Morn till night ſhuts in the day,
On *Trumpets* and *ſhrill Horns* the *Levites* play.
9 Whether by this in myſtick *Type* we ſee
The *New-years-day* of great *Eternitie*,
When the chang'd *Moon* ſhall no more changes *make*,
And ſcatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpets* ſound awake; Exod. 19. 19.
10 Or that the *Law* be kept in Mem'ory ſtill,
Giv'n with like noiſe on *Sina*'s ſhining Hill,
11 Or that (as ſome men teach) it did ariſe
From faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*,
Who whilſt the *Ram* on *Iſaac*'s fire did fry,
His *Horn* with joyful tunes ſtood ſounding by.
Obſcure the *Cauſe*; but *God* his will declar'ed;
And all nice knowledge then with eaſe is ſpar'ed.
12 At the third hour *Saul* to the hallowed Tent
Midſt a large train of *Prieſts* and *Courtiers* went;
The ſacred *Herd* marcht proud and ſoftly by;
13 Too fat and gay to think their deaths ſo nigh.
Hard fate of *Beaſts*, more innocent than *We!*
Prey to our *Lux'ury*, and our *Pietie!*
Whoſe guiltleſs blood on *boards* and *Altars* ſpilt,
Serves both to *Make* and *Expiate* too our guilt!
14 Three Bullocks of free neck, two gilded Rams,
Two well-waſht Goats, and fourteen ſpotleſs Lambs,
With the three vital fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,
(Small fees to Heav'n of all by which we're fed)
Are offer'd up; the hallowed flames ariſe,
And faithful pray'rs mount with them to the skies.
15 From thence the *King* to th'outmoſt Court is brought,
Where heav'enly things an inſpir'd *Prophet* taught,
And from the ſacred *Tent* to'his Palace Gates
With glad kind ſhouts th' Aſſembly on him waits;
The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play,
And freſh-ſtrew'd flowers paint his triumphant way.
Thus in ſlow ſtate to th' *Palace Hall* they go,
Rich dreſt for ſolemn *Luxury* and *Show*;
16 Ten pieces of bright *Tap'eſtry* hung the room,
The nobleſt work e're ſtretcht on *Syrian* loom;
For wealthy *Adri'el* in proud *Sydon* wrought
And giv'en to *Saul* when *Sauls* beſt gift he ſought,
The bright-ey'd *Merab*; for that mindful day 1 Sam. 18. 19.
No ornament ſo proper ſeem'd as they.
17 There all old *Abrams* ſtory you might ſee;
18 And ſtill ſome *Angel* bore him company.
His painful, but well-guided Travels ſhow
The fate of all his *ſons*, the *Church* below.
19 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharo* came, Gen. 21. 14.
He bluſht with ſudden *paſſion*, ſhe with *ſhame*;
Troubled ſhe ſeem'd, and laboring in the ſtrife
'Twixt her own *Honor*, and her *Husbands Life*.

Here

Here on a conqu'ering *Hoſt* that careleſs lay,
Gen. 14. Drown'd in the joys of their new-gotten prey,
The *Patriarch* falls; well mingled might you ſee
20 The confus'd marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.
Gen. 14. 21 In the next piece bleſt *Salems* myſtick King
22 Does ſacred Preſents to the *Victor* bring;
Like him whoſe *Type* he bears, his right receives;
Strictly requires his *Due*, yet freely *gives*.
Ev'n in his port, his habit, and his face;
The *Mild*, and *Great*, the *Prieſt* and *Prince* had place.
Gen 15. 5. Here all their ſtarry hoſt the heavens diſplay;
And, Lo, an heav'enly *Youth*, more fair than they,
Leads *Abram* forth; points upwards; ſuch, ſaid he,
23 So bright and numberleſs thy *Seed* ſhall be.
Gen 17. 24 Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes,
Gen. 18. 2. And in his fleſh the marks of *Homage* takes;
Ver. 10. 25 Here he three myſterious *perſons* feaſts,
Gen. 18. 23. Well paid with joyful tydings by his *Gueſts*.
Gen. 19. 24. Here for the *wicked Town* he prays; and near
* Gen 11. 31. Scarce did the *wicked Town* through *Flames* appear.
*Gen. 25. 9. And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were wrought,
Gen. 22. Ver. 3. 26 Since he from * *Ur*, to * *Ephrons* cave was brought.
But none 'mongſt all the form drew then their eyes
Like faithful *Abrams* righteous *Sacrifice*.
27 The ſad old man mounts ſlowly to the place,
With *Natures* power triumphant in his face
O're the *Minds* courage; for in ſpight of all
From his ſwoln eyes reſiſtleſs waters fall.
Ver. 6. 28 The inn'ocent *Boy* his cruel burthen bore
With ſmiling looks, and ſometimes walk'd before
And ſometimes turn'd to talk; above was made,
Ver. 9. The *Altars* fatal *Pile*, and on it laid
29 The *Hope* of *Mankind*; patiently he lay,
And did his *Syre*, as he his *God*, obey.
The mournful *Syre* lifts up at laſt the knife,
Ver. 10. And on one moments ſtring depends his *life*
In whoſe young *loyns* ſuch brooding *wonders* ly.
A thouſand *Spirits* peep'd from th' affrighted ſky,
Amaz'ed at this ſtrange *Scene*: and almoſt fear'd
For all thoſe joyful *Prophecies* they'd heard.
Ver. 11. Till *one* leapt nimbly forth by *Gods* command
Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and ſtopt his hand.
The gentle *Spirit* ſmil'ed kindly as he ſpoke,
New beams of joy through *Abrams* wonder broke.
The *Angel* points to'a tuft of buſhes near,
Ver. 13. Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear,
And ſtruggles vainly with that fatal net,
Which though but ſlightly *wrought*, was firmly *ſet*.
For lo, anon, to this ſad glory doom'd,
The uſeful *Beaſt* on *Iſaac's Pile* conſum'ed;

Whilſt

Whilſt on his *Horns* the ranſom'ed couple plaid,
And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the tunes he made.
Near this *Halls* end a *Shittim Table* ſtood;
Yet well-wrought plate ſtrove to conceal the wood.
For from the foot a golden vine did ſprout,
And caſt his fruitful riches all about.
Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* expreſs,
Which does weak Man intoxicate no leſs.
Of the ſame wood the gilded beds were made,
And on them large embroidered *carpets* laid,
From *Egypt* the rich ſhop of *Follies* brought,
But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* ſoon are taught.
30 Behold ſev'en comely blooming *Youths* appear,
And in their hands ſev'en ſilver *waſhpots* bear,
31 Curl'd, and gay clad; the choiſeſt Sons that be
Of *Gibeons* race, and *Slaves* of high degree.
Seven beauteous *Maids* marcht ſoftly in behind;
Bright ſcarfs their cloathes, their hair freſh Garlands bind,
32 And whilſt the *Princes* waſh, they on them ſhed
Rich *Oyntments*, which their coſtly odours ſpread
O're the whole room; from their ſmall *priſons* free
With ſuch glad haſte through the wide ayr they flee.
33 The *King* was plac'ed alone, and o're his head — 1 Sam. 20. 25.
A well-wrought *Heav'en* of ſilk and gold was ſpread.
Azure the ground, the *Sun* in gold ſhone bright,
But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with ſilver light.
The right hand bed the *Kings* three Sons did grace,
The third was *Abners*, *Adriels*, *Davids* place.
And twelve large Tables more were fill'd below,
With the prime men *Sauls Court* and *Camp* could ſhow;
The Palace did with *mirth* and *muſick* ſound,
34 And the crown'd *gobblets* nimbly mov'ed around.
But though bright joy in every gueſt did ſhine,
The plenty, ſtate, muſick, and ſprightful wine
Were loſt on *Saul*; an angry care did dwell
In his dark breaſt, and all gay forms expell.
Davids unuſual abſence from the feaſt, — 1 Sam 20. 26, 27.
To his ſick ſpirit did jealous thoughts ſuggeſt.
Long lay he ſtill, nor drank, nor eat, nor ſpoke,
And thus at laſt his troubled ſilence broke.
Where can he be? ſaid he; It muſt be ſo:
With that he paus'd awhile; Too well we know
His boundleſs pride: he grieves and hates to ſee
The ſolemn *triumphs* of my *Court* and *Me*.
Believe me, friends, and truſt what I can ſhow
From thouſand proofs, th'ambitious *David* now
Does thoſe vaſt things in his proud ſoul deſign
That too much *buſineſs* give for *Mirth* or *Wine*.
He's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious fire
Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conſpire

Againſt

Againſt *my Crown*, and all *our Lives*, whilſt we
Are loth ev'en to *ſuſpect*, what we might *See*.
35 By the *Great Name*, 'tis true.
With that he ſtrook the board, and no man there
1 Sam. 20. But *Jonathan* durſt undertake to clear
28, 29. The blameleſs *Prince*; and ſcarce ten words he ſpoke,
V. 30,31. When thus his ſpeech th'enraged *Tyrant* broke.
36 Diſloyal *Wretch!* thy gentle *Mothers ſhame!*
Whoſe cold pale *Ghoſt* ev'en bluſhes at thy *name!*
Who fears leſt her chaſt bed ſhould doubted be,
And her white fame ſtain'd by black deeds of *thee!*
Canſt thou be *Mine?* a *Crown* ſometimes does hire
Ev'en *Sons* againſt their *Parents* to conſpire,
But ne're did ſtory yet, or fable tell
Of one ſo wild, who meerly to *Rebel*
Quitted th'unqueſtion'd *birthright* of a *Throne*,
And bought his *Fathers* ruine with his *own*:
Thou need'ſt not plead th'ambitious *youths* defence;
Thy crime clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.
Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,
Whilſt thy *unnatural guilt* is plac'ed ſo near.
Is this that noble *Friendſhip* you pretend?
Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worſt *En'emies Friend?*
If thy low ſpi'rit can thy great *birthright* quit,
The thing's but juſt, ſo ill deſerv'eſt thou it.
I, and thy *Brethren* here have no ſuch mind;
Nor ſuch prodigious worth in *David* find,
That we to him ſhould our juſt rights reſign,
Or think *Gods choice* not made ſo well as *Thine*.
Shame of thy *Houſe* and *Tribe!* hence from mine Eye,
To thy falſe *Friend*, and ſervile *Maſter* fly;
He's e're this time in arms expecting thee;
Haſte, for thoſe arms are rais'ed to ruine *Mee*.
Thy ſin that way will nobler much appear,
Than to remain his *Spy* and *Agent* here.
When I think this, *Nature* by thee forſook,
Forſakes me too. With that his ſpear he took
To ſtrike at him; the mirth and muſick ceaſe;
Ver. 33. The gueſts all riſe this ſudden ſtorm t'appeaſe;
Ver. 34. 37 The *Prince* his *danger*, and his *duty* knew;
And low he bow'd, and ſilently withdrew.
Ver. 35. To *David* ſtraight, who in a foreſt nigh
Waits his advice, the royal *Friend* does fly.
The ſole advice, now like the danger clear,
Was in ſome foreign land this ſtorm t'outwear.
All marks of comely grief in both are ſeen;
And mournful kind diſcourſes paſt between.
Ver. 40. Now generous tears their haſty tongues reſtrain,
Now they begin, and talk all o're again.

A reverent *Oath* of con ſtant love they take, Ver. 42.
And *Gods* high name their dreaded *witneſs* make;
Not that at all their *Faiths* could doubtful prove;
But 'twas the tedious *zeal* of endleſs *Love*.
Thus e're they part, they the ſhort time beſtow
In all the pomp *Friendſhip* and *Grief* could ſhow.
And *David* now with doubtful cares oppreſt,
Beneath a ſhade borrows ſome little reſt;
When by command divine thick *miſts* ariſe,
And ſtop the *Senſe*, and cloſe the conque'red eyes.
38 There is a place which *Man* moſt high doth rear,
The *ſmall Worlds Heav'en*, where *Reaſon* moves the *Sphere*.
Here in a robe which does all colours ſhow,
(Th'envy of birds, and the clouds gawdy *bow*)
Phanſie, wild *Dame*, with much laſcivious pride
By twin-*Chameleons* drawn, does gaily ride.
Her Coach there follows, and throngs round about
Of ſhapes and airy *Forms* an endleſs rout.
A *Sea* rowls on with harmleſs fury here;
Straight 'tis a *field*, and trees and herbs appeare.
Here in a moment are vaſt *Armies* made,
And a quick *Scene* of war and blood diſplaid.
Here ſparkling *wines*, and brighter *Maids* come in,
The *bawds* for *ſenſe* and lying baits of *ſin*.
39 Some things ariſe of ſtrange and quarr'eling kind,
The forepart *Lyon*, and a *Snake* behind;
Here golden *mountains* ſwell the cove'tous place,
40 And *Centaures* ride *Themſelves* a painted race.
Of theſe ſlight wonders *Nature* ſees the ſtore,
And onely then accounts her ſelf but *poore*.
Hither an *Angel* comes in *Davids* trance;
And finds them mingled in an antique dance;
Of all the numerous forms fit choice he takes,
And joyns them wiſely, and this *Viſion* makes.
First *David* there appears in Kingly ſtate,
Whilſt the twelve *Tribes* his dread commands await;
Straight to the wars with his joyn'd ſtrength he goes, 2 Sam. 5. 1. 1 Chro. 12. 23.
Settles new *friends*, and frights his ancient *Foes*.
To *Solima*, *Cana'ans* old head, they came, Ver. 6.
(Since high in note, then not unknown to *Fame*)
41 The *Blind* and *Lame* th'undoubted wall defend, 2 Sam. 5. 6.
And no *new* wounds or dangers apprehend.
The buſie *image* of great *Joab* there
Diſdains the mock, and teaches them to fear.
He climbs the *airy* walls, leaps raging down,
New-minted ſhapes of ſlaughter fill the town.
They curſe the guards their mirth and bravery choſe;
All of them now are ſlain, or made like *thoſe*.
42 Far through an inward *Scene* an *Army* lay,
Which with full Banners a fair *Fiſh* diſplay.

2 Sam. 5. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22. 1 Chron. 14. 8. From *Sidon* plains to happy *Egypts* coaſt
They ſeem all met; a vaſt and warlike *Hoaſt*.
Thither haſts *David* to his deſtin'ed prey,
Honor, and noble *Danger* lead the way;

Ver. 22, 23, 24. 1 Chro. 14. 14. 43 The conſcious *Trees* ſhook with a reverent fear
Their *unblown* tops; *God* walkt before him there.
Slaughter the wearied *Riphaims* boſom fills,
Dead corps *imboſs* the *vail* with little *hills*.

2 Sam. 8. 3. 1 Chron. 18. 3. 44 On th'other ſide *Sophenes* mighty King
Numberleſs troops of the bleſt *Eaſt* does bring:

Ver. 5. 2 Sam. 10. 1 Chron. 19. 6. & 19. 8. 45 *Damaſcus* and rich *Adad* help in vain.
46 Here *Nabathæan* troops in battel ſtand,
With all the luſty youth of *Syrian* land;
Undaunted *Joab* ruſhes on with ſpeed,
Gallantly mounted on his fiery ſteed;
He hews down all, and deals his deaths around;

Ver. 10. The *Syrians* leave, or poſſeſs *dead* the ground.
On th'other wing does brave *Abiſhai* ride
Reeking in blood and duſt; on every ſide
The perjur'd ſons of *Ammon* quit the field,
Some baſely *dye*, and ſome more baſely *yield*.
Through a thick wood the wretched *Hanun* flies,

2 Sam. 10. 3, 4. 1 Chron. 19. 3. And far more juſtly then fears *Hebrew Spies*.
47 *Moloch*, their bloody God, thruſts out his head,
Grinning through a black cloud, him they'd long fed
In his *ſev'en Chambers*, and he ſtill did eat
New-roaſted *babes*, his dear, delicious meat.

Ver. 15. 1 Chron. 19. 16. Again they'ariſe, more ang'red than diſmaid;
48 *Euphrates*, and *Swift Tygris* ſends them aid:

2 Sam. 11. 1 Chr. 20. In vain they ſend it, for again they're ſlain,
49 And feaſt the greedy birds on *Helay* plain.
50 Here *Rabba* with proud towers affronts the ſky,
And round about great *Joabs* trenches ly.

2 Sam. 12. 30. 1 Chr. 20. 2. They force the walls, and ſack the helpleſs town;
51 On *Davids* head ſhines *Ammons* maſſy Crown.
Midſt various torments the curſt race expires,

Ver. 31. 1 Chron. 20. 3. *David* himſelf his ſevere wrath admires.
Next upon *Iſra'els* throne does bravely ſit

1 King. 1. 1 Chr. 23. 1. 52 A comely *Youth* endow'ed with wondrous wit.
53 Far from the *parched Line* a royal *Dame*,

1 King. 3. 12. 2 Chro. 1. 12. 1 King. 10. Mat. 12. 42. Lu. 11. 31. 2 Chr. 19. To hear his tongue and boundleſs *wiſdom* came.
She carried back in her triumphant *womb*
The glorious ſtock of thouſand *Kings* to come.
Here brighteſt forms his pomp and wealth diſplay,
Here they a *Temples* vaſt foundations lay.

1 King. 6. 2 Chro. 3. & 4. 5. A mighty work; and with fit glories fill'd,
For *God* t'*enhabit*, and that *King* to *build*.
Some from the quarries hew out maſſy ſtone,
Some draw it up with cranes, ſome breathe and grone

In

In order o're the anvil; ſome cut down
Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains* ancient crown;
Some carve the Trunks, and *breathing ſhapes* beſtow,
Giving the *Trees* more *life* than when they *grow*;
But, oh (alas) what ſudden cloud is ſpread
About this glorious *Kings eclipſed* head? 1King. 11.
It all his fame benights, and all his ſtore,
Wrapping him round, and now he's ſeen no more.
When ſtraight his *Son* appears at *Sichem* crown'd; 1King. 12.
With young and heedleſs *Council* circled rownd; 2Chr. 10.
Unſeemly object! but a falling ſtate
Has always its *own* errours joyn'd with *fate*.
Ten *Tribes* at once forſake the *Jeſſian* throne,
And bold *Adoram* at his Meſſage ſtone; Ver. 18.
Brethren of Iſrael! ——more he fain would ſay, 2 Chro.
But a flint ſtopt his mouth, and ſpeech i'th'way. 10. 18.
Here this fond Kings diſaſters but begin,
He's deſtin'ed to more ſhame by his *Fathers* ſin. 1K. 14. 25.
Suſack comes up, and under his command 2 Chron.
54 A dreadful *Army* from ſcorcht *Africks* ſand 12. 2.
As *numberleſs* as *that*; all is his prey,
The *Temples* ſacred wealth they bear away;
55 *Adrazars* ſhields and golden loſs they take;
Ev'en *David* in his dream does ſweat and ſhake. 1 Kin. 12.
Thus fails this wretched *Prince*: his *Loyns* appear 10.
Of leſs *weight* now, than *Solomons Fingers* were. 2 Chr. 10.
Abijah next ſeeks *Iſra'el* to regain, 10.
And waſh in ſeas of blood his *Fathers* ſtain; 1Ki. 15. 1.
56 Ner'e ſaw the aged *Sun* ſo cruel fight, 2 Chro.
Scarce ſaw he *this*, but hid his baſhful light. 13. 1.
Nebats curſt ſon fled with not half his men, & 13. 3.
Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then? 2 Chron.
Yet could not this the fatal ſtrife decide; 13. 17.
God *puniſht one*, but *bleſt not* th'other ſide.
Aſan a juſt and vertuous Prince ſucceeds; 2 K. 15. 9.
High rais'd by fame for great and godly deeds; 2Ch. 14. 1.
57 He cut the ſolemn groves where *Idols* ſtood, ver. 13.
And *Sacrific'ed* the *Gods* with their *own wood*. 2Ch. 14. 3.
He vanquiſht thus the proud weak powers of hell,
Before him next their doating ſervants fell.
58 So huge an Hoſt of *Zerahs* men he ſlew, 2Ch. 14. 9.
As made ev'en that *Arabia Deſert* too. 2Ch 16. 2.
59 Why fear'd he then the perjur'd *Baaſha's* fight? ver. 18.
Or bought the dangerous aid of *Syrian's* might? 2Ch. 16. 8.
Conqueſt Heav'ens *gift*, cannot by man be ſold;
Alas, what *weakneſs* truſts he? *Man* and *Gold*.
Next *Joſaphat* poſſeſt the royal ſtate;
An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his fate; 2K. 15. 25.
His oft Oblations on Gods Altar made, & 22. 43.
With thouſand flocks, and thouſand herds are paid, 2 Chr. 17. 2 Chron.

Arabian Tribute ! what mad troops are thoſe,
Thoſe *mighty Troops* that dare to be his foes?
2 Chro. He *Prays* them dead: with mutual wounds they fall;
20 17. One fury brought, one fury ſlays them all.
Thus ſits he ſtill, and ſees himſelf to win;
1 King. Never o'recome but by's Friend *Ahabs* ſin;
22. 30.
2 Chro. 60 On whoſe diſguiſe fates then did only look;
18. 19. And had almoſt their *Gods* command *miſtook*.
2 King. 3. Him from whoſe danger heav'en ſecurely brings,
14. & 3. And for his ſake two ripely wicked *Kings*.
9. & 3. 8.
61 Their Arm'es languiſh burnt with thirſt at *Seere*,
Sighs all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moiſture* there.
They fix their greedy eyes on th'empty ſky,
And fancy *clouds*, and ſo become *more dry*.
2 Ki. 3. 13. *Eliſha* calls for waters from afarre
2 Ki. 3 24. To come; *Eliſha* calls, and here they are.
2 K. 8. 16. In Helmets they quaff round the welcome flood;
& 8. 25.
2 Chr. 21. And the decreaſe repair with *Moabs blood*.
1. & 22. 1. 62 *Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziah* throng
2 Ki 11. 1. For *Judahs* Scepter; both *ſhort liv'd too long*.
2 Chron. 22. 10 63 A *Woman* too from *Murther Title* claims;
2 King 12. Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* ſhe ſhames.
2 Chro. 24. Proud curſed *Woman !* but her fall at laſt
To doubting men *clears* heav'en for what was paſt.
Joas at firſt does bright and glorious ſhow;
In lifes freſh morn his *fame* did early *crow*.
Fair was the promiſe of his dawning ray,
2 Chro. But *Prophets* angry blood o'recaſt his day.
24. 21.
2 Ki. 12. 18 From thence his clouds, from thence his ſtorms begin,
2 Chro. 24 64 It cryes aloud, and twice let's *Aram* in.
23. 65 So *Amaziah* lives, ſo ends his raign;
2 Kin. 14. Both by their *Trayt'erous* ſervants *juſtly ſlain*.
2 Chro. 25
2 Ki. 14. 7. *Edom* at firſt dreads his victorious hand,
2 Chro. Before him thouſand *Captives* trembling ſtand.
25. 11.
& 25. 12. Down a prec'ipice deep, down he caſts them all,
2 Chron. 66 The *mimick ſhapes* in ſeveral poſtures fall.
25. 14.
2 K. 14. 13. But then (mad Fool!) he does thoſe *Gods* adore,
2 Chro. Which when pluckt down, had *worſhipt* him before.
25. 23.
2 Ki 15. 1. Thus all his life to come is loſs and ſhame;
2 Chro. 26 No help from *Gods* who themſelves helpt not, came.
1 Kin. 5. 5. 67 All this *Uzziahs* ſtrength and wit repairs,
2 Chr. 26. Leaving a well-built greatneſs to his *Heirs*.
19.
2 K 15. 32. 68 Till leprous ſcurf o're his whole body caſt,
2 Chr. 27. Takes him at firſt from *Men*, from *Earth* at laſt.
2 Chr. 27.
4. 69 As vertuous was his *Son*, and happier far;
2 Ki. 16. 1. *Buildings* his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'ed his *War*.
2 Chr. 28.
2 Ki. 16. 3. But *Achaz* heaps up ſins, as if he meant
2 Ch. 28. 3. To make his worſt forefathers *innocent*.
70 He burns his Son at *Hinon*, whilſt around
The roaring child Drums and loud Trumpets ſound.

This

This to the Boy a *barba'rous mercy* grew,
And ſnatcht him from all his mis'eries to enſue.
Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thouſands fall,
Here *Rezin* marches up, and ſweeps up all: 2Ki.16. 5.
71 Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus Son* 2 Chro. 28. 6.
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run. 2 Ki.16.7.
The laſt of *Achads* ancient ſtock is ſlain,
Iſra'el captiv'ed, and rich *Damaſcus* ta'ne. 2Ki. 16.9.
All this wild rage to revenge *Juda*'s wrong; &15. 27.
72 But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too ſtrong!
Thus *Hezekiah* the torn Empire took, 2Chro. 28. 20.
And *Aſſurs King* with his worſe *Gods* forſook, 2 Kin. 18.
Who to poor *Juda* worlds of Nations brings, 2 Chr.29.
There rages; utters *vain* and *Mighty* things; 2 Ki.18.7.
Some dream of triumphs, and exalted names, 2King.18. 17.
Some of dear gold, and ſome of beauteous dames; 2 Chr. 32.
Whilſt in the midſt of their huge *ſleepy boaſt*, Iſa. 36.
73 An *Angel* ſcatters death through all the hoaſt. 2 K.19.35.
Th'affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies, 2 Chro. 32. 21.
74 There meets an end far worſe than that he flies. 2K. 19.37.
Here *Hezekiahs* life is almoſt done! 2 Chr. 32. 21.
So good, and yet, alas! ſo ſhort 'tis ſpunne.
Th'end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old; 2 Kin. 20.
Time muſt go back, and afford better hold 2 Chr. 32. 24.
To tye a new thread to'it, of fifteen years; 2K 20.11.
'Tis done; Th'*almighty power* of *prayer* and *tears!* 2 Chr.32.
75 Backward the *Sun*, an unknown motion, went; 2 Kin. 21.
The *Stars* gaz'ed on, and wondred what he meant: 2 Chr.33.
76 *Manaſſes* next (forgetful man!) begins;
Enſlav'ed, and ſold to *Aſſur* by his ſins. 2K 21.19.
Till by the rod of *learned mis'ery* taught, 2Chr. 33. 21.
Home to his *God* and *Country* both he's brought.
It taught not *Ammon*, nor his hardneſs brake; 2 Kin. 22.
He's made th'*Example* he refus'd to *take*. 2 Kin. 23.
Yet from this root a goodly *Cyon* ſprings;
Joſiah beſt of *Men*, as well as *Kings*.
77 Down went the *Calves* with all their gold and coſt;
The *Prieſts* then *truly* griev'ed, *Oſyris* loſt,
Theſe mad *Egyptian* rites till now remain'd;
Fools! they their worſer thraldome ſtill retain'd! 2 Kin. 23.
78 In his *own Fires Moloch* to aſhes fell, 10. Ib. v. 13.
And no more *flames* muſt have beſides his *Hell*.
79 Like end *Aſtartes horned Image* found,
80 And *Baals ſpired ſtone* to duſt was ground.
81 No more were *Men* in *female* habit ſeen,
Nor *They* in *Mens* by the lewd *Syrian Queen*.
82 No luſtful *Maids* at *Benos Temple* ſit,
And with their bodies *ſhame* their marriage get.
83 The *double Dagon* neither nature ſaves,
Nor flies *She* back to th'*Erythræan* waves.

The

84 The trav'elling *Sun* ſees gladly from on high
2K 23.11. His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched ly.
The Kings impartial Anger lights on all,
85 From *fly-blown Acca'ron* to the *thundring Baal.*
Here *Davids* joy unruly grows and bold;
Nor could *Sleeps* ſilken chain its vio'lence hold;
Had not the *Angel* to ſeal faſt his eyes
The humors ſtirr'd, and bad more miſts ariſe:
When ſtraight a *Chariot* hurries ſwift away,
And in it good *Joſiah* bleeding lay.
One hand's held up, one ſtops the wound; in vain
They both are us'd; alas *he's ſlain, he's ſlain.*
2K.23.31. *Jehoias* and *Jehoichim* next appear;
Ib. v. 26. Both *urge* that vengeance which before was *near.*
2 Ch. 36. 1 & 5. He in *Egyptian* fetters captive dies,
2K 23.34. 86 Thus by more *courteous* anger murther'd lies.
2Ch.36.4 Jer 36.30 87 His Son and Brother next do bonds ſuſtain,
2Ki.24.8. *Iſra'els* now ſolemn and *Imperial Chain.*
2Chr. 36. Here's the laſt *Scene* of this proud Cities ſtate;
All ills are met ty'ed in one *knot* of *Fate.*
88 Their endleſs ſlavery in this tryal lay;
Great God had heapt up *Ages* in one *Day:*
Strong works around the wall the *Caldees* build,
2Ki.25.1. The *Town* with grief and dreadful bus'ineſs fill'd.
Jer. 52.4. To their carv'ed *Gods* the frantick women pray,
Gods which as near their *ruine* were as *they.*
At laſt in ruſhes the prevailing foe,
Does all the miſchief of proud *conqueſt* ſhow.
The wondring babes from mothers breaſts are rent,
And ſuffer ills they neither *fear'd* nor *meant.*
2 Ch. 36. 17. No ſilver rev'erence guards the ſtooping age,
No rule or method ties their boundleſs rage.
The glorious *Temple* ſhines in *flame* all o're,
2 Chro. 36.19. Yet not ſo bright as in its *Gold* before.
2 King. 25.9. Nothing but fire or ſlaughter meets the eyes;
Nothing the *ear* but grones and diſmal cryes.
The walls and towers are levell'd with the ground,
And ſcarce ought now of that vaſt *Citi'es* found
But ſhards and rubbiſh, which weak ſigns might keep
Of forepaſt glory, and bid *Trav'ellers* weep.
Thus did triumphant *Aſſur* homewards paſs,
And thus *Jerus'alem* left, *Jeruſalem that was.*
Thus *Zedechiah* ſaw, and this not all;
Before his face his *Friends* and *Children* fall,
2Ki. 25.7. Jer.52.10. The ſport of inſolent *victors*; this he views,
A *King* and *Father* once; ill fate could uſe
His *eyes* no more to do their maſter ſpight;
All *to be ſeen* ſhe took, and next his ſight.
89 Thus a *long death* in priſon he outwears;
Bereft of griefs *laſt ſolace*, ev'en his *Tears.*

Then

Then *Jeconiahs* ſon did foremoſt come, Mat. 1. 12.
And he who brought the captiv'ed nation home; Luk. 3.
A row of *Worthies* in long order paſt
O're the ſhort ſtage; of all old *Joſeph* laſt.
Fair *Angels* paſt by next in ſeemly bands,
All gilt, with gilded baſquets in their hands.
Some as they went the blew-ey'd *violets* ſtrew,
Some ſpotleſs *Lilies* in looſe order threw.
Some did the way with full-blown *roſes* ſpread;
Their ſmell divine and colour ſtrangely red;
Not ſuch as our dull gardens proudly wear,
Whom *weathers* taint, and winds *rude kiſſes* tear.
Such, I believe, was the firſt *Roſes* hew,
Which at *Gods* word in beauteous *Eden* grew,
Queen of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gay,
The morning bluſhes of the *Springs new Day*.
90 With ſober pace an heav'enly maid walks in,
Her looks all fair; no *ſign* of *Native ſin*
Through her whole body writ; *Immod'erate Grace*
Spoke things far more than humane in her face.
It caſts a dusky gloom o're all the flow'rs;
91 And with *full beams* their *mingled Light* devowrs.
An *Angel* ſtraight broke from a ſhining clowd,
And preſt his wings, and with much reve'rence bow'd.
Again he bow'd, and grave approach he made,
And thus his ſacred Meſſage ſweetly ſaid:
Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole world ſhall call Lu. 1. 23.
Above all *bleſt*; *Thee*, who ſhalt bleſs them all.
Thy *Virgin womb* in wondrous ſort ſhall ſhrowd
Jeſus the God; (and then again he *bow'd*)
Conception the great *Spirit* ſhall breathe on thee;
92 Hail thou, who muſt *Gods Wife*, *Gods Mother* be!
With that, his ſeeming form to heav'en he rear'd;
She low obeiſance made, and diſappear'd.
Lo a new *Star* three eaſtern *Sages* ſee;
(For why ſhould only *Earth* a *Gainer* be?) Mat. 2. 1.
They ſaw this *Phoſpors* infant-light and knew
It bravely uſher'd in a *Sun* as New.
They haſted all this riſing *Sun* t'adore;
93 With them rich myrrh, and early ſpices bore.
Wiſe men; no fitter gift your zeal could bring;
You'll in a noiſome *ſtable* find your *King*.
Anon a thouſand *Dev'ils* run roaring in;
Some with a dreadful ſmile deform'edly grin.
Some ſtamp their cloven paws, ſome frown and tear
The gaping Snakes from their black-knotted hair.
As if all grief, and all the rage of hell
Were doubled now, or that juſt *now* they *fell*.
But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring ſaw,
All fled with trembling fear and ſilent aw.

In

In her chaſt arms th'*Eternal Infant* lies,
Th'*Almighty voice* chang'ed into feeble cryes.
Heav'en contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;
Never did *Virgin contain Heav'en* before.
Angels peep round to view this myſtick thing,
And *Hallelujah* round, all *Hallelujah* ſing.
No longer could good *David* quiet bear,
The *unwieldy pleaſure* which ore-flow'd him here.
It broke the fetters, and burſt ope his ey.
Away the tim'erous *Forms* together fly.
Fixt with amaze he ſtood; and time muſt take,
To learn if yet he were at laſt awake.
Sometimes he thinks that Heav'en this *Viſion* ſent,
And order'ed all the *Pageants* as they went.
Sometimes, that onely 'twas wild *Phanſies* play,
The looſe and ſcatter'd *reliques* of the *Day*.
When *Gabriel* (no bleſt *Spirit* more kind or fair)
Bodies and cloathes himſelf with thickned ayr,
All like a comely *youth* in lifes freſh bloom;
Rare workmanſhip, and wrought by heavenly loom!
He took for skin a cloud moſt ſoft and bright,
That e're the midday Sun pierc'ed through with light:
Upon his cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpred;
Waſht from the morning beauties deepeſt red.
An harmleſs flaming *Meteor* ſhone for haire,
And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care.
He cuts out a ſilk *Mantle* from the skies,
Where the moſt ſprightly azure pleas'd the eyes.
This he with ſtarry vapours ſpangles all,
Took in their prime e're they grow *ripe* and *fall*.
Of a new *Rainbow* e're it *fret* or *fade*,
The choiceſt piece took out, a *Scarf* is made.
Small ſtreaming clouds he does for wings diſplay,
Not Vertuous Lovers ſighs more ſoft than They.
Theſe he gilds o're with the Suns richeſt rays,
Caught gliding o're pure ſtream on which he plays.
Thus dreſt the joyful *Gabriel* poſts away,
And carries with him his *own* glorious day
Through the thick woods; the gloomy ſhades a while
Put on freſh looks, and wonder why they ſmile.
The trembling *Serpents* cloſe and ſilent ly,
The *birds obſcene* far from his paſſage fly.
A ſudden ſpring waits on him as he goes,
Sudden as that which by *Creation* roſe.
Thus he appears to *David*, at firſt ſight
All earth-bred fears and ſorrows take their flight.
In ruſhes joy divine, and hope, and reſt;
A Sacred calm ſhines through his peaceful breſt.
Hail, *Man* belov'ed! from higheſt heav'en (ſaid he)
My mighty *Maſter* ſends thee *health* by me.

The

The things thou ſaw'eſt are full of *truth* and *light*,
97 Shap'd in the *glaſs* of the divine *Foreſight*.
Ev'n now old *Time* is harneſſing the years
To go in order thus; hence empty fears;
Thy Fate's all *white*; from thy bleſt ſeed ſhall ſpring
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Myſtick King*.
Round the whole earth his dreaded name ſhall ſound,
And reach to *Worlds*, that muſt not yet be *found*.
The *Southern Clime* him her ſole *Lord* ſhall ſtile,
98 Him all the *North*, ev'en *Albions ſtubborn Iſle*.
99 My *Fellow-Servant*, credit what I tell,
100 Straight into ſhapeleſs air unſeen he fell.

NOTES
UPON THE
SECOND BOOK.

1 HOnours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things *Honoured*; in which ſenſe *Virgil* often uſes the word, and delights in it:

Et lætos oculis afflârat Honores.

And in the 2 *Georg.* (as in this place) for *Leaves.*

Frigidus & ſilvis Aquilo decuſſit honorem.

2 *Joſephus* calls *David*, Παῖς ξανθὸς, The *yellow*, that is, *yellow-haired Boy*, or rather, *Youth. Cedrenus* ſays, that *Valentinian* the *Emperour* was like *David*, becauſe he had beautiful Eyes, a ruddy complexion, and red, or rather, *yellow hair.*

3 *Power*, *Love*, and *Wiſdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (The *Father*, *Power*; the *Son*, *Love*; the *Holy Ghoſt*, *Wiſdom*,) concurred in the *Creation* of the World: And it is not only preſerved by theſe *Three*, the *Power*, *Love*, and *Wiſdom* of *God*, but by the emanations and beams of them derived to, and impreſt in the *Creatures.* Which could not ſubſiſt without *Power* to *Act*, *Wiſdom* to *direct* thoſe *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their Natures, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual neceſſary aſſiſtances and benefits from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero Cognatio Naturæ*, The *Kindred*, or *Conſanguinity of Nature.* And to *Love* the *Creation* of the World, was attributed even by many of the ancient Heathens, the Verſe of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῆτις πρῶτος γενέτωρ ἠδ' Ἔρως πολυλήτης.

Wiſdom and *Love* were Parents of the World: And therefore *Heſiod* in his mad confuſed *Poem* of the *Generation* of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the firſt of all the *Gods*,

Ἦ δ' Ἔρος ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι.

Pherecides

Pherecides ſaid excellently, that *God transformed* himſelf into *Love*, when he began to make the world,

Εἰς Ἔρωτα μεταβληθῆναι τὸν
Δία μέλλοντα δημιουργεῖν.

4 As *Humane Nature* is elevated by *Grace*, ſo other *Agents* are by *Love* to *Operations* that are *above*, and ſeem *contrary* to their *Nature*, as the aſcenſion of heavy bodies, and the like.

5 *Garlands* of *Ivy* were anciently the ornaments of *Poets*, and other learned men, as *Laurel* of *Conquerors*, *Olive* of *Peace-makers*, and the like, *Horace*.

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium
Diis miſcent ſuperis ——

Me Ivy the reward of learned brows does mingle with the Gods.

Virg. —— *Atq; hanc ſine tempora circum*
Inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere laurus.

And let this humble *Ivy* creep around thy Temples with triumphant *Laurel* bound. Becauſe *Ivy* is always *green*, and requires the ſupport of ſome ſtronger *Tree*, as *Learning* does of *Princes* and great men.

6 The *Object* of the *Senſitive Appetite* is not that which is *truly good*, but that which *Appears* to be *Good*. There is great caution to be uſed in Engliſh in the placing of *Adjectives* (as here) after their *Subſtantives*. I think when they conſtitute ſpecifical *differences* of the *Subſtantives*, they follow beſt; for then they are to it like *Cognomina*, or *Surnames* to *Names*, and we muſt not ſay, the Great *Pompey* or the *Happy Sylla*, but *Pompey the Great*, and *Sylla the Happy*; ſometimes even in other caſes the *Epithete* is put laſt very gracefully, of which a good *Ear* muſt be the *Judge* for ought I know, without any *Rule*. I chuſe rather to ſay *Light Divine*, and *Command Divine*, than *Divine Light*, and *Divine Command*.

7 Theſe are the *Effects* of *Love*, according to *Th. Aquinas in Prima Sec. Quæſt.* 28. the 1, 2, 3, and 4. *Artic.* to whom I refer for the proof and explanation of them, *Amor eſt affectus quo cum re amatâ aut unimur, aut perpetuamus unionem.* Scal. de Subt.

8 1 Sam. 5. *And David ſaid unto Jonathan, behold to morrow is the new-Moon, and I ſhould not fail to ſit with the King at meat, but let me go*, &c. Ecce Calendæ ſunt craſtino, & ego ex more ſedere ſoleo juxta regem ad veſcendum, *&c.* The firſt day of every month was a Feſtival among the *Jews*: for the *Firſt-fruits* of all things, even all diſtinctions of *Times* were *Sacred* to *God*; In it they neither bought nor ſold, *Amos* 8. 4. *When will the New Moon be gone, that we may ſell Corn?* the Vulg. *Quando tranſibit Menſis* (that is, *Primus dies*, or *Feſtum Menſis*) *& venundabimus merces?* They went to the Prophets to hear the word as upon Sabbaths, 2 Kings 4. 23. *Wherefore wilt thou go to him to day? it is neither New-moon nor Sabbath*; which was likewiſe a *Cuſtom* among the *Romans*, for the day of the *Calends* the *High Prieſts* caled together the people (from whence the name of *Calends* à *Calando plebem*) to inſtruct them in the divine duties which they were to perform that month. *Macro* 1. *Saturnal.* And laſtly, there were greater Sacrifices on that, than upon other ordinary days, *Num.* 28. 11. But of all *New-moons*, that of the *ſeventh month*

was the moſt ſolemn, it being alſo the *Feaſt of Trumpets*. It is not evident that this was the *New-Moon* ſpoken of in this ſtory of *David*; but that it was ſo, may probably be conjectured, in that the *Text* ſeems to imply a greater Solemnity than that of ordinary *Calends*, and that the Feaſt laſted above one day, 1 *Sam.* 20. 27. *And it came to paſs, that on the morrow, which was the ſecond day of the month, Davids place was empty.* Now the reaſon of this greater obſervation of the Calends of the *Seventh Month* (called *Tiſri*, and anſwering to our *September*) was, becauſe according to the *Civil Computation* (for the Jews had two accounts of the beginning of the year, one *Civil*, the other *Religious*; this latter being inſtituted in memory of their paſſage out of *Egypt* in the month *Abib*, that is, about our *March*) this was the beginning of the year; from hence contracts, and the account of *Sabbatical years*, and *Jubilees* bare date. It is called by ſome *Sabbathum Sabbathorum*, becauſe it is the *Sabbath* of *Months*; for as the ſeventh day, and the ſeventh year, ſo the ſeventh month too was conſecrated to God. Of this *New-Moon* it is that *David* ſpake, *Pſalm* 81. 3. *Blow the Trumpet in the New-Moon, in the time appointed on our ſolemn Feaſt-day. In inſigni die ſolennitatis veſtræ.* And the Pſalm is inſcribed, *Pro Torcularibus*; which concurs juſt with this ſeventh Moon; which *Philo* in *Decul.* terms, ἡ ἑβδομὰς ἣν σάλπιγξιν ἐκσημαίνουσι. And St. *Auguſt.* reads, *In initio Menſis Tubæ.* See the Inſtitution of this Feſtival, *Levit.* 23. 24. and *Numb.* 29. 1.

9 The *Prieſts* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Feſtivals*, the year of *Jubilee* was proclaimed by them with the ſound of Trumpets through the whole Land; nay the *Sabbath* it ſelf was begun with it, as *Joſephus* teſtifies *l.* 5. *Bel. Jud. c.* 9. But why the *Trumpets* were ſounded more extraordinarily on this day, is hard to find out; for which it is named *Dies Clangoris.* Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New-year*; which opinion is likewiſe adorned with an alluſion to the beginning (or as it were *New-years-day*) of *Eternity*; which is to be proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great ſound of a *Trumpet*, Mat. 24. 31.

10 This was Saint *Baſils* opinion, but is not much followed, becauſe when *Feſtivals* are inſtituted in memory of any paſt bleſſing, they uſed to be obſerved on the ſame day that the bleſſing was conferred.

11 This third is the common opinion of the Jews; who therefore call this Feſtival *Feſtum Cornu*, and ſay, that they ſounded only upon *Rams Horns:* but that, methinks, if this be the true reaſon of it, is not neceſſary.

12 *The Third Hour*; *i.* Nine a clock in the morning: For the day began at ſix a clock, and contained *twelve little*, or *Four Great Hours*, or *Quarters.* The firſt *Quarter* from Six to Nine, was called the *Third Hour*, becauſe that cloſed up the *Quarter.*

13 *Gay*, becauſe the Beaſts to be Sacrificed, uſed to be *Crowned* with Garlands, and ſometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as I ſay afterwards.

For

14 For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and ſeven *Lambs* of the firſt year without ſpot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, *v.* 15. and there was added on this *New-Moon*, one young Bullock, one Ram, ſeven Lambs of the firſt year without blemiſh, and one *Kid*, Numb. 29. which joined, make up my number. *Bullocks* of *Free-neck*, that is, which had never been yoked, implyed in the *Epithete Young. Intactâ cervice Juvenci.*

15 The outmoſt Court of the Tabernacle.

16 The cuſtom of having Stories wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlets*, nay even wearing Garments, is made to be very ancient by the Poets. Such is the Hiſtory of *Theſeus* and *Ariadne* in the Coverlet of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed.* Catull. Argonaut.

Talibus amplificè veſtis variata figuris
Pulvinar complexa ſuo velabat amictu.

So *Æneas* in 5 *Æn.* gives a Coat to *Cloanthus*, in which was wrought the rape of *Ganymede*,

Intextuſq; puer frondoſâ regius Idâ.

And many authorities of this kind might be alledged if it were neceſſary.

17 *You might ſee.* That is, *It might be ſeen*, or, *Any one might ſee.* This manner of ſpeaking, which puts the ſecond perſon Indefinitely, is very frequent among the Poets; as *Homer*,

φαίης κεν ζάκοῖον τινὰ ἴμμεναι.

Virg. 4. Æn.

Migrantes cernas:

Upon which *Servius* ſays, *Honeſta figura ſi rem tertiæ perſonæ in ſecundam transferas. Mugire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis.* So 8. Æn.

Credas innare revulſas Cycladas; that is, *Credat quis.*

18 *God* is ſaid to have ſpoken with *Abraham* Nine times, that is ſo many times *Angels* brought him meſſages from *God.* An *Angel* is called by *Joſephus* Πρόσωπον θεοῦ.

19 Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abrams Brother*; others of *Terah* by another Wife, which marriages were then lawful, but the Scripture *Gen.* 11. calls her *Terahs Daughter in Law*, not *Daughter*; others think ſhe was only *Abrams Kinſwoman*; all which the Hebrews called *Siſters* Ἀδελφιδὴ non ἀδελφή. *Grot. Beauteous* were a ſtrange *Epithete* for her at the Age ſhe then had, which was above threeſcore years, but that the Scripture calls her ſo, and ſhe proved her ſelf to be ſo, by ſtriking two Kings in love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech.* It is to be believed that people in thoſe days bore their age better than now, and her barrenneſs might naturally contribute ſomewhat to it; but the chief reaſon I ſuppoſe to be a *Bleſſing* of *God* as particular, as that of her *Child-bearing* after the natural ſeaſon.

20 The Scripture does not ſay particularly, that *Abram* ſurpriſed this Army in, or after a debauch, but it is probable enough for my turn, that this was the caſe. Of theſe *Confuſed marks of death and luxury*,

luxury, there is an excellent deſcription in the 9. Æneid, where *Niſus* and *Euryalus* fall upon the quarter of the Enemy.

Somno vinoq; ſepultam.
Purpuream vomit ille animam, & cum ſanguine miſta
Vina refert moriens, &c.

But I had no leiſure to expatiate in this place.

21 St. *Hierom* ſays this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis*, called *Salem* even to this *Time*; and that there were then remaining ſome ruines of the Palace of *Melchiſedec*, which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jeruſalem*; for being a *Type of Chriſt*, that ſeat was moſt proper for him, eſpecially ſince we are ſure that *Jeruſalem* was once named *Salem*, Pſal. *In Salem is his Tabernacle, and his habitation in Sion.* And the addition of *Juru* to it, was from *Jebu*, the Jebuſites; that is, *Salem of the Jebuſites*, *Adric.* The ſituation of *Jeruſalem* agrees very well with this ſtory. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the parts about *Damaſcus*, paſſes very near *Jeruſalem*, nay nearer than to the other *Salem.* But concerning this King of *Salem*, *Melchiſedec*, the difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no *man*, but *God* himſelf, or the *Holy Ghoſt*, as the ancient *Melchiſedecians* and *Hieracites*; others, to be *Chriſt* himſelf; others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*; others to be *Sem* the ſon of *Noah*; which is little more probable than the former extravagant fancies. That which is moſt reaſonable, and moſt received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Prieſt* for the *true God*, which makes him ſo remarkable among thoſe Idolatrous Nations; for which cauſe he is termed, ἀγενεαλόγητος, becauſe he was not of any of the *Genealogies* of the Scripture; and therefore the better typified or repreſented *Chriſt*, as being both a *King* and a *Prieſt*, without being of the Tribe of *Levi*: but this and the other controverſies about him, are too copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature.

22 Ver. 18. *And Melchiſedec King of Salem brought forth bread and wine, &c.* The Romaniſts maintain, that this was only a *ſacrifice*, and a *Type* of the *Euchariſt*, as *Melchiſedec* himſelf was of *Chriſt*; others, that it was only a *Preſent* for the relief of *Abrams* men. Why may we not ſay that it was both? and that before the men were refreſht by bread and wine, there was an offering or prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Prieſt* of the moſt *High God*, as he is denominated? for even this oblation of bread and wine (uſed alſo among the *Hebrews*) is called θυσία, *Levit.* 2. and *Philo* ſays of *Melchiſedec* upon this occaſion ἐπινίκια θύει. I therefore name them *Sacred Preſents. Like him whoſe Type he bears*; that is, *Chriſt.* And The *Dues* he received were *Tenths*, whether of all *Abrams* ſubſtance, or of the *preſent ſpoils* (ἀκροθίνια) is a great controverſie.

23 Gen. 15. 5. and Gen. 22. 17. *I will multiply thy ſeed as the ſtars of the Heaven, and as the ſand upon the ſea ſhore.* An ordinary Proverb in all languages, for great numbers. Catul. *Ant quot ſidera multa cum tacet nox*; and in another place he joins the ſand of the ſea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythræi ſiderúmq; micantium ſubducat numerum.* It does no hurt, I think, to add *Bright* as well as *Numberleſs* to the ſimilitude.

Gen.

24 *Gen.* 17. It is called a *Covenant*; and circumciſion may well be termed a *Mark* of *Homage*, becauſe it was a renouncing of the fleſh, and peculiar dedication of *Abram* and his ſeed to the ſervice of the true *God*.

25 The received opinion is, that *two* of theſe perſons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himſelf; for after the *two Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is ſaid, *Gen.* 18. 22. But *Abraham* ſtood yet before the *Lord*. So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat. Lyra* and *Toſtatus* report, that the Jews have a Tradition, that theſe *Three* were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*. The firſt of which repreſented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the ſecond deſtroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very ancient opinion that theſe were the *Three Perſons* of the *Trinity*; from whence aroſe that notorious ſaying, *Tres vidit & unum adoravit*. This appearing of *Gods* in the manner of *ſtrangers* to puniſh and reward men was a common tradition too among the Heathens, *Hom.* ε. *Odyſſ.*

Καί τε θεοὶ ξείνοισιν ἐοικότες ἀλλοπαδοῖσι
Παντοῖοι τελέθοντες ἐπιστροφῶσι πολῆας
Ἀνθρώπων ὕβριν τε καὶ εὐνομίην ἐρεοῦντες.

The Gods in the habits of ſtrangers went about to ſeveral Towns to be eye-witneſſes of the juſtice and injuſtice of men. So *Homer* makes the Gods to go once a year to feaſt,

—μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας.

With the *unblameable Ethiopians*. And we find theſe peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphoſis*,

Summo delabor Olympo——
Et Deus humanâ luſtro ſub imagine terras. 1. Metam.

26 From *Ur*, the place of his *Birth*, to *Ephrons Cave*, the place of his *Burial*. *Ur of the Chaldees*, Gen. 11. 31. Some of the Jews take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his brother were caſt by the *Chaldeans* into a burning furnace for oppoſing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was conſumed, but *Abraham* was preſerved. *Joſephus* and *Euſebius*, *lib.* 9. *Præpar. Evang.* ſay *Ur* was the name of a *City*, which *Joſephus* calls χώραν, and *Plin. l.* 5. *c.* 24. makes mention of *Ura*, a place *Uſq; quem fertur Euphrates*. It was perhaps denominated from the worſhip of *Fire*, in that Country. The name continued till *Ammianus* his time. *Ammian. lib.* 25.

27 *Mounts*. For the place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* tranſlates *Montem Viſionis*. Aquila ἐν γῇ τῇ καλαφαῖ; which I conceive to be, not as ſome render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the ſame reaſon has Ὀπλασίας, which is the ſame with the Latine *Viſionis*; and the Septuag. call it ὑψηλὴν, the *High Country*; others interpret it, *The Country of worſhip*, by *Anticipation*. And it was not perhaps without relation to this Sacrifice of *Abrahams*, that this was choſen afterwards to be the ſeat of *Solomons Temple*.

28 *The Boy*. Our Engliſh Tranſlation, *Lad*, which is not a word for verſe, the Latin *Puer*, *Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time

time but ten or twelve years old. But that is an age unfit for the carrying of ſuch a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that reaſon conceives that he was about 16 years of age, *Joſephus* 25. Others 33. becauſe at that age our *Saviour* (whoſe *Type* he was) was ſacrificed. Some of the *Jews* 36. none of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* uſe of the word *Boy*; for ſo all young men are termed, as *Benjamin*, Gen. 43. 8. and *Joſeph*, *Joſhua*, and *David* when he fought with *Goliah*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my deſcription agrees moſt with that opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetical than the others.

29 Becauſe the *Covenant* and *Promiſes* were made in *Iſaac*, Gen. 17. 21. *Heb.* 11. 17, 18.

30 The ancients (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the *waſhing* at leaſt of their *hands* and *feet* before they ſate or lay down to *Table*. *Judg.* 19. 21. it is ſaid of the *Levite* and his Concubine, *They waſht their feet and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* ſays to the three *Angels*, Gen. 18. 4. *Let a little water, I pray you, be fetcht, and waſh your feet, and reſt your ſelves under the Tree, and I will fetch a morſel of Bread, &c.* So likewiſe *Joſephs Steward* treats his Maſters brethren. So *David* to *Uriah*, 2 Sam. 11. 8. *Go down to thy houſe, and waſh thy feet, &c. and there followed him a meſs of meat from the King*. It is in vain to add more authorities of a thing ſo notorious. And this cuſtom was then very neceſſary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare, they could not but contract much dirt, and were (of which this cuſtom is ſome argument) to lie down upon *Beds*, which without waſhing they would have ſpoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to waſh the feet of their gueſts,

——ἀρχαῖον γὰρ τοῦτο νόμος Athen. L. 1. c. 8.

For this (ſays he) was the ancient cuſtom; and ſo the daughters of *Cocalus* waſht *Minos* at his arrival in *Sicilie*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful ſervants for this and the like miniſteries. Beſides this, it was accounted neceſſary to have *waſh-pots* ſtanding by at the *Jewiſh* feaſts, to purifie themſelves, if they ſhould happen to touch any thing unclean. And for theſe reaſons ſix *Waterpots* ſtood ready at the wedding feaſt of *Cana* in *Galilee*.

31 Eccleſ. 2. 8. *I gate men-ſingers and woman-ſingers, the delights of the ſons of men*, οἰνοχόους καὶ οἰνοχόας, He and the ſervants to fill wine, ſays the Septuagint: Though I know the Vulgar, and our Engliſh Edition tranſlate it otherwiſe; both differently: And it is incredible, how curious the ancients were in the choice of Servants to wait at *Table*. *Mart.*

Stant pueri, Dominos quos precer eſſe meos.

32 After *waſhing* they always *anointed* themſelves with precious oyl. So *Judith* 10. 2. So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, *Waſh thy ſelf therefore, and anoint thy ſelf*. So *David* after the death of his child, *Roſe up and waſht, and anointed himſelf, &c.* So *Hom. Od.* 6. of *Nauſica* and her maids,

Αἱ δ' ἐπεὶ λοεσσάμεναι καὶ χρισσάμεναι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ
Δεῖπνον ἔπειθ' ἕλοντο παρ' ὄχθησιν ποταμοῖο.

But

But this too is as notorious as the other faſhion of *waſhing. Small Priſons. Boxes* of Oyntments, ſuch as the woman poured upon the head of our *Saviour*, Mat. 26. 7. ἀλάβαστρον μύρου, that is as we ſay an *Inkhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other matter; for this was not of *Alabaſter*, S. *Mark* affirming that it was *broken*. Horace.

Nardi parvus Onyx,

Claudian, *Gematis alii per totum balſama tectum*
Effudêre cadis ——

33 The *Roman* cuſtom was, to have *three Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the word *Triclinium*) and *three perſons* to each bed (though ſometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Aſiatiques* as well as the very faſhion of *diſcubation*, for conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for ſtate I gave a whole *Bed*; and the other two, to his own Sons, *Jonathan*, *Iſhui* and *Melchiſua*, 1 Sam. 14. 49. to *Abner* his Coſin German, and Captain of his Hoſts, and to his two Sons in Law, *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me, that *Lying down* was not in uſe, becauſe it is ſaid here, 1 *Sam.* 20. 25. *And* Saul *ſate upon his ſeat as at other times, even upon a ſeat by the wall:* becauſe the words of *Seſſion* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in practice at ſeveral times, and in ſeveral Nations.

34 At the Feaſts of the Ancients, not only the rooms were ſtrewed with *flowers*, but the *Gueſts* and the *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were *crowned* with them, *Virg.*

Crateras magnos ſtatuunt & vina coronant; and
Tum pater Anchiſes magnum cratera coronâ
Induit, implevitq; mero ——

Which cannot be interpreted as ſome do *Homers*,

Κεφάλας ἐστέψαντο ποτοῖο.

Which they ſay are ſaid to be *Crowned*, when they are filled ſo full that the liquor ſtanding higher than the brims of the Bowls, looks like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen. l. j. c.* 11. But why may we not conſtrue *Homer*, *They Crowned*, Κεφάλας ποτοῖο, *Bowls of drink*, as well as *They Crowned Bowls with drink?*

35 The name of God, *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverſe rebellious woman, &c.* The Vulg. *Fili mulieris virum ultrò rapientis*; that is as much as to ſay, *Thou Son of a Whore.* Upon which place *Grotius.* Sons uſe to be like their Parents, and therefore *Saul* who would not accuſe himſelf, caſts the fault of his ſtubbornneſs and ill nature upon his *Mother.* In which I cannot abide to be of his opinion; the words are ſo ungracious from the mouth of a *Prince:* I rather think that they import this, thou who art ſo ſtubborn and unnatural that thou mayſt ſeem to be not my Son, but a *Baſtard*, the ſon of a whore or rebellious woman; and that which follows in the ſame Verſe confirms this to me. *Thou haſt choſen the Son of Jeſſe to thine own confuſion, and to the confuſion of thy Mothers nakedneſs*; that is, to her ſhame, who will be thought to have had thee of ſome other man, and not of *me.*

37 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And* Jonathan *aroſe from the Table in fierce anger*, In irâ furoris. But his paſſion (it ſeems) did not overcome his duty or diſcretion; for he aroſe without ſaying any thing.

I omit here *Jonathans* ſhooting arrows, and ſending his Page for them, from the 35 to the 40 verſe; By *Horace* his rule,

——*Et quæ*
Deſperes tractata niteſcere poſſe, relinquas.

And what art or induſtry could make that ſtory *ſhine?* beſides it was a ſubtilty that I cannot for my life comprehend; for ſince he went to *David*, and talked to him himſelf, what needed all that politick trouble of the ſhooting?

38 The *Head*, which is the ſeat of *Fanſie*.

39 Theſe are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Phantaſtique Creatures*.

Inter ſe quorum diſcordia membra videmus, Lucr. L. 5.

And afterwards,

Prima Leo, poſtrema Draco, media ipſa Chimæra,

Which is out of *Homer*,

Πρόσθε λεὼν ϗ ὄπισθε δράκων.

40 When the Country people in *Theſſaly* ſaw men firſt that came on Horſeback, and drove away their Cattel, they imagined the *Horſe* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaures* from driving a way of *Oxen*; according to which fancy, they are truly ſaid to ride upon themſelves.

41 Unleſs thou take away the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou ſhalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2 *Sam.* 5. 6. There are ſome other interpretations of the place, than that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Jebuſites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind*. But this carries no probability. Thinking *David* cannot come hither; is a plain proof that they did it in ſcorn of *David*, and confidence of the extraordinary ſtrength of the place; which without queſtion was very great, or elſe it could not have held out ſo many hundred years ſince the entrance of the *Iſraelites* into the land, in the very midſt of them.

42 *Fiſh*; *Dagon* the Deity moſt worſhipt by the *Philiſtims*.

43 The Engliſh ſays *Mulberry* trees; the Latine, *Pear* trees; the ſafeſt is to leave it *indefinite*. The ſound of a going in the Tops of the Mulberry trees, *v.* 24. Some interpret, The noiſe of the dropping of the dew like *Tears* from the Trees. From whence the *Greek* ἓ κλαυθμῶν.

44 *Hadad-Eſar* King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Joſephus Saphene*, a part of *Cœloſyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Manaſſes*. This Kingdom is firſt mentioned, 1 *Sam.* 14. 47. at what time (it ſeems) it was under ſeveral Princes, and againſt the *Kings* of *Zoba*.

45 *Adad* was at that time King of *Damaſcus*, according to *Joſephus*, and the family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great luſtre.

46 The Children of *Ammon*.

47 *Moloch* is called peculiarly the *God* of the *Ammonites*, 1 *Kin.* 11. 5. & 7. *Fonſeca* takes it to be the *Priapus*, confounding it with *Belphegor*

of

of the *Moabites*; *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuncius*. Others more probably, *Saturn*, becauſe the like Worſhip and like Sacrifices were uſed to him. *Macrob.* l. *Saturn. Curt. Lib.* 4. *Diodor. Lib.* 20. &c. I rather believe the *Sun* was worſhipped under that name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the word ſignifies *King*; and it is the ſame Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Aſſyrians* and *Sidonians*, ſignifying *Lord*. Some think that Children were not *burnt* or ſacrificed to him, but only *conſecrated* and initiated by paſſing between two fires; which perhaps might be a cuſtom too. But it is evident by ſeveral places of Scripture, that this was not all: And the *Jews* ſay, that *paſſing through the Fire*, is but a Phraſe for *Burning*. He had *ſeven Chappels* from the number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*; for which reaſon the *Perſians* likewiſe made *ſeven Gates* to him. In the firſt *Chappel* was offered to him a *Cake* of fine flower, in the ſecond a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the ſixth an *Ox*, and the ſeventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *Child*. The *Image* was of *Braſs*, of wonderful greatneſs, with his hands ſpread, and ſet on fire within, perhaps to repreſent the heat of the Sun, and not as ſome think, to burn the Children in his Arms. He had likewiſe the face of a *Bullock*, in which figure too *Oſyris* among the Egyptians repreſented the *Sun*, and *Mithra* among the *Perſians*.

Stat. *Indignata ſequi torquentem cornua Mithram.*

But though they intended the worſhip of the *Sun*, under this name of *Moloch*, it was indeed the Devil that they worſhipped; which makes me ſay, *Grinning through a black Cloud, &c.*

48 *Swift Tygris.* Curt. L. 4. No River in the Eaſt runs ſo violently as *Tygris*, from which ſwiftneſs it takes the name; for *Tygris* in the *Perſian Language* ſignifies an *Arrow*.

49 *Helam*, or *Chelam*, which *Ptolomy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Foords of *Euphrates*.

50 The Metropolis of *Ammon*, ſince *Philadelphia*.

51 And he took their *Kings Crown* from off his head (the weight whereof was a Talent of Gold, with the precious ſtones) and it was ſet on *Davids* head, 2 *Sam.* 12. 30. and the like, 1 *Chron.* 20. 2. *Tulit diadema regis eorum de capite ejus, &c.* But the Seventy have it, Καὶ ἔλαβε τὸν στέφανον Μολχὸμ τῦ Βασιλῆ αὐτῶν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτῦ, &c. He took the *Crown* of *Molcholm their King* from off his head. That is, The Crown upon the head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*; which makes ſome of the Greek Fathers ſay, That *Melchoms Image* had a bright precious ſtone in form of the *Morning-ſtar*, placed on the top of his forehead. I rather follow the Engliſh Tranſlation.

52 Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his reign at *eleven* years old, which is very unreaſonable. Sir *W. Raughley*, methinks, convinces that it was in the 19. year of his age; at which time it might truly be ſaid by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a wiſe man*; and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but a young Child.*

53 I am not ignorant that I go contrary to moſt learned men in this

point, who makes *Saba*, of wch she was *Queen*, a part of *Arabia Fœlix*,

Virg. *Solis est thurea virga Sabæis.*

And Frankincense was one of her presents to *Solomon*. Psalm. 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba.* The City where she lived they say was called *Marab*; by *Strabo*, *Mariaba*; and here some name it, *Nicanna*; others, *Makeda*; the *Arabians*, *Bulkis*. This consists well enough with her title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*; for there were two *Ethiopia's*, the one in *Asia*, the other in *Africk*. Nevertheless, I make her here *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two reasons; first because she is called in the *New Testament Queen* of the *South*, which seems to me to be too great a *Title* for the Queen of a small Territory in *Arabia*, lying full East, and but a little *Southward of Judæa*; and therefore the *Wisemen* that came to worship Christ from those parts, are termed *Eastern*, and not *Southern Sages*. Secondly, all the Histories of the *Abyssines* or *African Ethiopians* affirm that she was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their Kings from *her* and *Solomon*, which the ordinary names of them seem to confirm, and the custom of Circumcision used even to this day, though they be *Christians*. In fine, whatever the truth be, this opinion makes a better sound in *Poetry*.

54 This *Egyptian* Kings name is very variously written. *Shishac* the English, *Sesac* Latine, *Susakim* Septuagint, *Susac Josephus*, *Susesin Cedrenus*; also, *Sasuges*, *Sosonchis*, *Sosachis*; and by *Eusebius Smendes*. *Josephus*, l. 8. proves that *Herodot.* falsely ascribes the acts of this *Susac* to *Sesostris*, and particularly his setting up of Pillars in *Palestine*, with the figures of womens privy parts graven upon them, to reproach the effeminateness of those Nations. The Scripture says, his Army was without number, composed of *Lubims*, i. *Libyans*, the Countreys west of *Egypt*. *Sukkyms*, from *Succoth* Tents Lat. *Troglodita*, a people bordering upon the *Red sea*; by others, *Arabes Egyptii*, or *Ichthyophagi*; and *Ethiopians*, *Cusitæ*, Joseph. which is more probable, than to make them, as some do, the people of *Arabia Deserta* and *Petræa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claimed the Soveraignty of *Judæa*, 2 Chr. 12. 8.

55 *Adadesar*, 1 Chron. 18. 7. I mention rather the golden shields taken by *David*, than those made by *Solomon*, because *David* might be more concerned in them.

56 The story of this great battel between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam* is one of the strangest and humanely most hard to believe, almost in the whole Old Testament, that out of a Kingdom not half so big as *England*, five hundred thousand chosen and valiant men should be slain in one battel; and of this not so much as any notice taken in *Abijahs* or *Jeroboams* lives in the first of *Kings*. It adds much to the wonder, that this defeat should draw no other consequence after it but *Abijahs* recovery of two or three Towns; no more than all the mighty troubles and changes in *Israel*, that happened afterward in *Asa's* time, who had besides, the advantage of being a virtuous and victorious Prince. Sir *W. Raughley* makes a good discourse to prove the reason of this to have been, because the successors of *Solomon* still kept up that severity and arbitrarineſs of Government, which

first

firſt cauſed the ſeparation, but that all the *Kings* of *Iſrael* allowed thoſe liberties to the people, upon the ſcore of which *Jeroboam* poſſeſt himſelf of the Crown; which the people choſe rather to enjoy, though with great Wars and diſturbances, than to return to the quiet which they enjoyed with ſervitude under *Solomon*. There may be ſomething of this perhaps in the caſe; but even though this be true, it is ſo ſtrange, that the *Kings* of *Judah* ſhould never (among ſo many changes) find a party in *Iſrael* to call them in again, that we muſt fly to the abſolute determination of *Gods* will for a cauſe of it, who being offended with the ſins of both, made both his inſtruments of vengeance againſt one another, and gave victories and other advantages to *Judah*, not for bleſſings to that, but for Curſes and Scourges to *Iſrael*. *God puniſht one, but bleſt not the other ſide.*

57 This Superſtition of conſecrating *Groves* to *Idols* grew ſo frequent, that there was ſcarce any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to ſome Idol,

——*Lucoſq; vetuſtâ*
Religione truces & robora Numinis inſtar. Claud.

The word it ſelf *Lucus* is conceived by ſome to come *à Lucendo*, from the conſtant *Light* of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from Tapers continually burning there in honour of them. At laſt the very Trees grew to be the *Idols*:

——*Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druidæ* had their name from worſhipping an *Oak*, and among the *Celtæ* an Oak was the Image of *Jupiter*, the *Holm Tree* had no leſs honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* ſays the ancient *Germans* called *Trees* by the names of the *Gods*, 2 Kings 23. 6. *Joſiah* is ſaid to bring out the *Groves* from the houſe of the Lord; where it ſeems the *Idols* themſelves are called *Groves*: either having gotten that name from ſtanding commonly in *Groves*, or perhaps becauſe they were the *Figures of Trees* adored by them, or of *Idols* with Trees repreſented too about them; as *Acts* 19. 24. the ſilver ſimilitudes of *Diana*'s *Temple*, made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

58 The number of the Armies is here likewiſe more than wonderful. *Aſa*'s conſiſting of five hundred and eighty thouſand, and *Zerahs* of ten hundred thouſand men, called *Ethiopians*, *Cuſitæ*: Now though I took the *Cuſites* of *Suſacs* Army to be the *Ethiopians* of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up thoſe as well as *Libyans*, into *Paleſtine*; yet it is improbable that *Zerah* ſhould march with ſuch an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*; beſides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabout are ſpoiled by *Aſa*, as belonging to *Zera*, but that is in *Arabia Petræa*, which I ſuppoſe to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Countries thereabouts; and with the help of his neighbour Princes: for otherwiſe it is hard to believe, that his Army could be ſo great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopians* as well as the *Abyſſines*, both deſcending from *Chus*.

He

He loſt ſo many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petræa* as might make that like *Arabia Deſerta.*

59 It is ſtrange, that after his being able to bring ſuch an Army into the field, after his great ſucceſs againſt *Zerah*, and his Fathers but a little before againſt *Jeroboam*, he ſhould be ſo alarmed with the War of *Baaſha* (a Murtherer, and an unſetled Uſurper; for which cauſe I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temples Treaſures for the aſſiſtance of *Benhadad:* But it was not ſo much out of fear of *Baaſha* alone, as of *Benhadad* too at the ſame time, who would have joined with *Baaſha*, if he had not been bought off to join with *Aſa.* The Family of the *Adads* then reigning in *Damaſcus*, were grown mighty Princes, and ſo continued long after. But the Aſſiſtance was very Dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this occaſion found the weakneſs of both Kingdoms, of *Iſrael* and *Judæa*, and enriched themſelves at once upon both, never ceaſed afterwards to moleſt and attack them.

60 The *Fates*; that is, according to the *Chriſtian Poetical* manner of ſpeaking, the *Angels* to whom the *Government* of this *world* is committed. The meaning is, that having a command to kill the *King*, and ſeeing *Jehoſaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward diſguiſe of *Ahab* (without ſtaying to conſider who the perſon was) they had like to have cauſed the *King* of *Judah* to be ſlain inſtead of the *King* of *Iſrael.* He had like to have died as *Virgil* ſays, *Alieno vulnere.*

61 *Seir*, A little Country lying between *Edom* and *Moab.*

62 *Jehoram* is ſaid to have reigned eight years in *Jeruſalem*, 2 Kings 8. 17. 2 Chron. 21. 20. but it is apparent by moſt evident collection out of the Text, that either ſeven of thoſe eight years (as ſome will have it) or at leaſt four, are to be reckoned in the life of his Father *Jehoſaphat.* Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his miſtake, who ſays, *Joram filius regnum tenuit* (*Joſaphat rege defuncto*) *annos duo deviginti:* Reigned *eighteen* years. I rather think it ſhould be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in ſince. *Ochoſia*, or *Ahazia* reigned ſcarce one year.

63 *Athalia*, by ſome *Gotholia*, Her murder of all that remained (as ſhe thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only pretence to the Government, which was then *Vacua poſſeſſio*, and belonged to the *firſt poſſeſſor.* She had been in effect in poſſeſſion of it all the time of her Husband *Jehoram*, and Son *Ochoſia*, Ἐσπούδασε μηδένα πρὸ ἐκ τῶν Δαβίδου καλαλιπεῖν οἶκον, πᾶν δ' ἐξαφανίσαι τὸ γένος. Joſeph. And after theſe Murders here was a double *Uſurpation* of *Athaliah*, firſt as ſhe was not of the *Houſe* of *David.* And ſecondly, as ſhe was a *Woman.* For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* ſay, Fall to the *Diſtaff*, *Tomber en que noüille*, *Deut.* 17. 15. Yet ſhe reigned peaceably almoſt ſeven years, which was very much to be wondred at, not only in regard of her murders, uſurpation, tyranny and Idolatry at home, but becauſe *Jehu* then King of *Iſrael*, was a ſworn enemy of the Houſe of *Ahab*, and had vowed to root it all out, which likewiſe he effected, except in the perſon of this wicked woman, who nevertheleſs periſhed at laſt as ſhe deſerved, *Abſolvitq; Deum.*

2 Kings

64 2 *Kings* mentions but one Invaſion of *Hazaels* King of *Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great ſum of money. The 2 of *Chronicles* mentions likewiſe but one, which ended in the loſs of a battel by *Joas*, and the ſlaughter of moſt of the Princes of *Judah*. Some think that both thoſe places ſignifie but one War, and that the compoſition followed the Victory. That they were ſeveral Invaſions appears to me more probable, and that mentioned in the *Chronicles* to be the former of the two, though it be generally otherwiſe thought; for it is more likely, that *Joas* ſhould be driven to accept of that coſtly and ſhameful compoſition, after the loſs of a battel, and of the greateſt part of his Nobility, againſt a ſmall number, than before he had ever tried his fortune in the field againſt the *Aramites*. Neither is it ſo probable that the *Syrians* having made that agreement for a vaſt treaſure, ſhould again break it, and invade them with a ſmall company, as that having at firſt with a party only defeated the *Judæan* Army, they ſhould afterwards enter with greater Forces to proſecute the Victory, and therewith force them to accept of ſo hard and diſhonourable conditions. But it may be objected, that it is ſaid, 2Chron. 24.25. *When they* (the *Syrians*) *departed from him* (for they left him in great diſeaſes) *his own ſervants conſpired againſt him, and ſlew him*; as if this followed immediately after the Battel. But he that obſerves the manner of writing uſed in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other Hiſtorical parts of the *Scripture*, ſhall find the relation very imperfect and confuſed (eſpecially in circumſtances of *Time*) reciting often the latter things firſt, by *Anticipation*. So that *When they departed*, *&c.* may relate not to this Defeat which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other compoſition afterwards; which may be here omitted, becauſe that ſecond Invaſion was but a Conſequence; and almoſt *Continuance* of the former: In which reſpect one Relation (2 *Chronicles*) mentioning the firſt part, which was the Battel only; and the other (2 *Kings*) the ſecond, which was the ſending in of new Forces, and the conditions of agreement, both have fulfilled the duty of *Epitomies*.

65 That is, in the ſame manner as his Father *Joas*; both being virtuous and happy at firſt, wicked and unfortunate at the laſt; with the ſame reſemblance in their defeats, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Iſraelites*; and in the conſequences of them, which were the loſs of all their Treaſures, and thoſe of the Temple, a diſhonourable Peace; and their murders, by their own ſervants.

66 This puniſhment, I ſuppoſe, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *Enemies*.

67 *Uzziah*, ſo he is called in our Tranſlation of the *Chronicles*, the Septuagint Ὀζίας, and ſo *Joſephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High Prieſts* name in his time.

68 *At firſt from men*, 2 Chron. 26. 21. *Dwelt in an houſe apart, being a Leper*. So likewiſe 2 *Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law con-

concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.*13. 46. *From earth at laſt:* For *Joſephus* reports, that the grief cauſed his death, χείνον μὴ τινα δίηγεν ἔξω τῆς πόλεως ἰδιώτιν ἀπάζων βίον —— ὑπείλα ἀπὸ λύπης καὶ ἀθυμίας ἀπόθανεν.

69 *Joſephus* gives *Jothan* an high Elogy. That he wanted no kind of vertue, but was religious towards God, juſt to men, and wiſe in Government.

70 To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they burnt the Child in Sacrifice, it was the cuſtom to make a great noiſe with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Inſtruments, to the end that his cries might not be heard. *Hinnon*, a valley full of Trees cloſe by *Jeruſalem*, where *Moloch* was worſhipped in this execrable manner, called *Gehinnon*, from whence the word *Gehenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewiſe *Tophet*. Some think (as *Theodor. Salia*, *&c.*) that *Achaz* only made his Son paſs between two fires for a *Luſtration* and Conſecration of him to *Moloch*, becauſe it is ſaid, 2 *Kings* 16. 2.He made his Son to paſs through the fire. But 2 *Chron.* 28. 3. explains it, He burnt his Children in the fire. And *Joſephus*, εἰδώλοις ἴδιον ὁλοκαύτωσε παῖδα.

71 *Tiglat-Pilleſer*, or *Tiglat-phul-aſar*. The Son of *Phul*, called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Beloſus*, by *Diador. Beleſes*, the Aſſociate of *Arbaces* in deſtroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Aſſyrian Empire*. After which the Government of *Babylon* and *Aſſyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he ſoon turned into an abſolute Soveraignty, and made other great additions to it by conqueſt.

72 For after the ſpoil of *Syria* and *Iſrael*, which he deſtroyed upon *Achas* quarrel, he poſſeſt himſelf alſo of a great part of *Judæa*, which he came to ſuccour, bore away the chief riches of the Country, and made *Achas* his *Tributary* and ſervant.

73 The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulenſis* and *Cajetan* ſay the *Angel* of God deſtroyed them by *Fire* from Heaven. *Joſephus* ſays by a *Peſtilence*, λοιμικῇ νόσῳ.

74 He was ſlain in the Temple of *Neſroth*, Septuagint, Νεσρὲχ, *Joſephus* τῷ ναῷ Ἀγάσκη λεγομένῳ, by his two eldeſt *Sons Adramelec* and *Sareſar*, ſome ſay, becauſe in his diſtreſs at *Peluſium* (of which ſee *Herodot.*) he had bound himſelf by vow to ſacrifice them to his Gods. Others more probably, becauſe he had declared *Aſarhaddon*, their younger brother by another *Mother*, his *Succeſſor*. *Herod* reports that this *Sennacheribs* Statue was in the Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inſcription,

Εἰς ἐμὲ τις ὁρῶν εὐσεβὴς ἔσω.

Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

75 It is not plain by the Scripture, that the *Sun* went backward, but that the *ſhadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this opinion hath the authority of all the *Greek* and *Latine Fathers*.

76 *Forgetful man*, which is the ſignification of his name.

The

77 The *Egyptians* worſhipt *Two Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather, the one being an *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*; that is in their Sacred *Language*, of *Oſyris* and *Iſis*. From the *Egyptians* the *Iſraelites* took this Idolatry, but applying to it the name of the *True God*, whom they thought fit to worſhip under the ſame figure, as they had ſeen *Oſyris* worſhipped in *Egypt*. Such was *Aarons Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Jeroboams two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his baniſhment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different Idols, in imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to repreſent the ſame *true God*, which he thought might as well be adored under that *Figure*, as the *Oſyris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Oſyris*, ſee before the Note upon the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

78 See Note 47. where I ſay that his *Image* was of *Braſs*; how then could it fall to *Aſhes* in his own *Fires*? that is, it was firſt melted, and then beaten to duſt, as the graven Image of the *Groves* which *Manaſſes* ſet up, and which *Joſiah* burnt, and then ſtampt to powder; which ſtamping was not neceſſary if it had been of Wood, for then it would have burnt to aſhes. 2 *King.* 23. 6.

79 The *Sydonians* had two Principal *Idols*, *Baal* and *Aſtarte*, or *Aſhtaroth*, i. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Aſtarte* is perhaps the ἡ Βαὰλ, mentioned often in the Septuagint, *Tob.* 1. 5. ἔθυον τῇ Βαὰλ τῇ Δαμάλῃ, They ſacrificed to *Shee-Baal* the *Cow*. But the *Sun* and *Moon* were repreſented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de Deâ Syr.* Ἀσσύριοι δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σελήνεαν ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on her head the head of a *Bull*.

Syderum Regina bicornis. Hor.

80 *Herodian* teſtifies, that *Heliogabalus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worſhipped in a *Great Stone*, round at bottom, and ending in a Spire, to ſignifie the nature of *Fire*. In the like Figure *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worſhipped, that is, I ſuppoſe, the *Moon*; *Aſtarte* (for the *Cyprian* ſuperſtition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the Wife of *Baal*. I find alſo *Lapis* to have been a ſirname of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.

81 *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is, the *Moon*, *Men* ſacrificed to her in the habit of *women*, and they in that of *Men*, becauſe the *Moon* was eſteemed, ἀρρενοθήλεις, both *Male and Female*, Macrob. Saturn. 3. 8. from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*, Jul. Firm. ſays of theſe Prieſts, *Virilem ſexum ornatu muliebri dedecorant*, which is the occaſion of the *Law*, Deut. 22. 5.

82 2 Kings 17. 30. *And the men of Babylon made Succoth Benoth*; that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*? for *Suid.* has Βῖνος, ὄνομα θεᾶς, (i.) To *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whoſe worſhip *Herodot.*

L. 1. reports, That *Virgins* crowned with Garlands ſate in order in her Temple, ſeparated from one another by little cords, and never ſtirred from thence till ſome ſtranger came in, and giving them a piece of money took them out to lie with them; and till then they could not be married.

83 Some make *Dagon* to be the ſame with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτὼν, deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*; but this is generally exploded, and as generally believed, that it comes from *Dag*, *a Fiſh*; and was an *Idol*, the upper part *Man*, and the lower *Fiſh*. *Deſinit in Piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.* I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, becauſe I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Adder Dagan*, the mighty *Fiſh*) and *Derceto*, whoſe *Image* was ſuch, and her Temple at *Aſcalon*, which is the place where *Dagon* was worſhipped. *Diodor.* ſays of the Image, *L.* 3. τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἔχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δ' ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύος. And *Lucian*, Ἡμισέη μὲν γυνὴ, τὸ δ', ὁκόσο ἐς μηρῶν εἰς ἄκρους πόδας ἰχθύος ἐπολέγιαι. There is an ancient Fable, that ὠάννης, a Creature *Half-Man* and *Half-Fiſh*, aroſe out of the *Red-Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught men ſeveral Arts, and then returned again to the *Sea*. *Apollodor.* reports, that four ſuch *Oannes* in ſeveral ages had aroſe out of the *Red Sea*, and that the name of one was ὠδάκων. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom ſee at large upon this matter. *De D. Syris. Syntag.* 2. *c.* 3.

84 2 *Kings* 23. 11 *Chariots* and *Horſes* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the ſwiftneſs of his motion, See *Zen. l.* 8. *de Cyro.* 11. Ἀναβὰς *Pauſan. in Lacon. Heliodor. Æth.* 10. *Juſtin.* 1. *Herod.* 1. They were *Living white Horſes* to repreſent the *Light*. *Nergal*, 2 Kings 17. 30. *And the men of Cuth made Nergal*, which ſignifies *Fire*; to wit, the *ſacred Fire* that was kept always burning in honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Veſta* among the Romans. The ancient *Perſians* worſhipt it, and had no other Idol of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria* who came from the borders of *Cuthus*, a River in *Perſia*. *Strabo* ſays of the *Perſians*, θεῷ πρώτῳ τῷ Πυρὶ ἔυχονται, which was the reaſon they abhorred the *burning* of dead bodies, as a prophanation of their *Deity*.

85 *Belzebub*. The God of *Ekron* or *Accaron*. The *God of Flies*. See the Note on the eighth Stanza of the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and the Note 18. upon the firſt Book.

Thundring Baal. The *Jupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring Countries. See the Note 45. L. 3.

86 Neither the Book of *Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular mention of the *ſlaughter* of *Jehoiakim* by the *Aſſyrians*. Nay the ſecond of *Chron.* 36. 6. ſeems at firſt ſight to imply the contrary. Againſt him came up *Nebuchadnezar*, and bound him in Fetters to carry him to *Babylon*. That is, he firſt bound him with an intent to carry him away captive, but after cauſed him to be ſlain there, to fulfil the *Prophecies* of *Jeremiah*, Jer. 36. 30. and *Joſephus* ſays expreſly, that *Nebuchadnezar* commanded him to be ſlain, and his body to be caſt over the walls.

Jehoiachin

87 *Jehoiachin*, the Son of *Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away captive after three months and ten days, *Zedechia* being ſet up in his place, the younger brother of *Jehoias* and *Jehoiakim*; The fourth *King* of the Jews ſucceſſively, that was made a *Bond-ſlave*. *Iſraels now ſolemn and imperial Chain*: for it was the cuſtom of the great Eaſtern Monarchs, as afterwards of the Romans too, *Ut haberent inſtrumenta ſervitutis & reges*. Tacit.

88 For though they were reſtored again to their Country, yet they never recovered their ancient Liberty, but continued under the yoke of the *Perſians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans* till their final deſtruction.

89 In this manner *Oedipus* ſpeaks, after he had put out his own eyes In *Theb.*

Quid hic manes meos detineo?

Why do I keep my *Ghoſt* alive here ſo long? And to *Antigone*,

Funus extendis meum,
Longaſq; vivi ducis exequias patris.

And Oed. Act. 5.

Mors eligatur longa, quæratur via
Quà nec ſepultis miſtus & vivis tamen
Exemptus errem-------*Seneca* the Philoſop.

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philoſopher*) calls *Baniſhment* it ſelf (the leaſt of *Zedechia*'s affliction) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*,

Parce religatis, hoc eſt, jam parce ſepultis.
Vivorum cineri ſit tua terra Levis.

But *Seneca* the *Father* in the 19. *Controverſ.* has raiſed an objection againſt the next verſe, *Bereſt of grief*, &c. *Ceſtius* (ſays he) ſpoke moſt falſe ſenſe, into which many fall. *She was the more to be lamented, becauſe ſhe could not weep her ſelf.* And again, *So much cauſe, and no more power to weep.* *As if* (ſays he) *Blind people could not weep.* Truly, Philoſophically ſpeaking, The moyſture that falls through the place of the Eyes, if provoked by grief, is as much weeping, as if the Eyes, were there; yet (ſure) weeping ſeems to depend ſo much upon the Eyes, as to make the expreſſion *Poeticaliy true*, though not *Literally*. And therefore the *Tragœdian* was not frighted with his *Criticiſm*; for *Oedip.* ſays in *Theb.*

Cuncta ſors mihi infeſta abſtulit.
Lacrymæ ſupererant, has quoq; eripui mihi.

I confeſs indeed in a *Declamation* I like not thoſe kind of *Flowers* ſo well.

90 I do not mean, that ſhe was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very *temerariouſly*; but that neither *Diſeaſes* nor *Imperfection*, which are the effects and footſteps, as it were, of *Sin*, were to be ſeen in her body.

91 Their *mingled Lights*; i. Their *Colours*; which are nothing but the ſeveral mixtures of *Light* with *Darkneſs* in the ſuperficies of opacous bodies; as for example, *Yellow* is the mixture of *Light* with a little darkneſs; *Green* with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diverſly reflected

and ſhadowed. *Plato* calls them, αὐγὰς ἀπὸ σωμάτων ἑκάστων ἀπορρεούσας. *Flames*, that is, *Light* continually flowing from Bodies; and *Pindar*, *Od.* 6. elegantly attributes to Flowers, Πορφυρέους ἀκτῖνας, *Purple Beams.*

92 *Gods Wife.* Though the word ſeem bold, I know no hurt in the figure. And *Spouſe* is not an *Heroical word.* The *Church* is called *Chriſts Spouſe*, becauſe whilſt it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *Contracted*, not *Married*, till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the ſame reaſon.

93 *Early*; i. *Eaſtern Spices.* From *Arabia* which is *Eaſtward* of *Judæa.* Therefore the Scripture ſays, that theſe *Arabian* wiſe men came ἀπ' ἀνατολῶν. We have ſeen his Star, ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ. Virg.

Ecce Dionæi proceſſit Cæſaris aſtrum.

And the Preſents which theſe wiſe men brought, ſhew that they came from *Arabia.*

94 *Gabriel*; the name ſignifies, The *Power of God.* I have ſeen in ſome *Magical* Books, where they give barbarous names to the *Guardian Angels* of great perſons, as that of *Mathattron* to the *Angel* of *Moſes*, that they aſſign one *Cerviel* to *David.* And this *Gabriel* to *Joſeph*, *Joſua*, and *Daniel.* But I rather uſe this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know) of an *Angel*, which the Scripture makes no mention of. Eſpecially becauſe *Gabriel* is employed particularly in things that belong to the manifeſtation of *Chriſt*, as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary.* The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Miniſter of *Gods Juſtice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water.*

95 *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the ſecond of the Senten. *Diſtinct.* 9. *Art.* 2. It is neceſſary that the Air ſhould be *thickned*, till it come near to the propriety of Earth; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in a ſolid body, *&c.* And this way of *Spirits* appearing in bodies of condenſed air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved of by all the *Schoolmen* and the *Inquiſitors* about Witches. But they are beholding for this Invention to the ancient *Poets.* Virg. 12.

Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem ſine viribus umbram,
In faciem Æn. &c.

Which is the reaſon (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the drawer up, and beſt Artificer of *Vapours*, is employed to make the *Phantaſm* of *Æneas*, 5. *Iliad.*

Αὐλαρ δ' εἴδωλον τεῦξ' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων
Αὐτῷ τ' Αἰνείᾳ ἴκελον καὶ τεύχεσι τοῖον.

96 *Obſcene* was a word in uſe among the *Augures*, ſignifying that which portended *ill-Fortune.* And it is moſt frequently applyed to *Birds* of *ill Omen.* Virg. 3. Æn.

Sive Deæ, ceu ſint Diræ, obſcænæq; volucres.
Æn. 12.——*Nec me terrete timentem*
Obſcœnæ volucres.——
Ovid. ——*Obſcœnæ quo prohibentur aves.*

And

And *Servius* interprets *Virgils Obſcœnam famem*, to be, The hunger that drives men to *Obſcene*, that is, unclean, or ſhameful things, or becauſe it was foretold by an *Obſcene*; i. *unluckie Bird.*

97 It is rightly tearmed a *Glaſs* or *Mirror*, for God foreſees all things by looking only on himſelf, in whom all things always are.

98 *Albion* is the ancienteſt name of this *Iſland*, yet I think not ſo ancient as *Davids* time. But we muſt content our ſelves with the beſt we have. It is found in *Ariſt. de Mundo.* in *Plin. Ptolem.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the vanity of thoſe who derive it from a *Latin* word *Ab Albis Rupibus.*

99 So the Angel to S. *John*, Revel. 19. 10. and 22. 9. calls himſelf His *Fellow-ſervant.*

100 Virg. —— *Cum circumfuſa repentè*
Scindit ſe nubes & in aera purgat apertum; and again,
Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in auras.
Hom. Σκιῆ ἴκελον ἢ καὶ ὀνείρῳ Ἐπτάτο.

THE

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DAVIDEIS.

The Third Book.

RAis'd with the news he from high Heav'en receives, 1 Sam. 21. 1.
Straight to his *diligent God* juſt thanks he gives.
1 To *divine Nobe* directs then his flight,
A ſmall *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy's* right,
2 Is there with ſprightly winds, and hallowed bread,
(But what's to *Hundred hallowed?*) largely fed. V. 4, 5, 6.
3 The good old *Prieſt* welcomes his *fatal Gueſt*, Mat. 12. 4.
And with long talk prolongs the haſty feaſt.
4 He lends him *vain Goliahs Sacred* Sword, Ver. 9.
(The fitteſt help *juſt fortune* could afford)
A *Sword* whoſe *weight* without a *blow* might ſlay,
Able *unblunted* to cut *Hoſts* away,
A *Sword* ſo great that it was only fit
To take off his *great Head* who came with it.
Thus he arms *David*; I your own reſtore,
Take it (ſaid he) and uſe it as before.
I ſaw you then, and 'twas the braveſt ſight
That e're theſe Eyes ow'ed the diſcov'ering light. 1 Sam. 17.
When you ſtept forth, how did the *Monſter* rage,
In ſcorn of your ſoft looks, and tender age!
Some your *high Spirit* did *mad Preſumption* call,
Some piti'ed that ſuch *Youth* ſhould idly fall.
Th' uncircumcis'ed ſmil'd grimly with diſdain;
I knew the day was yours: I ſaw it plain.
Much more the Reverend *Sire* prepare'd to ſay,
Rapt with his joy; how the two *Armies* lay;
Which way th'amazed Foe did wildly flee,
All that his *Hearer* better knew than *He.*

But

But *Davids* haſt denies all needleſs ſtay;
1 Sam. 21, 10. To *Gath* an Enemies Land, he haſts away,
Not there ſecure, but where one *Danger's near*,
The more *remote* though *greater* diſappear.
So from the *Hawk*, *Birds* to *Mans* ſuccour flee,
So from *fir'd Ships Man* leaps into the *Sea*.
There in diſguiſe he hopes unknown t'abide!
Alas! in vain! what can ſuch greatneſs hide?
Stones of ſmall worth may lie unſeen by *Day*,
But *Night* it ſelf does the rich *Gem* betray.
5 *Tagal* firſt ſpi'ed him, a *Philiſtian* Knight,
Who erſt from *Davids* wrath by ſhameful flight
Had ſav'd the ſordid remnant of his age;
Hence the deep ſore of *Envy* mixt with *Rage*.
Straight with a band of Souldiers tall and rough,
Trembling, for ſcarce he thought that band enough,
On him he ſeiſes whom they all had fear'd,
Had the bold *Youth* in his own ſhape appear'd.
And now this wiſht-for, but yet dreadful prey
To *Achis* Court they lead in haſt away,
With all unmanly rudeneſs which does wait
Upon th'*Immod'erate Vulgar Joy* and *Hate*.
His valour now and ſtrength muſt uſeleſs ly,
And he himſelf muſt arts unuſu'al try;
1 Sam. 21. 13. Sometimes he rends his garments, nor does ſpare
The goodly curls of his rich yellow haire.
Sometimes a violent laughter ſcru'd his face,
And ſometimes ready tears drop down apace.
Sometimes he fixt his ſtaring eyes on ground,
And ſometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.
More full revenge *Philiſtians* could not wiſh,
6 But call't the *Juſtice* of their *mighty Fiſh*.
Ver. 15. They now in height of anger let him *Live*;
And *Freedom* too, t'encreaſe his *ſcorn*, they give.
He by *wiſe madneſs* freed does homeward flee,
1 Sam. 21. 1. And *Rage* makes them all that *He ſeem'd* to be.
7 Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,
An *Hill* part earth, part rocky ſtone there ſtood,
Hollow and vaſt within, which *Nature* wrought
As if by 'her *Scholar Art* ſhe had been *taught*.
Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,
Servants, and *Friends*; many his ſpreading fame,
1 Sam. 22. 1. Many their wants or diſcontents did call;
Great men in war, and almoſt *Armies* all!
8 Hither came wiſe and valiant *Joab* down,
One to whom *Davids* ſelf muſt owe his *Crown*,
A mighty man, had not ſome cunning *ſin*,
Amidſt ſo many *Virtues* crowded in.
1 Chr. 11. 20. With him *Abiſhai* came by whom there fell
At once three hundred; with him *Aſahel*:

Aſahel,

9 *Aſahel*, ſwifter than the *Northern wind*; 1 Chro. 11. 26. 2 Sam. 2. 18.
Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*
Outgo his *Feet*; ſo ſtrangely would he run,
That *Time* it *ſelf* perceiv'd not what was done.
Oft o're the Lawns and Meadows would he paſs,
His weight *unknown*, and harmleſs to the graſs;
Oft o're the ſands and hollow duſt would trace,
Yet no one *Atome* trouble or diſplace.
Unhappy *Youth*, whoſe end ſo near I ſee!
There's nought but thy *Ill Fate* ſo ſwift as *Thee*. 2 Sam. 2. 23.
10 Hither *Jeſſides* wrongs *Benaiah* drew,
He, who the vaſt *exceeding Monſter* ſlew. 1 Chro. 11. 22.
Th'*Egyptian* like an *Hill* himſelf did rear,
Like ſome tall *Tree* upon it ſeem'd his *Spear*.
But by *Benaiahs ſtaff* he fell o'rethrown; Verſ. 23.
The *Earth*, as if worſt ſtrook, did loudeſt groan,
Such was *Benaiah*; in a narrow pit
He ſaw a Lyon, and leapt down to it. Verſ. 22.
As eas'ily there the *Royal Beaſt* he tore
As that it ſelf did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.
Him *Ira* follow'd, a young lovely boy, 1 Chro. 11. 28.
But full of *Sp'irit*, and *Arms* was all his joy.
Oft when a *child* he in his dream would fight
With the vain air, and his wak'd *Mother* fright.
Oft would he ſhoot young *birds*, and as they fall,
Would laugh, and fanſie them *Philiſtians* all.
And now at home no longer would he ſtay,
Though yet the face did ſcarce his *Sex* betray.
Dodos great Son came next, whoſe dreadful hand 1 Chro. 11. 12.
Snatcht *ripened Glories* from a conque'ring band;
Who knows not *Dammin*, and that barly field,
Which did a ſtrange and bloody *Harveſt* yield?
Many beſides did this new Troop encreaſe;
Adan, whoſe wants made him unfit for peace.
Eliel, whoſe full quiv'er did always bear 1 Chro. 11. 46.
As many *Deaths* as in it *Arows* were.
None from his hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,
Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim ſo well as *He*.
Many of *Judah* took wrong'd *Davids* ſide, 1 Chro. 12. 16.
And many of old *Jacobs* youngeſt *Tribe*;
But his chief ſtrength the *Gathite* Souldiers are, 1 Chro. 12. 8.
Each *ſingle Man* able t'orecome a *War!*
Swift as the *Darts* they fling through yielding air,
And hardly all as the ſtrong *Steel* they bare,
A *Lyons* noble rage ſits in their face,
Terrible comely, arm'd with *dreadful grace!*
Th'undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded here, 1 Chro. 12. 8.
Yet his ſtout Soul *durſt* for his *Parents fear*;
He ſeeks for them a ſafe and quiet ſeat,
Nor truſts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* ſo great.

So when in hoſtile fire rich *Aſias* pride
For ten years ſiege had fully ſatisfi'd,
Virg. 2. Æn. *Æneas* ſtole an act of higher Fame,
And bore *Anchiſes* through the *wondring flame*,
A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,
Than all the *Græcian* forces bore away.
Go pious *Prince*, in peace, in triumph go;
Enjoy the *Conqueſt* of thine *Overthrow*;
To'have ſav'd thy *Troy* would far leſs glorious be;
By this thou *Overcom'eſt* their *Victorie*.

11 *Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lies;
12 *Jordan* their touch, and his *curſt Sea* denies.
13 They ſee *North-ſtars* from o're *Amoreus* ground,
14 *Edom* and *Petra* their South part does bound.
15 Eaſtwards the Lands of *Cuſh* and *Ammon* ly,
The mornings happy beams they firſt eſpy.
The region with fat ſoil and plenty's bleſt,
A ſoil too good to be of old poſſeſt
16 By monſtrous *Emins*; but *Lots* off-ſpring came
And conquer'd both the *People* and the *Name*.
Num. 21. 26. 17 Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Arnons* flood,
And their ſad *bounds* markt deep in their own *blood*.
18 In *Hesbon*, his triumphant *Court* he plac'd,
Hesbon by *Men* and *Nature* ſtrangely grac'd.
A glorious Town, and fill'ed with all delight
Which Peace could yield, though well prepar'd for *fight*.
Num. 21. 24, 25. But this proud *City* and her prouder *Lord*
Felt the keen rage of *Iſraels Sacred Sword*,
Whilſt *Moab* triumpht in her torn eſtate,
To ſee *her own* become her *Conqu'erours* fate.
Yet that ſmall remnant of *Lots* parted Crown
Judg. 3. 14. Did arm'd with *Iſraels* ſins pluck *Iſrael* down,
Ib. v. 21. Full thrice ſix years they felt fierce *Eglons* yoke,
Till *Ehuds* ſword *Gods* vengeful Meſſage ſpoke;
Since then their *Kings* in quiet held their owne,
Quiet the good of a not envy'd *Throne*.
And now a wiſe old *Prince* the Scepter ſway'd,
Well by his *Subjects* and *Himſelf* obey'd.
Only before his *Fathers Gods* he fell;
Poor wretched Man, almoſt *too good* for *Hell!*
Hither does *David* his bleſt *Parents* bring,
With humble greatneſs begs of *Moabs* King,
1 Sam. 21. 3. A ſafe and fair abode, where they might live,
Free from thoſe ſtorms with which himſelf muſt ſtrive.
The King with chearful grace his ſuit approv'd,
19 By hate to *Saul*, and love to *Virtue* mov'd.
Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (ſaid he)
Your *Name* found *welcome* long before with me.
20 That to rich *Ophirs* riſing *Morn* is knowne,
And ſtretcht out far to the burnt ſwarthy *Zone*.

Swift

21 Swift *Fame*, when her round journey ſhe does make,
Scorns not ſometimes *Us* in her way to take.
Are you the man, did that huge *Gyant* kill?
22 Great *Bàal of Phegor!* and how young he's ſtill!
From *Ruth* we heard you came; *Ruth* was born here, Ru. 1. 4.
In *Judah* ſojourn'd, and (they ſay) matcht there
To one of *Bethlem*; which I hope is true; Ru. 4. 10.
Howe're your *Virtues* here entitle you.
Thoſe have the beſt *alliance* always bin,
To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.
He ſpoke, and ſtraight led in his thankful Gueſts,
To a ſtately Room prepar'd for *Shows* and *Feaſts*.
The Room with golden *Tap'eſtry* gliſter'd bright,
At once to *pleaſe* and to *confound* the ſight,
23 Th'excellent work of *Babylonian* hands;
24 In midſt a Table of rich Iv'ory ſtands,
By three fierce *Tygers*, and three *Lyons* born,
Which grin and *fearfully* the place *adorn*.
Widely they gape, and to the *eye* they roare,
As if they hunger'd for the food they bore.
25 About it Beds of *Libyan Citron* ſtood,
26 With coverings dy'd in *Tyrian Fiſhes* blood,
They ſay, th' *Herculean* art; but moſt delight
27 Some Pictures gave to *Davids* learned ſight.
Here ſeveral ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go, Gen. 13. 6.
Their too much wealth, vaſt, and *unkind* does grow.
Thus each extram to equal danger tends,
Plenty as well as *Want* can ſeparate *Friends*.
Here *Sodoms* Towers raiſe their proud tops on high;
The *Towers* as well as *Men* outbrave the Sky.
By it the waves of rev'erend *Jordan* run,
Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*.
Hither *Lots* Houſhold comes a numerous rain,
And all with various buſineſs fill the plain.
Some drive the crowding Sheep with rural hooks, Ib. v. 10.
They lift up their mild heads, and bleat in *looks*.
Some drive the *Herds*; here a fierce Bullock ſcorns
Th'appointed way, and runs with threatning horns;
In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again;
The *Dogs* ſtand off afar, and bark in vain.
Some lead the groaning waggons, loaded high,
With ſtuff, on top of which the *Maidens* ly.
Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Siſters* ride,
And *Lot* talks with them both on either ſide.
Another *Picture* to curſt *Sodom* brings
28 *Elams* proud *Lord*, with his three *ſervant Kings*: Gen. 14. 11, 12.
They ſack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away; Ib. v. 10.
Whilſt in a Pit the vanquiſht *Bera* lay,
Buried almoſt alive for fear of *Death*.
29 But Heavens juſt vengeance ſav'd as yet his breath.

Gen. 14. 13. *Abraham* purſues, and ſlays the Victors *Hoſt*,
Scarce had their *Conqueſt* leiſure for a *boaſt*.
Gen. 19. 24. Next this was drawn the reckleſs *Cities* flame,
When a ſtrange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heaven* there came.
Here the two *Angels* from *Lots* window look
Ib. v. 11. With *ſmiling anger*; the lewd wretches, ſtrook
With ſudden blindneſs, ſeek in vain the dore,
Their *Eyes*, firſt cauſe of *Luſt*, firſt *Vengeance* bore.
Through liquid air, Heav'ens buſie Souldiers fly,
And drive on *Clouds* where ſeeds of Thunder ly.
Here the ſad Sky grows red with diſmal ſtreaks,
Here *Lightning* from it with ſhort trembling breaks.
Here the blew flames of ſcalding Brimſtone fall,
Involving ſwiftly in one ruine all.
The fire of *Trees* and *Houſes* mounts on high,
And meets half way new *fires* that ſhowre from Sky.
Some in their Arms ſnatch their dear babes away;
At once drop down the *Fathers arms*, and *They*.
Some into waters leap with kindled hair,
And more to *vex* their fate, are *burnt ev'en* there.
Men thought, ſo much a *Flame* by Art was ſhown,
The *Pictures* ſelf would fall in aſhes down.
Afar old *Lot* to'ward little *Zoar* hyes,
Gen. 19. 17. And dares not move (good man) his weeping eyes.
Ib. v. 26. Behind his *Wife* ſtood ever fixt alone;
No more a *Woman*, nor yet quite a *Stone*.
A laſting *Death* ſeiz'd on her turning head;
One cheek was rough and white, the other red,
And yet a *Cheek*; in vain to ſpeak ſhe ſtrove;
Her lips, though ſtone, a little ſeem'd to move.
One eye was clos'd, ſurpriz'd by ſudden night,
The other trembled ſtill with parting light.
The wind admir'd which her hair looſely bore,
Why it grew ſtiff, and now would play no more.
To Heav'en ſhe lifted up her freezing hands,
And to this day a *Suppliant Pillar* ſtands.
She try'd her heavy foot from ground to rear,
And rais'd the *Heel* but her *Toes* rooted there:
Ah fooliſh Woman! who muſt always be,
A ſight more *ſtrange*, than that ſhe turn'd to ſee!
Whilſt *David* fed with theſe his curious eye,
The Feaſt is now ſerv'd in, and down they lye.
Moab a goblet takes of maſſy gold,
Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old
Quaſt to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes round
In the brisk Grape of *Arnons* richeſt ground.
Whilſt *Melchor* to his Harp with wonderous skill
(For ſuch were *Poets* then, and ſhould be ſtill)
His noble Verſe through *Natures* ſecrets lead;
He ſung what *Spirit*, through the whole *Maſs* is ſpread,

Ev'ery

Ev'ery where *All*; how *Heavens Gods* Law approve,
And think it *Reſt* eternally to *Move*.
How the kind *Sun* uſefully comes and goes,
Wants it himſelf, yet gives to Man repoſe.
How his *round Journey* does for ever laſt,
36 And how he baits at every Sea in haſte.
He ſung how *Earth* blots the *Moons* gilded Wane,
37 Whilſt fooliſh men beat ſounding Braſs in vain,
Why the *Great Waters* her ſlight *Horns* obey,
Her changing *Horns*, not conſtanter than *They*;
38 He ſung how griſly *Comets* hang in air,
Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *hair*.
Gods Beacons for the World, drawn up ſo far,
To publiſh ill, and raiſe all earth to War.
39 Why *Contraries* feed *Thunder* in the cloud,
What *Motions* vex it, till it roar ſo loud.
40 How *Lambent Fires* become ſo wondrous tame,
And bear ſuch *ſhining Winter* in their *Flame*.
41 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *Watery Bow*:
What *tyes* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy Snow*.
What *Palſie* of the *Earth* here ſhakes fixt *Hills*,
From off her brows, and here whole *Rivers* ſpills.
Thus did this *Heathen Natures Secrets* tell,
And ſometimes miſt the *Cauſe*, but ſought it *Well*.
Such was the ſawce of *Moabs* noble feaſt,
Till night far ſpent invites them to their reſt.
Only the good old Prince ſtays *Joab* there,
And much he tells, and much deſires to hear.
He tells deeds *antique*, and the *new* deſires;
Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires.
Nay gentle *Gueſt* (ſaid he) ſince now you're in,
The ſtory of your gallant friend begin.
His birth, his riſing tell, and various fate,
And how he ſlew that man of *Gath* of late,
What was he call'd? that huge and monſtrous man?
With that he ſtopt, and *Joab* thus began:
His birth, great Sir, ſo much to mine is ty'd,
That praiſe of that might look from me like *pride*. 1 Chro. 2. 16.
Yet without boaſt, his veins contain a flood
42 Of th'old *Judæan Lyons* richeſt blood. Gen. 49. 9.
From *Judah Pharez*, from him *Eſrom* came 1 Chro. 2.
Ram, *Naſhon*, *Salmon*, *Names* ſpoke loud by *Fame*. Mat. 1.
A *Name* no leſs ought *Boaz* to appear,
By whoſe bleſt match we come no *ſtrangers* here.
From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* ſprung,
From *Obed Jeſſe*, *Jeſſe* whom fames kindeſt tongue,
Counting his birth, and high *nobility*, ſhall
Not *Jeſſe* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,
David born to him ſev'enth; the ſix births paſt 1 Chro. 2. 15.
Brave *Tryals* of a work more great at laſt. 1 Sam. 16.

Bleſs

Bleſs me! how ſwift and growing was his wit?
The wings of *Time* flag'd dully after it.
Scarce paſt a *Child*, all wonders would he ſing
Of *Natures Law*, and *Pow'er* of *Natures King*.
His *ſheep* would ſcorn their food to hear his lay,
And ſavage *Beaſts* ſtand by as *tame* as they.
The fighting *Winds* would ſtop there, and admire;
Learning *Conſent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.
Rivers, whoſe waves roll'd down aloud before;
Mute, as their *Fiſh*, would liſten to'wards the *ſhore*.

1 Sam. 16. 14. 'Twas now the time when firſt *Saul God* forſook,
Gods Saul; the room in's heart wild *Paſſions* took;
Sometimes a Tyrant-Frenzy revell'd there,
Sometimes black ſadneſs, and deep, deep deſpair.
No help from Herbs or learned drugs he finds,
They cure but ſometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*.

1 Sam. 16. 23. *Muſick* alone thoſe ſtorms of *Soul* could lay;
Not more *Saul* them, than *Muſick* they obey.
David's now ſent for, and his Harp muſt bring;
His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ery ſtring.
When *Sauls* rude paſſions did moſt tumult keep;
With his ſoft notes they all dropt down aſleep.
When his dull *Spir'its* lay drown'd in *Death* and *Night*;
He with quick ſtrains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light*.
Thus chear'd he *Saul*, thus did his fury ſwage,
Till *wars* began, and times more fit for *rage*.

1 Sam. 17. To *Helah* Plain *Philiſtian Troops* are come,
And Wars loud noiſe ſtrikes peaceful Muſick dumb.
Back to his rural Care young *David* goes,
For this rough work *Saul* his ſtout *Brethren* choſe.
He knew not what his hand in War could do,
Nor thought his *Sword* could cure mens *Madneſs* too.
Now *Dammin's* deſtin'd for this *Scene* of *Blood*,
On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* ſtood.
Between a fatal Valley ſtretcht out wide,
And *Death* ſeem'd ready now on either ſide,
When (Lo!) their Hoſt rais'd all a joyful ſhout,

1 Sam. 17. 4. 43 And from the midſt an huge and monſtrous man ſteps out.
Aloud they ſhouted at each ſtep he took;
We and the *Earth* it ſelf beneath him *ſhook*,
Vaſt as the *Hill*, down which he marcht, he'appear'd;
Amaz'd all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd.
A young tall *Squire* (though then he *ſeem'd* not ſo)
Did from the Camp *at firſt* before him go;
At firſt he did, but ſcarce could follow ſtraight,
Sweating beneath a *Shields* unruly weight,
44 On which was wrought the *Gods* and *Gyants* fight,
Rare work! all fill'd with *terrour* and *delight*.
45 Here a vaſt *Hill*, 'gainſt thundring *Baal* was thrown,
Trees and *Beaſts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning* down.

One

One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too
Torn up with't; that *rains back* on him that threw.
Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Iſlands* try;
The *Sea* boils round with flames ſhot thick from sky.
This he *believ'd*, and on his *Shield* he bore,
And prais'd *their* ſtrength, but thought his *own* was more.
The *Vally* now this *Monſter* ſeem'd to *fill*;
46 And we (methoughts) *lookt up* to'him from our *Hill*.
47 All arm'd in *Braſs*, the richeſt dreſs of *War*
(A diſmal glorious ſight) he ſhone afar.
The *Sun* himſelf ſtarted with ſudden fright,
To ſee his beams return ſo diſmal bright.
Braſs was his *Helmet*, his *Boots Braſs*; and o're — 1 Sam. 17:
His Breaſt a thick plate of ſtrong *Braſs* he wore, — 7. &c.
His *Spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,
Which *Nature* meant ſome tall *Ships Maſt* ſhould be,
The'huge Iron head ſix hundred ſhekels weigh'd,
And of *whole bodies* but *one wound* it made,
Able *Deaths* worſt command to overdo,
Deſtroying *Life* at once and *Carcaſe* too;
Thus arm'd he ſtood; all *direful*, and all *gay*,
And round him flung a ſcornful look away.
So when a *Scythian Tyger* gazing round,
An Herd of Kine in ſome fair Plain has found
Lowing ſecure, he ſwells with angry pride,
48 And calls forth all his *ſpots* on ev'ery ſide.
Then ſtops, and hurls his haughty eyes at all,
In choiſe of ſome ſtrong neck on which to fall.
Almoſt he ſcorns, ſo weak, ſo cheap a prey,
And grieves to ſee them trembling haſte away.
Ye men of *Jury*, 'he cries, if *Men* you be, — Ib. v. 8.
And ſuch dare prove your ſelves to *Fame* and *Me*,
Chuſe out 'mongſt all your Troops the boldeſt *Knight*,
To try his *ſtrength* and *fate* with me in fight.
The chance of War let us two bear for all,
49 And they the *Conqu'erour ſerve* whoſe *Knight* ſhall fall. — Ib. v. 9, 10.
At this he paws'd a while; ſtraight, I defie,
Your *Gods* and *You*; dare none come down and *die*?
Go back for ſhame, and *Egypts* ſlave'ry bear,
Or yield to *us*, and ſerve more nobly here.
Alas ye'have no more *Wonders* to be done,
Your *Sorc'erer Moſes* now and *Joſua*'s gone,
Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take, — Joſ. 6. 20.
And ſounds of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make.
Spears in your hands and manly *Swords* are vain;
Get you your *Spells*, and *Conjuring Rods* again.
Is there no *Samſon* here? Oh that there were!
In his full ſtrength, and long *Enchanted Hair*. — Judg. 16.
This *Sword* ſhould be in the weak *Razers* ſtead; — 17.
It ſhould not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.

Thus

Thus he blaſphem'd aloud; the *Vallies* round
Flatt'ering his voice *reſtor'd* the dreadful ſound.
We turn'd us trembling at the noiſe, and fear'd
We had behind ſome new *Goliah* heard.
1 Sam. 17. 11. 'Twas Heav'en, Heav'en ſure (which *Davids* glory meant
Through this whole *Act*) ſuch ſacred terrour ſent
To all our *Hoſt*, for there was *Saul* in place,
Who ne're ſaw *fear* but in his *Enemies face*,
His god-like *Son* there in bright Armour ſhone,
1 Sam. 14. Who ſcorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*.
Fate her own *Book* miſtruſted at the ſight;
On that ſide *War*, on this a *Single Fight*.
There ſtood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,
He who th'*Egyptian*, proud *Goliah* ſlew.
1 Chr. 11. In his pale fright, rage through his eyes ſhot flame,
He ſaw his *ſtaff*, and bluſht with *generous ſhame*.
Thouſands beſide ſtood mute and heartleſs there,
Men valiant all; nor was I us'd to *Fear*.
Thus forty days he marcht down arm'd to fight,
Once every morn he marcht, and once at night.
Slow roſe the Sun, but gallopt down apace,
With more than *Evening bluſhes* in his face.
When *Jeſſey* to the Camp young *David* ſent;
1 Sam. 17. His purpoſe *low*, but *high* was *Fates* intent.
12, &c. For when the *Monſters* pride he ſaw and heard,
Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they *fear'd*.
Anger and brave diſdain his heart poſſeſt,
Thoughts more than *manly* ſwell'd his *youthful* breſt.
1 Sam. 17. 25. Much the rewards propos'd his ſpirit enflame,
Sauls Daughter much, and much the voice of *Fame*.
Theſe to their juſt intentions ſtrongly move,
But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Countries Love*,
Reſolv'd for combat to *Sauls* Tent he's brought,
Where thus he ſpoke, as *boldly* as he fought:
Ib. v. 32. Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your ſacred breſt
With that huge talking wretch of *Gath* moleſt.
This hand alone ſhall end his curſed breath;
Fear not, the wretch *blaſphemes* himſelf to death,
And cheated with falſe weight of his own might,
Has challeng'd *Heaven*, not *Us*, to ſingle fight.
Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* right is try'd,
The ſtrength of *man* ſhould find juſt cauſe for *pride!*
Firm like ſome *Rock*, and vaſt he ſeems to ſtand,
Exod. 17. 6. But *Rocks* we know where op'ed at thy command.
That *Soul* which now does ſuch large members ſway,
Through one *ſmall wound* will creep in haſte away.
And he who now dares boldly *Heav'en* defie,
To every *bird* of *Heav'en* a prey ſhall lie.
For 'tis not humane force we ought to fear;
Did that, alas, plant our *Foreſathers* here?

Twice

51 Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that ſubdue? Joſh. 12.
By that whole *Nations* of *Goliahs* ſlew?
The *wonders* they perform'd may ſtill be done;
Moſes and *Joſua* is, but *God's* not gone.
We have loſt their *Rod* and *Trumpets*, not their *skill*:
Pray'ers and *Belief* are as ſtrong *Witchcraft* ſtill.
Theſe are *more tall*, more *Giants* far than *He*,
Can reach to *Heav'en*, and thence pluck *Victorie*.
Count this, and then, Sir, mine th'advantage is;
He's ſtronger far than *I*, my *God* than *His*.
Amazement ſeiz'd on all, and ſhame to ſee,
Their own fears ſcorn'd by one ſo young as He.
Brave Youth (replies the *King*) whoſe daring mind 1 Sam. 17.
Ere come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind*; 53.
Reſerve thy valour for more equal fight,
And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.
Thou'rt yet too tender for ſo rude a foe,
Whoſe *touch* would wound thee more than him thy *blow*.
Nature his Limbs only for *War* made fit,
In thine as yet nought beſide *Love* ſhe'has writ.
With ſome leſs Foe thy unfleſht valour try;
This *Monſter* can be no *firſt Victory*.
The *Lyons* royal whelp does not at firſt
For blood of *Baſan Bulls* or *Tygers* thirſt.
In timorous *Deer* he hanſels his young paws,
And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer claws.
So vaſt thy hopes, ſo unproportion'd bee,
Fortune would be aſham'ed to *ſecond Thee*.
He ſaid, and we all murmur'd an aſſent;
But nought moves *David* from his high intent.
It brave to him, and om'inous does appear,
To be oppos'ed at firſt, and *conquer here*,
Which he reſolves; Scorn not (ſaid he) mine age,
For *Vict'ory* comes not like an *Heritage*,
At *ſet-years*; when my Fathers flock I fed, 1 Sam.
A *Bear* and *Lyon* by fierce hunger led, 17. 33.
Broke from the wood and ſnatcht my *Lambs* away;
From their grim *mouths* I forc'ed the panting prey.
Both *Bear* and *Lyon* ev'en this hand did kill,
On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang ſtill.
My *God's* the ſame, which then he was, to day,
And this wild wretch almoſt the ſame as *They*.
Who from ſuch danger ſav'ed *my Flock*, will he
Of *Iſra'el*, his *own Flock*, leſs careful be?
Be't ſo then (*Saul* burſt forth:) and thou on high,
Who oft in *weakneſs* do'ſt moſt *ſtrength* deſcry,
At whoſe dread beck *Conqueſt* expecting ſtands,
And caſts no look down on the *Fighters* hands.
Aſſiſt what *Thou* inſpir'eſt; and let all ſee,
As *Boys* to *Gyants*, *Gyants* are to *Thee*.

Thus; and with trembling hopes of ſtrange ſucceſs,
1 Sam. 17. 34. 52 In his own arms he the bold *Youth* does dreſs.
On's head an *helm* of well-wrought braſs is plac'ed,
The top with warlike Plume *ſeverely grac'd.*
His breaſt a plate cut with rare Figures bore,
A *Sword* much practis'd in *Deaths* art he wore.
Yet *David* us'd ſo long to no defence,
But thoſe *light Arms* of *Spirit* and *Innocence,*
No good in fight of that gay *burden* knows,
But fears his *own arms* weight more than his *Foes.*
He loſt himſelf in that *diſguiſe of warre,*
And guarded ſeems as men by *Priſons* are.
He therefore to *exalt* the wondrous ſight,
Prepares now, and *diſarms* himſelf for fight.
'Gainſt Shield, Helm, Breaſt-plate, and inſtead of thoſe
1 Sam 17. 40. Five ſharp ſmooth ſtones from the next brook he choſe,
And fits them to his ſling; then marches down;
For *Sword*, his *Enemies* he eſteem'd his *Own.*
We all with various paſſion ſtrangely gaz'ed,
Some ſad, ſome 'ſham'd, ſome angry, all amaz'd.
Now in the Valley 'he ſtands; through's youthful face
Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and ſheds manly grace.
Both in his looks ſo join'd, that they might move
Fear ev'en in *Friends*, and from an *En'emy Love.*
Hot as ripe *Noon*, ſweet as the *blooming Day*,
Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May.*
Ib. v. 45. Th'accurſt *Philiſtian* ſtands on th'other ſide,
Grumbling aloud, and ſmiles 'twixt rage and pride.
The *Plagues* of *Dagon!* a ſmooth *Boy*, ſaid he,
A curſed *beardleſs Foe* oppos'd to *Me!*
Hell! with what arms (hence thou fond *Child*) he's come!
Some friend his Mother call to drive him home.
Not gone yet? if one minute more thou ſtay,
The Birds of Heav'en ſhall bear thee *dead* away.
Gods! a curſt *Boy!* the reſt then murmuring out,
He walks, and caſts a deadly grin about.
David with chearful anger in his Eyes,
Advances boldly on, and thus replies,
Ib. v. 45. Thou com'eſt, vain Man, all arm'ed into the field,
And truſteſt thoſe *War toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield*;
Thy *Pride's* my *Spear*, thy *Blaſphemies* my *Sword*;
My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool; the mighty *Lord*
Of *Thee* and *Battels*; who hath ſent forth me
Unarm'd thus, not to *Fight* but *Conquer* thee.
53 In vain ſhall *Dagon* thy falſe hope withſtand;
In vain thy *other God*, thine own *right hand.*
Thy fall to man ſhall Heavens ſtrong juſtice ſhew;
Wretch! 'tis the only *Good* which thou canſt do.
He ſaid; our Hoaſt ſtood dully ſilent by;
And durſt not truſt their *Ears* againſt the *Eye.*

As

As much their *Champions* threats to him they fear'd,
As when the *Monſters* threats to them they heard.
His flaming Sword th'enrag'd *Philiſtian* ſhakes,
And haſt to'his ruine with loud *Curſes* makes.
Backward the Winds his *active Curſes* blew,
54 And fatally round his own head they flew.
For now from *Davids* ſling the ſtone is fled, Ib. v. 49.
And ſtrikes with joyful noiſe the *Monſters* head.
It ſtrook his forehead, and pierc'd deeply there;
As ſwiftly as it pierc'd before the *Ayre*.
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the ground;
Blood, *Brain*, and *Soul* crowd mingled through the *Wound*.
So a ſtrong *Oak*, which many years had ſtood
With fair and flouriſhing boughs, *it ſelf a Wood*;
Though it might long the *Axes* violence bear,
And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear;
Yet by the *Thunders* ſtroke from th' root 'tis rent;
So ſure the blows that from high Heav'en are ſent.
What tongue the joy and wonder can expreſs,
Which did that moment our whole Hoſt poſſeſs?
Their jocund ſhouts th'air like a ſtorm did tear,
Th'amazed *Clouds* fled ſwift away with *Fear*.
But far more ſwift th'accurs'd *Philiſtians* fly, 1 Sam. 17.
And their ill fate to perfect, *baſely dy*. 52.
With thouſand corps the ways around are ſtrown,
Till they, by the days flight ſecure their own.
Now through the Camp ſounds nought but *Davids* name;
All joys of ſeveral ſtamp and colours came
From ſeveral paſſions; ſome his Valour praiſe,
Some his free Speech, ſome the fair pop'ular rayes
Of Youth, and Beauty, and his *modeſt Guiſe*;
Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the Female Eyes.
Some wonder, ſome they thought 'twould be ſo ſwear;
And ſome ſaw *Angels* flying through the air.
The baſeſt ſpi'rits caſt back a crooked glance
On this great act, and fain would give't to *Chance*. 1 Sam. 18. 6.
Women our Hoſt with *Songs* and *Dances* meet, Ib. v. 8.
With much joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet.
Hence the Kings politick rage and envy flows,
Which firſt he hides, and ſeeks his life t'expoſe
To *gen'erous dangers* that his hate might clear,
And *Fate* or *Chance* the blame, nay *David* bear.
So vain are mans deſigns! for *Fate* and *Chance*,
And *Earth*, and *Heav'en* conſpir'ed to his advance;
His Beauty, Youth, Courage, and wondrous Wit,
In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love begit.
Not *Sauls*, own houſe, not his own neareſt blood, 1 Sam. 18. 16.
The noble cauſes ſacred force withſtood.
You'have met no doubt, and kindly us'ed the fame,
Of God-like *Jonathans* illuſtrious *Name*;

A *Name* which ev'ery wind to Heav'en would bear,
Which *Men* to ſpeak, and *Angels* joy to hear.
No *Angel* e're bore to his *Brother Mind*
A kindneſs more exalted and refin'd,
Than his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,
And ſcorn'd the falſe *Alarums* of a *Crown*.
1 Sam. 18. 1. At *Dammin* field he ſtood; and from his place
Leapt forth, the *wondrous Conqu'eror* to embrace;
Ib. v. 4. On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword, and Bow,
On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did beſtow.
Not all that *Saul* could threaten or perſwade,
In this cloſe knot the ſmalleſt looſeneſs made.
Oft his wiſe care did the Kings rage ſuſpend.
1 Sam. 20. 33. His own lifes danger ſhelter'd oft his *Friend*.
Which he expos'ed a Sacrifice to fall
By th'*undiſcerning rage* of furious *Saul*.
Nor was young *Davids* active vertue grown
Strong and triumphant in one *Sex* alone.
Imperious Beauty too it durſt invade,
1 Sam. 18. 20. 28. And deeper Prints in the *ſoft breaſt* it made:
For there t'*eſteem* and *Friendſhips* graver name,
Paſſion was pour'd like *Oyl* into the *Flame*.
Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'ed,
Sauls Royal Houſe two beauteous *Daughters* grac'ed.
Merab the firſt, *Michol* the younger nam'ed,
Both equally for different glories fam'ed.
Merab with ſpacious beauty fill'ed the ſight,
But too much *aw* chaſtis'ed the bold delight.
Like a calm Sea, which to th'enlarged view,
Gives *pleaſure*, but gives *fear* and *rev'erence* too.
Michols ſweet looks clear and free joys did move,
And no leſs *ſtrong*, though much more *gentle Love*.
Like virtuous *Kings* whom men rejoice t'obey,
Tyrants themſelves leſs abſolute than *They*.
Merab appear'd like ſome fair Princely *Tower*,
Michol ſome *Virgin Queens* delicious *Bower*.
All *Beauties* ſtores in *Little* and in *Great*;
But the *contracted Beams* ſhot fierceſt heat.
A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merabs* dy,
Such as the *Prouder* colours might envy,
Michols pure skin ſhone with ſuch taintleſs *White*,
As ſcatter'd the weak rays of humane ſight.
Her lips and cheeks a nobler red did ſhew,
Than e're on Fruits or Flowers Heav'ens Pencil drew.
From *Merabs* eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,
From *Michols* the *Suns mild*, yet active flame;
Merabs long hair was gloſſy cheſtnut brown,
Treſſes of paleſt gold did *Michol* crown.
Such was their outward form, and one might find
A difference not unlike it in the *Mind*.

Merab

Merab with comely *Majeſty* and *ſtate*
Bore high th'advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*.
Such humble ſweetneſs did ſoft *Michol* ſhow,
That none who *reach ſo high* e're *ſtoopt ſo low*.
Merab rejoic'd ie her wrackt *Lovers* pain,
And fortifi'ed her *virtue* with *Diſdain*.
The griefs ſhe caus'd gave gentle *Michol* grief,
She wiſht her *Beauties* leſs for their relief,
Ev'en to her *Captives civil*; yet th' exceſs
Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no leſs.
Buſineſs and *Power Merabs* large thoughts did vex,
Her *wit* diſdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*.
Michol no leſs diſdain'd affairs and noiſe,
Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choiſe*.
In brief, both *Copies* were more ſweetly drawn;
Merab of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Jonathan*.

The day that *David* great *Goliah* ſlew,
Not great *Goliahs Sword* was more his due,
Than *Merab*; by *Sauls* publick promiſe ſhe
Was ſold then and betroth'd to *Victory*.
But haughty *ſhe* did this juſt match deſpiſe,
Her *Pride* debaucht her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*.
An unknown *Youth*, ne're ſeen at *Court* before,
Who *Shepherds-ſtaff*, and *Shepherds habit* bore;
The ſeventh-born Son of no rich houſe, were ſtill
Th'unpleaſant forms which her high thoughts did fill.
And much averſion in her ſtubborn mind
Was bred by being *promis'd* and *deſign'd*.
Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born
The rougheſt ſhocks of her imperious ſcorn,
Adriel the *Rich*, but riches were in vain,
And could not ſet him *free*, nor her *enchain*.
Long liv'ed they thus; but as the hunted *Dear*
Cloſely purſu'ed quits all her wonted fear,
And takes the neareſt waves, which from the ſhore
She oft with horrour had beheld before.
So whilſt the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,
She leapt to *Adriels* long avoided bed. 1 Sam. 18. 19.
The match was nam'd, agreed, and finiſht ſtrait;
So ſoon comply'd *Sauls Envy* with her *Hate*.
But *Michol* in whoſe breaſt all virtues move
That hatch the *pregnant ſeeds* of ſacred *Love*,
With juſter eyes the noble *Object* meets,
And turns all *Merabs Poyſon* into *Sweets*,
She ſaw and wondred how a *Youth* unknown,
Should make all *Fame to come* ſo ſoon his own:
She ſaw, and wondred how a *Shepherds Crook*
Deſpis'd that *Sword* at which the *Scepter* ſhook.
Though he ſeventh-born, and though his Houſe but poor,
She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more.

Oft

Oft had ſhe heard, and *fanſied* oft the ſight,
With what a *generous calm* he marcht to fight.
In the great danger how exempt from *Fear*,
And after it from *Pride* he did appear.
Greatneſs, and *Goodneſs*, and an *Air divine*,
She ſaw through all his *words* and *actions* ſhine.
She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,
Whoſe artful ſounds did violent *Love* inſpire,
Though us'd all other *Paſſions* to relieve;
She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,
When thoſe ſtrong thoughts attaqu'd her doubtful breſt,
His *Beauty* no leſs active than the reſt.
The Fire thus kindled ſoon grew fierce and great,
When *Davids* breſt reflected back its heat.
Soon ſhe perceiv'd (ſcarce can *Love* hidden ly
From any ſight, much leſs the *Loving Eye*)
She *Conqu'eror* was as well as *Overcome*,
And gain'd no leſs *Abroad* than loſt at *Home*.

57 Ev'en the firſt hour they met (for ſuch a pair,
Who in all mankind elſe ſo matchleſs were,
Yet their own *Equals*, *Natures* ſelf does wed)
A mutual warmth through both their boſoms ſpred.
Fate gave the *Signal*; both at once began
The gentle *Race*, and with juſt pace they ran.
Ev'en ſo (methinks) when two Fair *Tapers* come,
From ſeveral Doors entring at once the Room,
With a ſwift flight that leaves the Eye behind;
Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd.
Nature her ſelf, were ſhe to judge the caſe,
Knew not which firſt *began* the kind embrace.
Michol her modeſt flames ſought to conceal,
But *Love* ev'en th' *Art* to hide it does *reveal*.
Her ſoft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,
Love paſt through them, and there ſuch *footſteps* left.
She bluſht when he approacht, and when he ſpoke,
And ſuddenly her wandring anſwers broke,
At his names ſound, and when ſhe heard him prais'd,
With concern'd haſte her thoughtful looks ſhe rais'd.
Uncall'd for ſighs oft from her boſome flew,
And *Adriels active* friend ſhe' *abruptly* grew.
Oft when the *Courts* gay youth ſtood waiting by,
She ſtrove to act a cold *Indifferency*;
In vain ſhe acted ſo conſtrain'd a part,
For thouſand *Nameleſs things* diſclos'd her Heart.
On th'other ſide *David* with ſilent pain
Did in reſpectful bounds his Fires contain.
His humble fear t'offend, and trembling aw,
Impos'd on him a no leſs rigorous *Law*
Than *Modeſty* on her, and though he ſtrove
To make her ſee't, he durſt not tell his *Love*.

To

To tell it firſt the timorous youth made choice
Of *Muſicks* bolder and more active voice.
And thus beneath her Window, did he touch
His faithful Lyre; the words and numbers ſuch,
As did well worth my Memory appear,
And may perhaps deſerve your princely Ear.

1.

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,
And tell thy *ſilent Maſters* humble tale,
In ſounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inſpire,
Though ſo exalted ſhe
And I ſo *Lowly* be,
Tell her ſuch *diffe'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmonie*.

2.

Hark, how the Strings awake,
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,
Themſelves with awful fear,
A kind of num'erous *Trembling* make.
Now all thy Forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her *Ear* the *Conqueſts* of her *Eye*.

3.

Weak *Lyre!* thy virtue ſure
Is uſeleſs here, ſince thou art only found
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,
And ſhe to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My *Paſſion* to remove,
Phyſick to other *Ills*, thou'rt *Nouriſhment* to *Love*.

4.

Sleep, *ſleep* again, my *Lyre*,
For thou can'ſt never tell my humble tale,
In ſounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inſpire;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy ſtrings ſilent ly,
Sleep, *ſleep* again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Maſter dy*.

She heard all this, and the prevailing ſound
Toucht with delightful pain her tender wound.
Yet though ſhe joy'd th'*authentique News* to hear,
Of what ſhe gueſt before with jealous *fear*,

She

She checkt her forward joy, and bluſht for ſhame,
And did his boldneſs with forc'ed anger blame.
The ſenſeleſs rules, which firſt *Falſe Honour* taught,
And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Cuſtom* brought,
Which Womens *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,
Their *Lovers* and *Themſelves* too to torment,
Made her next day a grave diſpleaſure fain,
And all her *words*, and all her *looks* conſtrain
Before the trembling youth; who when he ſaw
His *vital Light* her wonted beams withdraw,
He curſt his voice, his fingers, and his Lyre,
He curſt his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold deſire*.
In vain he curſt the laſt, for that ſtill grew;
From all things *Food* its *ſtrong Complexion* drew:
His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful motions ceaſt,
His *Life* decay'd, but ſtill his *Love* encreaſt.
Whilſt ſhe whoſe Heart approv'd not her *Diſdain*,
Saw and endur'd his *pains* with greater *pain*.
But *Jonathan*, to whom both hearts were known
With a concernment equal to their own,
Joyful that Heav'en with his ſworn love comply'd
To draw that knot more faſt which he had ty'd,
With well tim'd zeal, and with an artful care,
Reſtor'd, and better'd ſoon the *nice affair*.
With eaſe a Brothers lawful power o'recame
The *formal decencies* of Virgin-ſhame.
She firſt with all her heart forgave the paſt,
Heard *David* tell his flames, and *told her own* at laſt.
Lo here the happy point of proſperous *Love!*
Which ev'en *Enjoyment* ſeldom can improve!
Themſelves agreed, which ſcarce could fail alone,
All *Iſraels* wiſh concurrent with their own.
A *Brothers* powerful aid firm to the ſide,
By ſolemn vow the *King* and *Father* tyde:
All jealous fears, all nice diſguiſes paſt,
All that in *leſs-ripe Love* offends the *Taſt*,
In eithers Breaſt their *Souls* both meet and wed,
Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.
And though the groſſer cares were yet not dreſt,
By which the *Bodies* muſt ſupply this *Feaſt*;
Bold *Hopes* prevent ſlow *Pleaſures* lingring birth,
As *Saints* aſſur'd of *Heav'en* enjoy't on *Earth*.
All this the *King* obſerv'd, and well he ſaw
What ſcandal, and what danger it might draw
T' oppoſe this juſt and pop'ular match, but meant
T' *out-malice* all refuſals by *Conſent*.
He meant the *pois'nous grant* ſhould mortal prove,
He meant t'enſnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*.
1 Sam. 18. 21. And thus he to him ſpoke, with more of art
And fraud, than well became the *Kingly part*.

Your

Your valour, *David*, and high worth (ſaid he)
To *praiſe*, is all mens duty, mine to *ſee*
Rewarded; and we ſhall t' our utmoſt powers
Do with like care that part, as you did yours.
Forbid it *God*, we like thoſe *Kings* ſhould prove,
Who *Fear* the *Virtues* which they're bound to *Love*.
Your *Pi'ety* does that tender point ſecure,
Nor will my *Acts* ſuch *humble thoughts* endure.
Your nearneſs to't rather *ſuports* the *Crown*,
And th' *honours* giv'en to you increaſe *our own*.
All that we can we'll give; 'tis our intent
Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*
To place thee next our ſelves; Heav'en does approve,
And my *Sons Friendſhip*, and my *Daughters Love*,
Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing choice;
I ſee, methinks, *Heav'en* in't, and I rejoice.
Bluſh not, my Son, that *Michols Love* I name,
Nor need *ſhe* bluſh to hear it; 'tis no *ſhame*
Nor *ſecret* now; *Fame* does it loudly tell,
And all men but thy *Rivals* like it well.
If *Merabs* choice could have comply'd with mine,
Merab, my elder comfort, had been thine.
And hers at laſt ſhould have with mine comply'd,
Had I not *Thine* and *Michols* heart deſcry'd.
Take whom thou lov'eſt, and who loves thee; the laſt
And *deareſt Preſent* made me by the chaſt
Ahinoam; and unleſs ſhe me deceive,
When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* ſhall leave,
'Twill be a ſmaller *Gift*.
If ! thy generous thoughts may undertake
58 To gueſs, they are what *Jointure* thou ſhalt make,
Fitting her *birth* and *fortune*: and ſince ſo
Cuſtom ordains, we mean t'exact it too.
The *Jointure* we exact, is that ſhall be
No leſs advantage to thy *Fame* and *She*.
Go where *Philiſtian* Troops infeſt the Land;
Renew the terrours of thy conquering hand.
When thine own hand, which needs muſt conqu'ror prove,
In this joint cauſe of *Honour* and of *Love*,
An hundred of the faithleſs Foe ſhall ſlay,
59 And for a *Dowre* their hundred foreskins pay, 1 Sam. 18. 25.
Be *Michol* thy Reward; did we not know
Thy mighty *Fate* and *Worth* that makes it ſo,
We ſhould not cheaply that dear blood expoſe
Which we to mingle with our own had choſe.
But thou'rt ſecure; and ſince this match of thine
We to the publick benefit deſign,
A publick good ſhall its beginning grace,
And give *triumphant Omens* of thy race.

Thus ſpoke the King: the *happy Youth* bow'd low;
Modeſt and graceful his great joy did ſhow,
The noble task well pleas'ed his generous mind;
And nought t'except againſt it could he find,
But that his *Miſtreſs* price too *cheap* appear'd,
No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.
She with much different ſenſe the news receiv'd,
At her high rate ſhe trembled, bluſht, and griev'd.
'Twas a leſs work the conqueſt of his Foes,
Than to obtain her leave his life t'expoſe.
Their kind debate on this ſoft point would prove
Tedious and needleſs to repeat: If *Love*
(As ſure it has) e're toucht your princely breſt,
'Twill to your gentle thoughts at full ſuggeſt
All that was done, or ſaid; the grief, hope, fears;
His *troubled joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.
In all the pomp of Paſſions reign, they part;
And bright prophetique forms enlarge his heart;
Vict'ory and *Fame*; and that more *quick delight*
Of the rich prize for which he was to fight.
Towards *Gath* he went; and in one month (ſo ſoon
A *fatal*, and a *willing* work is done)
A double *Dowre*, two hundred foreskins brought
Of choice *Philiſtian* Knights with whom he fought,
Men that in birth and valour did excel,
Fit for the *Cauſe* and *Hand* by which they fell.
Now was *Saul* caught; nor longer could delay
The two *reſiſtleſs Lovers* happy day.
Though this days *coming* long had ſeem'd and ſlow,
Yet ſeem'd its *ſtay* as long and tedious now.
For now the violent *weight* of eager *Love*,
Did with more haſt ſo near its *Centre* move,
He curſt the ſtops of form and ſtate, which lay
In this laſt *ſtage* like *Scandals* in his way.
On a large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall wood,
Near where the *regal Gabaah* proudly ſtood,
A *Tent* was pitcht, of green wrought Damask made,
And ſeem'd but the freſh Forreſts natural ſhade,
Various and vaſt within, on pillars born
Of *Shittim* Wood, that *uſefully adorn*.
Hither to grace the Nuptial-Feaſt does *Saul*
Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,
And all around the *idle*, *buſie* crowd,
With ſhouts and Bleſſings tell their joy alowd.
Lo, the preſs breaks, and from their ſeveral homes
In decent pride the *Bride* and *Bridegroom* comes.
Before the *Bride*, in a long double row
With ſolemn pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,
And make a *Moving Galaxy* on earth;
All heav'enly *Beauties*, all of higheſt *Birth*;

All

64 All clad in liveliest colors, fresh and fair,
65 As the bright Flowers that crown'd their brighter *Hair.*
All in that new-blown age, which does inspire
Warmth in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders Fire.*
But all this, and all else the *Sun* did ere,
Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,
The *Bride* her self out-shone; and one would say
They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day.*
Behind a numerous train of *Ladies* went,
Who on their dress much fruitless care had spent,
Vain Gems, and unregarded cost they bore,
For all mens eyes were ty'd to those before.
The *Bridegrooms* flourishing Troop fill'd next the place,
66 With thirty comely youths of noblest race,
That marcht before; and Heav'en around his head,
The graceful beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread.
67 So the glad *Star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,
Prince of the glorious *Host* that shine above,
No *Light* of *Heav'en* so chearful or so gay,
Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day.*
The *King* himself, at the Tents crowned gate
In all his robes of ceremony and state
Sate to receive the train; on either hand
Did the *High-Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.
Adriel behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*,
And all the Chiefs in their due order press.
First *Saul* declar'd his choice, and the just cause
Avow'd by a gen'eral murmur of applause,
68 Then sign'd her *Dow're*, and in few words he pray'd,
And blest, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*
T' her *Lovers* hands, who with a chearful look
And humble gesture the *vast Present* took.
69 The *Nuptial-Hymn* straight sounds, and *Musicks* play,
70 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless day*
To all but to the *wedded*; till at last
The long-wisht night did her kind shadow cast;
At last th' *Inestimable hour* was come
To lead his *Conquering prey* in *triumph* home,
71 To a *Palace* near, drest for the Nuptial-bed
(Part of her Dowre) he his fair *Princess* led,
Saul, the *High Priest* and *Samuel* here they leave,
Who as they part, their *weighty blessings* give.
72 Her *Vail* is now put on; and at the gate
The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait
73 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the flames they bore,
To light the *Nuptial-pomp*, and march before.
The rest bring home in state the happy Pair,
To that last *Scene* of *Bliss*, and leave them there,
All those free joys insatiably to prove
With which rich *Beauty* feasts the *Glutton Love.*

47 But ſcarce, alas, the firſt ſeven days were paſt,
In which the publick *Nuptial Triumphs* laſt,
When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,
Such ſubtle cares his jealous thoughts torment.
He envy'd the good work himſelf had done;
Fear'd *David* leſs his *Servant* than his *Son.*
No longer his wild wrath could he command;
He ſeeks to ſtain his own imperial hand
In his *Sons* blood; and that twice cheated too,
With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one life* purſue.
Said I but *One?* his thirſty rage extends
To th' Lives of all his *kindred* and his *friends*;
Ev'en *Jonathan* had dyed for being ſo,
Had not juſt *God* put by th'unnat'ural blow.
You ſee, Sir, the true cauſe which brings us here;
No ſullen diſcontent, or groundleſs fear,
No guilty *Act* or *And* calls us from home.
Only to breath in peace a while we come,
Ready to *Serve*, and in mean ſpace to *Pray*
For *You* who us receive, and *Him* who drives away.

NOTES.

NOTES
UPON THE
THIRD BOOK.

1 A Town not far from *Jeruſalem*, according to S. *Hieron.* in the *Commentary* upon *Iſaiah*, by which it ſeems it was re-edified, after the deſtruction of it by *Saul*; he ſays that *Jeruſalem* might be ſeen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he ſhould place it in the *Tribe* of *Benjamin*, or *Ephraim*. *Abulenſis* ſure is in an errour, placing it in the *Halfe Tribe* of *Manaſſes* beyond *Jordan*. I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Tranſlation*; for (methinks) *Nob* is too unheroical a name.

2 *Panes Propoſitionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἄρτοι ἐνώπιοι. from the *Hebrew*, in which it ſignifies *Panes Facierum*, becauſe they were always ſtanding before the *Face* of the *Lord*; which is meant too by the *Engliſh* word *Shew-bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. commands not only that they ſhould be eaten by the *Prieſts* alone, but alſo eaten in the *Holy Place*. *For it is moſt holy unto him, of the offerings made unto the Lord by Fire, by a perpetual Statute*, Verſe 9. In the *Holy Place*; that is, at the door of the *Tabernacle*; as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31. and that which remained was to be burnt, leſt it ſhould be eaten by any but the Prieſts. How comes it then to paſs, not only that *Ahimelech* gave of this Bread to *David* and his company, but that *David* ſays to him, 1 *Sam.* 21. 5. *The bread is in a manner common?* The Latine differently, *Porro via hæc polluta eſt, ſed & ipſa hodiè ſanctificabitur in vaſis.* The words are ſomewhat obſcure; the meaning ſure muſt be, that ſeeing here are new Breads to be ſet upon the Table, the publique occaſion (for that he pretended) and preſent neceſſity makes theſe as it were *common*. So, what more ſacred than the *Sabbath?* yet the *Macchabees* ordained, that it ſhould be lawful to fight againſt their enemies on that day. *Seneca* ſays very well, *Neceſſitas magnum humanæ imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excuſat.* And we ſee this act of *Davids* approved of in the Evangeliſts.

Fatal,

3 *Fatal*, in regard his coming was the cauſe of *Ahimelechs* murder, and the deſtruction of the Town.

4 *Sacred:* made ſo by *Davids* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophee* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* dedicated all the ſtuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a *Gift* unto the *Lord*, Jud. 16. 19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἔδωκε, where the Latin commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which ſhould be left out. *Joſephus* of this word, Τὴν ῥομφαίαν ἀνέθηκε τῷ Θεῷ. And Sulpit. Sever. *Gladium poſteà in Templum poſuit*; i. *In Tabernaculum Nobæ:* where, methinks, *In Templum* ſignifies more than if he had ſaid *in Templo.* The reaſon of this cuſtom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory.* And I think all Nations have concurred in this duty after ſucceſſes, and called (as *Virgil* ſays)

In prædam partémq; Jovem------

So the *Philiſtims* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Aſhtaroth*, and carried the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon. Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this Sword of *Goliah* was not conſecrated to *God:* for then *Ahimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had ſinned; for it is ſaid, *Levit.* 27. 28. *Whatſoever is devoted is moſt holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous Victory, in a publick place. There is no need of this evaſion; for not every thing conſecrated to *God* is unalienable (at leaſt for a time) in caſe of neceſſity, ſince we ſee the very *veſſels* of the Temple were often given to *Invaders* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make peace with them. *Pro Rep. plerumq; Templa nudantur.* Sen. in Controverſ.

5 This particular of *Jagal* and *Davids* going in diſguiſe into the Land of the *Philiſtims* (which ſeems more probable than that he ſhould go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Court* ſo ſoon after the defeat of *Goliah*) is added to the Hiſtory by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmleſs, and which therefore I make bold to uſe upon ſeveral occaſions.

6 Their *Goddeſs Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid-Deity.* See on the ſecond Book.

7 *Adullam*, An Ancient Town in the *Tribe* of *Judah*, even in *Judah's* time, *Gen.* 38. in *Joſhua's* it had a *King*, Joſh. 12. 15. the *Cave* ſtill remains; and was uſed by the *Chriſtians* for their refuge upon ſeveral irruptions of the *Turks*, in the ſame manner as it ſerved *David* now.

8 In this *Enumeration* of the chief *Perſons* who came to aſſiſt *David*, I choſe to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets* being in my opinion too large upon this kind of ſubject, eſpecially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian* Fleet and Army; where he makes a long liſt of *Names* and *Numbers*, juſt as they would ſtand in the *Roll of a Muſter-Maſter*, without any delightful and various deſcriptions of the perſons; or at leaſt very few ſuch. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciouſly by an exceſs the other way.

9 2 Sam. 2. *And Aſahel was as ſwift of foot as a wild Roe.* Joſeph. ſays of him, that he would out-run ἵππον καταδύντα εἰς ἄμιλλαν, which

which is no ſuch great matter. The *Poets* are all bolder in their expreſſions upon the ſwiftneſs of ſome perſons. *Virgil* upon *Niſus Æn.* 5.

Emicat & ventis, & fulminis ocyor alis.

But that is *Modeſt* with them. Hear him of *Camilla*, Æn. 7.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneras curſu læſſiſſet ariſtas.
Vel mare per medium fluctu ſuſpenſa tumenti
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

From whence I have the hint of my deſcription, *Oft o're the Lawns, &c.* but I durſt not in a Sacred Story be quite ſo bold as he. The walking over the waters is too much, yet he took it from *Homer* 20. *Iliad.*

Αι δ' ὅτι μὲν σκιρτῶεν ὑπὲκ ζυγὸφιν ἠερέαων
Ἄκρον ἐπ' Ἀνθεμόεντα καρπὸν θέον, οὐδὲ κατέκλων.
Ἀλλ' ὅτι μὲν σκιρτῶεν, ἐπ' ἴυρεα νῶτα θαλάσσης
Ἄκρον ὑπὲκ ῥηγμῖνος ἁλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

They ran upon the top of flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, &c. where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have ſatisfied any moderate man; yet *Scal.* 5. *de Poet.* prefers *Virgils* from the increaſe of the *miracle*, by making *Camilla*'s flight over a tenderer thing than *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intactæ*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suſpenſa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monſter, that one would believe ſhould rather ſink the *Earth* at every tread, than run over the *Sea* with dry feet,

Κῆνος ἀνὴρ ἀκτὴν ὅτε γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν
Οἰδματος, οὐδὲ θοὰς βάπτεν πόδας, ἀλλ' ὅσον ἄκρους.
Ἴχνεσι τεγγόμενος διερῆς ἐπεφύκεσαν ἐλεύθῳ.

And *Solinus* reports hiſtorically of *Ladas* (the man ſo much celebrated by the *Poets*) *cap.* 6. That he ran ſo lightly over the duſt (*ſupra cavum pulverem*) that he never left a mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls him

Δαιμόνιον τὸ ταχος

The ſwiftneſs of a *God.*

All which, I hope, will ſerve to excuſe me in this place.

10 *Jeſſides*, the Son of *Jeſſe*; a *Patronymique* after the *Greek* form.

11 *Moab*, that part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was poſſeſt by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* & *Ephraim*, ſo *Judah* is not here taken in a preciſe ſenſe for that Tribe only.

12 *His:* becauſe *Jordan* runs into it, and is there loſt. It is called promiſcuouſly a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake.*

13 *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended Eaſt and Weſt between *Arnon* and *Jordan*, North and South between *Jaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab.* They were totally deſtroyed by the *Iſraelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen.* 10.14. *Numb.* 21. 32. *Deut.* 3. *Joſh.* 13. *Judg.* 12.

Edom:

14 *Edom:* called by the *Greeks Idumæa*: denominated from *Esau*. *Josephus* makes *two Idumæa's*, the *Upper* and the *Lower*; the upper was possest by the Tribe of *Judah*, and the lower by *Simeon:* but still the *Edomites* possest the Southern part of the Country, from the Sea of *Sodom* towards the *Red, or, Idumæan Sea.* The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom & montes Seir*, a little North of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a mistake. The *Greeks* under the name of *Idume* include sometimes all *Palestine* and *Arabia.*

Petra. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia Petræa.* Adric. 77. *Petræa autem dicta à vetustissimo oppido Petra deserti ipsius Metropoli suprà mare mortuum sita.*

It is hard to set the bounds of this Country (and indeed of all the little ancient Kingdoms in those parts;) for sometimes it includes *Moab, Edom, Amalec, Cedar, Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red Sea:* but here it is taken in a more contracted signification, for that part of *Arabia* which lies near the *Metropolis Petra*, and denominates the *whole.* I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric.* makes to be the same, were not another City of the same name. *Adric.* is very confused in the description of the Countries bordering upon the Jews, nor could well be otherwise, the matter is so intricate, and to make amends not much important.

15 *Cush. Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham.* All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red Sea* (for *Jethro*'s daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*) are called sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethiopians*; and I believe the other *Ethiopians* beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and are the *Cusite* at other times mentioned in the Scripture.

Ammon is by some accounted a part of *Arabia Fœlix*, and the Country called since *Philadelphia*, from the *Metropolis* of that name, conceived by *Adricom.* to be the same with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot.*

16 Accounted of the race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, strong, and warlike sort of people; as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, As tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Oaks.* These *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaom*, Gen. 14. and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who called that Country *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot.*

17 *Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who conquered the greatest part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all westward of *Arnon*, and possest it himself till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroyed his people. *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead-Sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Country of the *Amorites*, called *Arnon*, which gives the name to the *River* and that to the *City Arnon*, or *Arear*, seated upon it. Or,

18 *Esebon.* A famous and strong City seated upon an Hill, and encompassed with brick-walls, with many Villages and Towns depending on it It was twenty miles distant from *Jordan.* Adric.

For

19 For *Saul* had made war upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.

20 I take it for an infallible certainty, that *Ophir* was not as ſome imagine in the *Weſt-Indies*; for in *Solomons* time, where it is firſt mentioned, thoſe Countries neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And beſides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have ſet out his Fleet for that voyage from ſome Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red-ſea*. I therefore without any ſcruple ſay, *Ophirs riſing Morn*, and make it a Country in the *Eaſt-Indies*, called by *Joſephus* and St. *Hierom*, *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts whether *Ophir* were not a Town ſeated in the *Arabian* Bay, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny Saphar*, *Ptolomy Sapphara*, *Stephanus Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetcht from thence by the Merchants of the more Weſtern Countries. But that ſmall ſimilitude of the name is not worth the change of a received opinion.

21 Like this is that of *Dido* to *Æneas*.

Non obtuſa adeò geſtamus pectora Pœni,
Nec tam averſus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.

And in *Stat.* of *Adraſtus* to *Polynices*,

Nec tam averſum fama
Mycænis Volvit iter.

22 *Phegor* or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which *Balaam* was deſired by *Balac* to curſe, but did bleſs *Iſrael*. This place was choſen perhaps by *Balac*, becauſe upon it ſtood the Temple of his God *Baal*. Which was, I believe the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the ſame with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites Chemos*; only denominated *Baal Phegor*, from that particular place of his worſhip, as *Jupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that *Baal Peor* was the ſame with *Priapus* the *obſcene Idol*, ſo famous in ancient Authors; it may be the *Image* might be made after that faſhion, to ſignifie that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or *Lord of Generation*.

23 The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came firſt from *Babylon*, from whence they were called *Babylonica*, Plin. l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diverſos picturæ intertexere Babylon maximè celebravit, & nomen impoſuit.* Plaut in Sticho.

Tum Babylonica periſtromata conſutaq; tapetia
Advexit minimùm bonæ rei.

He calls the like Hangings in Pſeud.

Alexandria belluata conchiliata periſtromata.

Mart. l. 8. *Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta ſuperbè*
Texta Semiramiâ quæ variantur acu.

And long before, *Lucret.* l. 4.

Babylonica magnifico ſplendore.

24 Theſe kind of Ivory Tables born up with the Images of Beaſts,

were much in eſteem among the Ancients. The Romans had them, as alſo all other inſtruments of Luxury, from the *Aſiatiques*,

——*Putere videntur*
Unguenta atq; roſæ latos niſi ſuſtinet orbes
Grande ebur, & magno ſublimis Pardus hiatu,
Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Sienes
Et Mauri teleres. Juven. 11.

Mart. *Et Mauri Lybicis centum ſtent dentibus orbes.*

25 *Citron:* It is not here taken for the *Lemmon Tree* (though that be in Latine called *Citrus* too, and in French *Citronnier*) but for a Tree ſomething reſembling a wild *Cypreſs*, and growing chiefly in *Africk:* it is very famous among the Roman Authors, and was moſt uſed for banquetting *Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* ſays it was more precious than Gold.

Accipe fœlices, Atlantica munera, menſas,
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.

See *Plin.* l. 13. c. 15. The ſpots and criſpneſs of the wood, was the great commendation of it: From whence they were called, *Tygrinæ* and *Pantherinæ Menſæ*. Virg. Ciris.

Nec Lybis Aſſyrio ſternetur Lectulus oſtro.

Where *Lybis Lectulus* may ſignifie either an Ivory, or a Citron Bed.

26 *Purple* Coverlets were moſt in uſe among great perſons. *Hom. Il.* 9.

Εἶσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησι τε πορφυρέοισι.

Virg. *Sarrano dormiat oſtro.*

That is, *Tyrian Purple*. Stat. Theb. 1.

——*Pars oſtro tenues auróq; ſonantes*
Emunire toros.——

They lye (ſays *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen.* 2.) ἐν κλίναις ἐλεφαντίνοισι καὶ στρώμασι πορφυροβάπτοις, &c.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shell-fiſh* called *Purpura*; where it was found in a white vein running through the middle of the mouth, which was cut out and boyled; and the blood uſed afterwards in Dying, produced the colour *Nigrantis roſæ ſublucentem*, which *Pliny* witneſſes to be the *true Purple*, though there were other ſorts too of it, as the colour of *Violet, Hyacinth, &c.* Of this Invention now totally loſt, ſee *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancirollus*. The greateſt Fiſhing for theſe *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and there was the greateſt manufacture and Trade of *Purple*; there likewiſe was the invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the ſhore, ſaw his Dog bite one of thoſe Fiſhes, and found his mouth all ſtained with that excellent colour, which gave him the firſt hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it: From whence this colour is called in Greek Ἁλουργὸς, *Ariſtot. quaſi* ἁλὸς ἔργον, the work of the Sea; and *Plato* in *Tim.* defines Ἁλουργὲς to be Red mingled with White and Black.

27 So *Æneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the ſtory of all the *Trojan War* painted upon the walls of *Juno*'s *Temple* at *Carthage*. I chuſe here the hiſtory of *Lot*, becauſe the *Moabites* deſcended from him.

Cheder-

28 *Chedor-laomer*, who according to the general opinion, was King of *Perſia*, but to me it ſeems altogether improbable that the King of *Perſia* ſhould come ſo far, and join with ſo many Princes to make a war upon thoſe five little Kings, whoſe whole Territories were ſcarce ſo big as the leaſt ſhire in *England*, and whoſe very names are unlikely to have been heard of then, ſo far as *Perſia*. Beſides, *Perſia* was not then the chief *Eaſtern Monarchy*, but *Aſſyria* under *Ninias* or *Zamæis*, who ſucceeded *Semiramis*; which makes me likewiſe not doubt but that they are miſtaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the ſame with *Ninias*, ſince *Chedor-laomer* commanded over him; a fouler error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellaſar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and St. *Hierom* tranſlate it; or as *Toſtatus*, who would have it to be the *Helleſpont*. *Stephan. de Urb.* places *Ellas* in *Cœloſyria*, others on the borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the ſame with *Ellaſar* has much more appearance. But for my part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellaſar*, and *Tidal*, were the names of ſome Cities not far diſtant from *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, and their Kings ſuch as the thirty three that *Joſhua* drove out of *Canaan*; otherwiſe how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating miracles) with his own family only? perhaps they were called of *Elam*, that is, *Perſia* of *Shinaar*, that is, *Babylonia* of *Ellaſar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, becauſe they were *Colonies* brought from thoſe Countries; which the fourth Kings title, of *Tidal*, ſeems to confirm; that is, of *Nations*; Latine, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παμφυλίας to wit, of a City compounded of the conflux of people from ſeveral *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goijm*, which *Vatablus*, not without probability, takes for the proper name of a *Town*.

29 That he might be conſumed preſently after with his whole people and Kingdom, by fire from Heaven.

30 For *Fire* and *Brimſtone* is named in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which cauſe the Apoſtle *Jude*, *v* 7. ſays that *Sodom* and *Gomorra* are ſet forth for an example, πυρὸς αἰωνίου δίκην ὑπέχουσαι, ſuffering the vengeance of eternal fire; So our Engliſh; the Latine, *Ignis æterni pœnam ſuſtinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting δίκην, *adverbially*; for, *Inſtar habentes Ignis æterni*, Suffering the ſimilitude of eternal, that is, *Hell* fire. So δίκην is uſed *Ariſt. de Mund.* ᾗ ῥήσει πολλάκις ποταμῶν δίκλω, nay even δίκη, the ſubſt. is taken ſometimes in that ſenſe, as *Homer. Ulyſſ.* ξ.

Ἠγὰρ δμώων δίκη ἐσὶ.

For this is the *Manner* or faſhion of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this Raining of Fire and Brimſtone was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath ſulphur in it, which (*Grotius* ſays) is therefore called θεῖον, as it were, *Divine*, becauſe it comes from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this deſtruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, *L.* 5. *Hiſtor. Fulminum ictu arſiſſe*, *&c.* and by and by, *Igne cæleſti flagraſſe*, *&c.*

31 The *blindneſs* with which theſe wretches were ſtrucken, was not a total *blindneſs* or *privation* of their *ſight*, but either ſuch a ſudden darkneſs in the ayr as made them grope for the door, or a ſudden failing of the ſight, as when men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Eblouiſſement*; or that which the Greeks term ἀορασία, when men ſee other things, but not the things they look for. For ſays S. *Auguſtine*, *De Civit. Dei Lib.* 22. *c.* 19. If they had been quite blind, they would not have ſought for the Door to go into *Lots* Houſe, but for Guides to conduct them back again to their own.

32 I deſcribe her not after ſhe was changed, but in the very act or moment of her changing, *Gen.* 19. 26. Our Engliſh ſays, ſhe became a *Pillar* of *Salt*, following the Greek στήλη ἁλός, The Latine is, *Statua ſalis*. Some calls it *Cumulum*; others, *Columnam*. Sulpit. Sever. *Reflexit oculos, ſtatimq; in molem converſa traditur.* It is pity *Joſephus*, who ſays he ſaw the *Statue* himſelf, omitted the deſcription of it. Likely it is, that it retained her form. So *Cyprian* in better verſe than is uſual among the *Chriſtian Poets.*

Stetit ipſa Sepulchrum,
Ipſaq; Imago ſibi, formam ſine corpore ſervans.

Some with much ſubtlety, and ſome probability, underſtand a *Pillar* of *Salt*, to ſignifie only an *Everlaſting Pillar*, of what matter ſoever as *Numb.* 18. 19. A *Covenant* of *Salt.* But we may very well too underſtand it *Litterally*; for there is a *Mineral kind* of *Salt* which never melts, and ſerves for building as well as ſtone; of which *Pliny* ſpeaks, *l.* 31. *c.* 7. Beſides, the converſion into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is ſuch abundance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which place God had, as it were *ſowed with ſalt*, in token of eternal barrenneſs, of which this *ſtatue* was ſet up for a *Monument.* The *Targum* of *Jeruſalem* is cited, to give this reaſon why ſhe looked back; it ſays, ſhe was a woman of *Sodom*, and that made her impatient to ſee what became of her friends and Country. The moral of it is very perſpicuous, but well expreſt by S. *Auguſt. Uxor Loth in ſalem converſa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem in viâ liberationis ſuæ præterita deſiderare debere.*

33 *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, and firſt King of *Moab* mentioned in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, name one *Vaheb* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known, more authentical, and better ſounding *Name.* Among the ancients there was always ſome *hæreditary Bowl* with which they made their *Libations* to the *Gods*, and entertained *ſtrangers.* Virg.

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroq; popoſcit
Implevitq; mero pateram, quâ Belus & omnes
A Belo ſoliti——

And preſently ſhe begins to the *Gods.* So *Stat. l.* 1. *Theb.*

Signis perfectam auroq; nitentem
Iaſides pateram famulos ex more popoſcit,
Quâ Danaus libare Deis, ſeniorq; Phoroneus
Aſſueti——

And then he adds the Stories engraven on the Bowl, which would not have been ſo proper for me in this place, becauſe of the

the *Pictures* before. *Sen. Thyeſt. Poculum infuſo cape Gentile Baccho.* This *Libation* to the Gods at the beginning of all Feaſts came from the natural cuſtom of paying the *Firſt Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity* by whoſe bounty they enjoyed them.

34 This too was an antient cuſtom that never failed at ſolemn Feaſts, to have *Muſick* there (and ſometimes *dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

Ἀναθήματα δαιτὸς,

The *Appendixes*; or as *Heſych.* interprets, κοσμήματα, the *Ornaments* of a *Feaſt*. And as for wiſe and honourable perſons, there was no time of their Life leſs loſt, than that they ſpent at *Table*; for either they held then ſome profitable and delightful diſcourſes with learned men, or heard ſome remarkable pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or repeated before them; or if they were Princes, had ſome eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philoſopher* and *Muſician*) to entertain them with *Muſick* and *Verſes*, not upon ſlight or wanton, but the greateſt and nobleſt ſubjects. So does *Jopas* in *Virg.*

Citharâ crinitus Iopas
Perſonat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam Soliſq; labores, &c.

So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon.* 1. *Argonaut.*

Ἤισθεν δ' ὡς γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἠδὲ θάλασσα,
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μιῇ συναρήρεθ' ἁρμονίῃ
Νείκεϊ δ' ἐξ ὅλβοιο διέκριθεν,

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*; though there the ſubject, methinks, be not ſo well choſen.

35 See *Athen. L.* 1. *c.* 12. upon this matter, where among other things, he ſpeaks to this ſenſe. The *Poets* were anciently a race of *wiſe men*, both in learning and practice *Philoſophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemneſtra*, as a *Guardian* and *Inſtructer* to her, who by laying before her the vertues of women, might give her impreſſions of goodneſs and honour, and by the delightfulneſs of his converſation, divert her from worſe pleaſures. So *Ægyſtheus* was not able to corrupt her till he had killed her *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to ſing before *Penelopes Lovers*, though he had them in deteſtation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in eſpecial reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, ſings the adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like actions, but to divert that voluptuous people from ſuch unlawful appetites, *&c.* The old *Scholiaſt* upon *Homer*, ſays, 3. *Odyſſ.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Ἀοιδοὶ φιλοσόφων τάξιν εἶχον.

Anciently *Poets* held the place of *Philoſophers*. See *Quintil. l.* 1. *c.* 10. *Strab. l.* 1. *Geogr.* &c.

36 By drawing up vapours from them, with which the Ancients believed that the *Stars* were nouriſhed. *Virg.*

Polus dum ſidera paſcit.

This

37 This was an ancient faſhion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Juvenal* ſays of a loud ſcolding woman, that ſhe alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipſe*. *Sola laboranti poterat ſuccurrere Lunæ.*
This ſuperſtition took the original from an opinion, that *Witches* by muttering ſome charms in verſe, cauſed the *Eclipſes* of the *Moon*, which they conceived to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddeſs* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the vertue of thoſe enchantments; and therefore they made a great noiſe by the beating of Braſs, ſounding of Trumpets, whooping and hallowing, and the like, to drown the Witches murmurs, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and ſo to render them ineffectual. *Ovid.*

Te quoq; Luna traho, quamvis Temeſina labores
Æra tuos minuant——

Tib. *Cantus & è curru Lunam diducere tentat,*
Et faceret, ſi non æra repulſa ſonent.

Stat. 6. Theb—— *Attonitis quoties avellitur aſtris*
Solis opaca ſoror, procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant.

Sen. in Hippol. *Et nuper rubuit, nullaq; lucidis*
Nubes ſordidior vultibus obſtitit.
At nos ſolliciti lumine turbido
Tractam Theſſalicis carminibus rati
Tinnitus dedimus.

38 The world has had this hard opinion of *Comets* from all ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never ſtay for a *Cauſe* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no reaſon for it, though they ſearch it and yet follow the vulgar belief. *Ariſtotle* ſays, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the extraction of vapors from the earth to generate and feed them; and droughts more certainly produce ſickneſſes: but his authority cannot be great concerning the effects of *Comets*, who ſuppoſes them to be all *ſublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction* of *Comets* but by making it, as *God* ſpeaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen. 9. the ſupernatural token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no authority, and therefore might do well to have no fear. However the ancients had,

Luc. *Terris mutantem regna Cometem.*
Claud. *Et nunquam cœlo ſpectatum impunè Cometem.*
Sil. Ital. *Regnorum everſor rubuit læthale Cometès.*

39 For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry ſhut up in a cold and moiſt Cloud, out of which ſtriving to get forth, it kindles it ſelf by the agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40 *Lambent* fire is, A thin unctious exhalation, made out of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without conſuming any thing but it ſelf. Called *Lambent*, from *licking* over, as it were, the place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*. *Virg.* deſcribes the whole nature of it excellently in three Verſes, *Æn.* 2.

Ecce levis ſummo de vertice viſus Iüli
Fundere lumen apex, tactuq; innoxia molli
Lambere flamma comas & circum tempora paſci.

Fleecy

41 *Fleecy Snow*, Pſal. 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool.* *Pliny* calls *Snow* ingeniouſly for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philoſopher*, The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Ariſtotle* defines it truly and ſhortly. *Snow* is a *Cloud Congealed*, and *Hail Congealed Rain.*

42 Gen. 49. 9. *Judah is a Lyons whelp; from the prey my ſon thou art gone up, he ſtooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who ſhall rouſe him up?*

43 1 Sam. 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the Camp of the Philiſtines, named Goliah, &c.* wherein we follow the Septuagint, who render it, Ἀνὴρ δυνατὸς, a *Strong man:* but the Latine *Tranſlation* hath, *Et egreſſus eſt vir ſpurius*, a *Baſtard.* *Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* called the *Gyants* ſo; becauſe being contemners of all Laws, they lived without matrimony, and conſequently their Fathers were not known. It is probable he might be called ſo, as being of the race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which ſeated themſelves in *Gath*) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother.*

44 See *Turnus* his ſhields, 7. Æn. and *Æneas* his, 8. *Æn.* with the ſtories engraven on them.

45 For *Baal* is no other than *Jupiter.* *Baalſemen Jupiter Olympius.* But I like not in an *Hebrew* ſtory to uſe the *Europæan* names of Gods. This *Baal* and *Jupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at firſt taken for the *Sun*, which raiſing vapours out of the earth, out of which the *Thunder* is ingendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης· and *Juvans Pater* fits with no God ſo much as the *Sun.* So *Plato* in *Phæd.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter Sol.*

The Fable of the *Gyants* fight with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Græcians*, but came from the Eaſtern people, and aroſe from the true ſtory of the building of the *Tower* of *Babel.*

46 This perhaps will be accuſed by ſome ſevere men for too ſwelling an *Hyperbole*; and I ſhould not have endured it my ſelf, if it had not been mitigated with the word *Methought*; for in a great apprehenſion of fear, there is no extraordinary or extravagant ſpecies that the imagination is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many ſayings of this kind, even without ſuch excuſe or qualification, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the moſt judicious and divine *Poet* himſelf. He calls tall young men,

Patriis & montibus æquos.

Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He ſays of *Polyphemus*,

——*Graditurq; per æquor*
Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

That walking in the midſt of the Sea, the Waves do not wet his ſides. Of *Orion*,

——*Quam magnus Orion*
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna viam ſcindens humero ſupereminet undas.
Aut ſummis referens annoſam montibus ornum,
Ingrediturq; ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit.

And

And in ſuch manner (ſays he) *Mezentius* preſented himſelf. He ſays of another, that he flung no ſmall part of a mountain,

Haud partem exiguam Montis.

Of which *Seneca*, though he adds to the greatneſs, he does not impudently recede from truth. One place in him occurs; for which *Sen.* 1. *Suaſor.* makes that defence which will ſerve better for me, —— *Credas innare revulſas*

Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.

That is, ſpeaking of great ſhips, but yet ſuch as would ſeem very little ones, if they were near the *Soveraign*; you would think the *Cyclades* looſned from their roots were floating, or that high *Mountains* encountred one another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, ſed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile eſt, quod excuſatur antequam dicitur.* He does not ſay it *Is*, but *ſeems* to be (for ſo he underſtands *Credas*) and any thing, though never ſo improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excuſed before it be ſpoken. Which will ſerve to anſwer for ſome other places in this Poem; as,

Th' Egyptian like an Hill himſelf did rear;
Like ſome tall Tree upon it ſeem'd his ſpear.

Like an Hill, is much more modeſt than *Montibus æquus.*

47 Becauſe *Gold* is more proper for the ornaments of *Peace* than *War.*

48 Sen. in Thyeſt. *Jejuna ſilvis qualis in Gangeticis Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriuſq; prædæ cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morſus, flectit hùc ritus ſuos, Illò reflectit, & famem dubiam tenet.* And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is angred.

Stat. 2. Theb. *Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris*
Horruit in Maculas, &c. ——

Nay *Virgil* attributes the ſame marks of Paſſion to *Dido*,

Sanguineam volvens aciem, Maculiſq; trementes
Interfuſa genas ——

49 See the like conditions of a publick duel in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil* between *Turnus* and *Æneas*; in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii.*

50 The *Egyptian-Goliah*; *i.* The *Egyptian-Gyant*, whom he ſlew only with his *ſtaff*, and therefore at the ſight of it might well be aſhamed, that he durſt not now encounter with *Goliah.* This is that ſhame which *Virgil* calls *Conſcia virtus.*

51 They were 33. but *Poetry* inſtead of the broken number, chuſes the next entire one, whether it be more or leſs than the truth.

52 It appears by this, that *David* was about 20 years old (at leaſt) when he ſlew *Goliah*; for elſe how can he imagine that the *Armour* and Arms of *Saul* (who was the talleſt man in all *Iſrael*) ſhould fit him? neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accuſtomed to the uſe of them; beſides he handled dextrouſly the Sword of *Goliah*, and not long after ſaid, *There is none like it.* Therefore though *Goliah* call him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth.*

53 For the men who are ſo proud and confident of their own ſtrength, make that a *God* to themſelves, as the humane Polititians are ſaid in the Scripture to *ſacrifice* to their own *Nets*, that is, their own *Wit.* Virg. of Mezent. *Dextra mihi Deus, & Telum quod miſſile libro.*

And

And *Capenus* is of the ſame mind in *Statius*;

Illic Auger ego, & mecum quicunq; parati
Inſanire mann--------

The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to diſperſe the prayers that were not to ſucceed, or to carry thoſe that were. *Virg.*

Audiit, & voti Phœbus ſuccedere partem
Mente dedit, partem volucres diſperſit in auras.

54 Ovid. de Triſt.

Terribiliſq; Notus jactat mea verba preceſque;
Ad quos mittuntur non ſinit ire Deos.

Virg. *Partem aliquam venti Divûm referatis ad aures, &c.*

i. To another *Angel.*

55 1 Sam. 18. 4. *And Jonathan ſtript himſelf of the robe that was*
56 *upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his Sword, and to his Bow, and to his Girdle.* Some underſtand this gift *excluſively*, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing thoſe three to be the proper marks of a Souldier, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I ſay, to be parted with upon this occaſion. *Girdle* was perhaps a mark of Military honour; for *Joab* promiſes to him that ſhould kill *Abſalom*, ten ſhekels of ſilver, and a *Girdle*, 2 Sam. 18. 12. But it was beſides that, a neceſſary part of every mans dreſs, when they did any work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troubleſome, if not bound up. If the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle* had not been given; it could not have been ſaid, *And his garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a looſe garment not exactly fitted to their bodies (for the profeſſion of Taylors was not ſo ancient, but clothes were made by the wives, mothers, and ſervants even of the greateſt perſons) and ſo might ſerve for any ſize or ſtature.

57 1 Sam. 18. 20. Septuagint. Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μειχὸλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαὺλ τὸν Δαβίδ. Which our Engliſh Tranſlation follows, but the Latine Tranſlations vary; for ſome have, *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David, Michol Sauls Daughter loved David.* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul alteram, David loved Michol Sauls Daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58 The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Eſpouſed* certain *gifts*, as pledges of the *Contract*. Thus *Abrahams* Steward in the name of *Iſaac* gave to *Rebecca* Jewels of Siver, and of Gold, and raiment, Gen. 24. 53. which cuſtom the Greeks too uſed, and called the Preſents Ἔδνα. But at the day of the marriage he gave her a *Bill* of *Joynture* or *Dowre*.

59 *Joſephus* ſays, *Saul* demanded ſo many *Heads* of the *Philiſtines*, which word he uſes inſtead of *Foreskins* to avoid the Raillery of the *Romans*. *Heads* I confeſs, had been a better word for my turn too, but *Foreskins* will ſerve, and ſounds more properly for a *Jewiſh ſtory*. Beſides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believe that *Saul* required *Foreskins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the heads of *Hebrews*, inſtead of *Philiſtines*.

60 If it might have been allowed *David* to carry with him as many Souldiers as he pleaſed, and ſo make an inroad into the *Philiſtines* Country, and kill any hundred men he could meet with, this had been a ſmall *Dowre* for a Princeſs, and would not have expoſed *David* to that hazard for which *Saul* choſe this manner of *Joynture*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own hands.

61 As *Heavy Bodies* are ſaid to move the ſwifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which ſome deny, and others give a reaſon for it from the *Medium* through which they paſs, that ſtill preſſes them more and more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive power of the *Centre* is much received, and is conſonant to many other experiments in Nature.

62 *Scandals* in the ſenſe of the *New Teſtament*, are *Stumbling Blocks*, λίθοι προσκόμματος, Stops in a mans way, at which he may fall, however they retard his courſe.

63 *Janſenius* in his explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the cuſtom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Brides* houſe, and that the Virgins came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek* though there be in the *Latine*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Brides* nor *Bridegrooms* houſe, but in publick houſes in the Country near the City, built on purpoſe for thoſe Solemnities, which they collect out of the circumſtances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 9. 37. *Hoſ.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5. &c. Whatever the ordinary cuſtom was, I am ſure the ancients in great Solemnities were wont to ſet up Tents on purpoſe in the fields for celebration of them. See the deſcription of that wonderful one of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus in Athen. l.* 5. *c.* 6. and perhaps *Pſal.* 19. 4, 5. alludes to this. He hath ſet a *Tabernacle* for the *Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

64 Habits of divers colours were much in faſhion among the *Hebrews*. See *Judges* 5. 30. *Ezek.* 16. 10. and 26. 16. ſuch was *Joſephs* coat, *Gen.* 37. 3. Septuagint. χιτὼν ποικίλη; as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minervæ*, *veſtes Polymitæ*.

65 It appears by ſeveral places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great uſe among the *Jews* at their feaſts, and eſpecially *Nuptials*, *Iſa.* 61. 10. The Latine reads like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wiſ.* 2. 8. *Ezek.* 12. 16. *Lam.* 5. 25. *Eccleſ.* 32. 1. &c.

66 I take the number of *Thirty Maids*, and *Thirty young Men* from the ſtory of *Samſons* Marriage-feaſt, *Judg.* 14. 11. where *Thirty Companions* were ſent to him, whom I conceive to have been υἱοὶ τοῦ νυμφίου, *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by St. *Matthew*.

67 *Qualis ubi Oceani perfuſus Lucifer undâ,*
Quem Venus ante alios aſtrorum diligit ignes,
Extulit os cœlo ſacrum, tenebraſq; reſolvit. Virg.

Which Verſes *Scaliger* ſays, are ſweeter than *Ambroſia*. *Homer* led him the way.

Ἀστὴρ ἐπωείνῳ ἐναλίγκιον, ὅστε μάλιστα
Λαμπρὸν παμφαίνῃσι λελαμένῃσι Ὠκεάνοιο, and,
Οἷος δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῷ
Ἕσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἵσταται ἀστήρ.

The

68 The *Bride* alſo brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with his daughter *Sara* half his goods, ſervants, cattel and money, *Tob.* 10. 10. See *Exod.* 22. 17, *&c.*

69 The *Marriage-ſong* was called *Hillalim*, *Praiſes*, and the houſe it ſelf *Beth-hillula*, the *Houſe of Praiſe*, Pſal. 78.63. Their Maidens were not given to marriage; the Chald. Paraphraſ. reads, Are not celebrated, with *Epithalamiums*. So *Arias* too, and *Aquila* οὐχ ὑμνήθησαν.

70 See *Gen.* 29. 22. *Tob. c.* 7. *Eſth.* 2. 18. *Luke* 14. 1. *Judg.* 14. 17. *Apoc.* 19. 9.

71 The cuſtom ſeems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his houſe, 2 *Kings* 11. 27. *Judg.* 12. 9. *Gen.* 24. 67. *Cant.* 3. 4. but becauſe *Michol* was a Princeſs, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I choſe rather to bring them to one of the *Kings houſes* aſſigned to them by the *Dowre*.

72 The *Bride* when ſhe was delivered up to her Husband, was wont to cover her ſelf with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear rule) in token of her ſubjection, Gen. 24. 65, *&c.*

73 See the *Parable* of the *Virgins* Mat. 25.

74 The time of the *Marriage-feaſt* appears clearly to have been uſually *ſeven days*. See *Judg.* 14. 10. and 29. 27. *Fulfil her week, &c.* It was a Proverb among the Jews, *Septem dies ad Convivium, & Septem ad Luctum.*

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MOab *carries his* Gueſts *to hunt at* Nebo, *in the way falls into diſcourſe with* David, *and deſires to know of him the reaſons of the* Change *of* Government *in* Iſrael, *how* Saul *came to the* Crown, *and the ſtory of* Him *and* Jonathan. Davids *Speech, containing, The ſtate of the* Commonwealth *under the* Judges, *the* Motives *for which the people deſired a* King; *their* Deputies *Speech to* Samuel *upon that Subject, and his Reply. The aſſembling of the* People *at the* Tabernacle *to enquire Gods pleaſure. Gods Speech. The* Character *of* Saul, *his* Anointing *by* Samuel, *and Election by Lot*; *the defection of his people. The War of* Nahas King *of* Ammon *againſt* Jabes Gilead; Saul *and* Jonathans *relieving of the Town.* Jonathans Character, *his ſingle fight with* Nahas, *whom he ſlays, and defeats his Army. The confirmation of* Sauls Kingdom *at* Gilgal, *and the manner of* Samuel's *quitting his office of* Judge. *The War with the* Philiſtins *at* Macmas, *their ſtrength, and the weakneſs of* Sauls *Forces, his exerciſing of the* Prieſtly *function, and the judgment denounced by* Samuel *againſt him.* Jonathans *diſcourſe with his* Eſquire; *their falling alone upon the enemies out-guards at* Senes, *and after upon the whole Army, the wonderful defeat of it*; Sauls *raſh vow, by which* Jonathan *is to be put to death, but is ſaved by the* People.

DAVIDEIS.

The Fourth Book.

THough *ſtate* and kind *diſcourſe* thus rob'd the *Night*
Of half her natural and more juſt delight,
Moab, whom *Temp'erance* did ſtill vig'orous keep,
And regal cares had us'd to mod'rate ſleep,
1 Up with the *Sun* aroſe, and having thrice
With lifted hands bow'd towards his *Baal*'s holyeſt Hill,
And thrice to'wards *Phegor*, his ſhining riſe,
(With *good* and pious prayers *directed ill*)
Call'd to the Chaſe his Friends, who for him ſtay'd;
The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horſes* neigh'd.
Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,
2 The beſt and nobleſt that freſh *Zerith* breeds,
3 All white as *Snow*, and ſprightful as the *Light*,
With *Scarlet* trapt, and foaming *Gold* they bite.
He into it young *David* with him took,
Did with reſpect and wonder on him look
Since laſt nights *ſtory*, and with greedier ear,
The *Man*, of whom ſo much he heard, did *hear*.
The well-born *Youth* of all his flouriſhing *Court*
March gay behind, and joyful to the ſport.
Some arm'd with Bows, ſome with ſtraight Javelins ride;
4 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their ſide.
Midſt the fair Troop *Davids* tall *Brethren* rode,
5 And *Joab* comely as a *Fanci'd God*,
They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab Lords*,
With looſe and various talk that chance affords,
Whilſt they pac'd ſlowly on; but the wiſe *King*
Did *Davids* tongue to weightier ſubjects bring.

Much

Much (ſaid the King) much I to *Joab* owe,
For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you.
'Twas drawn in little, but did acts expreſs
So great, that largeſt *Hiſtories* are leſs.
I ſee (methinks) the *Gathian Monſter* ſtill,
His ſhape laſt night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.
Strange *Tyrant Saul* with envy to purſue
The praiſe of deeds whence his own ſafety grew!
I have heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*
Has his lifes hazard for your friendſhip run;
His matchleſs *Son*, whoſe worth (if Fame be true)
Lifts him 'above all his *Countrymen* but you,
With whom it makes him *One*. Low *David* bows,
But no reply *Moabs* ſwift tongue allows.
And pray, kind *Gueſt*, whilſt we ride thus (ſays he)
6 (To gameful *Nebo* ſtill three leagues there be)
The ſtory of your *royal friend* relate;
And his ungovern'd *Sires* imperious fate,
7 When your great State that nameleſs Fam'ily choſe,
And by what ſteps to *Iſraels Throne* they roſe.
He ſtaid; and *David* thus; From *Egypts* Land
You'have heard, Sir, by what *ſtrong*, *unarmed* hand
Our *Fathers* came; *Moſes* their ſacred *Guide*,
Deut. 34. But he in ſight of the *Giv'en Country* dy'd,
His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high;
And *Joſhua's Sword* muſt th' *active Rod* ſupply.
Joſh. 1.4. It did ſo, and did wonders.
8 From ſacred *Jordan* to the *Weſtern Main*,
From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern Plain*
Of naked ſands, his *winged Conqueſts* went;
And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he ſent.
Joſh. 12. Almoſt four hundred years from him to *Saul*,
9 In too much freedom paſt, or forraign thral.
Oft *ſtrangers Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land
(Such ſtill are thoſe born by a *Conquering* Hand)
Oft pity'ing *God* did well-form'd *ſpirits* raiſe,
Fit for the toilſome buſineſs of their days,
To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give
Peace firſt, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.
But they whoſe ſtamp of *Power* did chiefly ly
In *Characters* too fine for moſt mens *Ey*,
Graces and *Gifts Divine*; not painted bright
With ſtate to awe *dull* minds, and force t' *affright*,
Were ill obey'd whil'ſt *Living*, and at *death*,
Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vaniſht with their breath.
The *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,
Their *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was *Power*.
Nor want it ſelf could *Luxury* reſtrain,
For what that *empti'd*, *Rapine fill'd* again.

Robbery

Robbery the *Field*, *Oppreſſion* ſackt the *Town*;
What the *Swords Reaping* ſpar'd, was *glean'd* by th' *Gown*.
At Courts, and Seats of Juſtice to complain,
Was to be rob'd more *vexingly* again.
Nor was their *luſt* leſs active or leſs bold,
Amidſt this rougher ſearch of *Blood* and *Gold*.
Weak Beauties they corrupt, and force the *ſtrong*;
The Pride of *Old Men* that, and this of *young*.
You'have heard perhaps, Sir, of leud *Gibeah*'s ſhame,
Which *Hebrew* Tongues ſtill tremble when they name, Judg. 19.
Alarmed all by one fair ſtrangers Eyes,
As to a ſudden *War* the Town does riſe
Shaking and pale, half dead e're they begin
The ſtrange and wanton *Trag'dy* of their ſin,
All their wild Luſts they force her to ſuſtain,
Till by ſhame, ſorrow, wearineſs, and pain,
She mid'ſt their loath'd, and cruel kindneſs dies;
Of monſtrous Luſt th' innocent *Sacrifice*.
This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create
(The frequent curſe of our looſe-govern'd *State*)
All *Gibeah*'s, and all *Jabes* blood it coſt;
Near a whole *Tribe* and *future Kings* we loſt. Jug. 20. and 21.
For in this general *Earthquake* of the *land*,
How could *Religion*, its main *pillar*, ſtand?
Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Father* worſhip hates,
Himſelf *Gods Creature*, his own *God Creates*.
Hence in each Houſhold ſev'ral *Deities* grew,
And when no *old* one pleas'd they fram'd a *New*.
The *only land* which ſerv'd but *one* before,
Did th' *only* then all *Nations Gods* adore.
They ſerv'd their *Gods* at firſt, and ſoon their *Kings*;
Their choice of that this latter *ſlavery* brings.
Till ſpecial men arm'd with *Gods* warrant broke
By juſteſt *force* th' *unjuſtly forced* yoke.
All matchleſs perſons, and thrice worthy they
Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t'obey. 1 Sam. 1.
At laſt the *Prieſthood* joyn'd in *Ith'mars* Son,
More weight and luſtre to the *Scepter* won.
But whilſt mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were
Buſi'd with *age*, and th' *Altars* ſacred care;
To their wild *Sons* they their high charge commit, 1 Sam. 2. 12.
Who 'expoſe to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and it.
Ely's curſt Houſe th' examplar vengeance bears
Of all their *Blood*, and all ſad *Iſr'aels Tears*.
His *Sons* abroad, *Himſelf* at home lies ſlain,
Iſrael's captiv'd, *Gods Ark* and *Law* are tane. 1 Sam. 4.
Thus twice are *Nations* by *ill Princes* vext,
They ſuffer *By* them firſt, and *For them next*. 1 Sam. 7. 6.
Samuel ſucceeds; ſince *Moſes* none before
So much of *God* in his bright boſom bore.

In

1 Sam. 7. In vain our Arms *Philiſtian Tyrants* ſeis'd;
Heav'ens Magazines he open'd when he pleas'd.
Ib. v. 10. He *Rains* and *Wind* for *Auxil'iaries* brought,
He muſter'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought.
13 Thus thirty years with ſtrong and ſteddy hand
1 Sam. 8. 1. He held th' unſhaken *Balance* of the *Land*.
At laſt his *Sons* th' indulgent *Father* choſe
To ſhare that *State* which they were born to loſe.
Their hateful acts that *Changes birth* did haſt,
14 Which had long growth i'th' *Womb* of *Ages paſt*.
To this (for ſtill were ſome great *Periods* ſet,
There's a ſtrong knot of ſev'eral *Cauſes* met)
The threats concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring War;
A mighty ſtorm long gathering from afar.
For *Ammon*, heightned with mixt Nations aid,
Like *torrents* ſwoln with Rain prepar'd the land t'invade.
Samuel was old, and by his Sons ill choice
Turn'd *Dotard* in th' *unskilful Vulgars* voice;
His *Sons* ſo ſcorn'd and hated, that the Land
Nor *hope'd* nor *wiſht* a *Victory* from their hand:
Theſe were the juſt and faultleſs cauſes why
The general voice did for a *Monarch* cry,
But God *ill grains* did in this *Incenſe* ſmell,
Wrapt in fair *Leaves* he ſaw the *Canker* dwell.
A mut'inous Itch of *Change*, a dull *deſpair*
Of helps *divine*, oft prov'd; a faithleſs care
Of *Common Means*; the pride of heart and ſcorn
Of th' *humble yoke* under low *Judges* born.
They ſaw the ſtate and glittering pomp which bleſt
In vulgar ſenſe the *Scepters* of the *Eaſt*.
They ſaw not *Powers* true *Source*, and ſcorn'd t'obey
Perſons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *They*.
They miſt *Courts*, *Guards*, a gay and numerous train;
Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain;
Judg. 4 5. On an old bench of *wood*, her *Seat* of *State*
Beneath the well-known *Palm*, *Wiſe Debora* ſate.
Her *Maids* with comely *dil'igence* round her ſpun,
And *ſhe* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done:
With the ſame *Goad Samgar* his *Oxen drives*
Judg. 3. 31. Which took the Sun before ſix hundred lives
From his *ſham'd foes*; He midſt his work dealt *Laws*;
And oft was his *Plow* ſtopt to hear a *Cauſe*.
Judg. 6. 14. Nor did great *Gid'eon* his old *Flail* diſdain,
After won *Fields*, ſackt *Towns*, and *Princes* ſlain.
His *Scepter* that, and *Ophras Threſhing Floor*
The *Seat* and *Emblem* of his *Juſtice* bore.
What ſhould I *Jar*, the happieſt Father, name?
Jud. 10. 3. Or mournful *Jephtha* known no leſs to fame
Ib. 11. 34. For the moſt wretched? Both at once did keep
The mighty *Flocks* of *Iſra'el* and their *Sheep*.

Oft

Oft from the field in haſt they ſummon'd were
Some weighty forreign *Embaſſy* to hear,
They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends* around,
Who all at ſeveral cares were ſcattered found,
They waſht their feet, their *only Gown* put on;
And this chief work of *Cer'emony* was done.
Theſe reaſons, and all elſe that could be ſaid,
In a ripe hour by *factious Eloquence* ſpread
Through all the *Tribes*, make all deſire a *King*; 1 Sam. 8. 5.
And to their *Judge* ſelected *Dep'uties* bring
This harſh demand; which *Nacol* for the reſt
(A bold and artful *Mouth*) thus with much grace expreſt.
We'are come, moſt ſacred *Judge*, to pay th' *Arrears*
Of much ow'd thanks for the bright thirty years
Of your juſt *Reign*; and at your feet to lay
All that our grateful hearts can weakly pay
In *unproportion'd words*; for you alone
The not unfit *Reward*, who ſeek for *none*.
But when our forepaſt ills we call to mind,
And ſadly think how *Little*'s left behind
Of your important *Life*, whoſe ſudden date
Would *diſ-inherit* th'unprovided *State*.
When we conſider how unjuſt 'tis, you,
Who ne're of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew,
At once the weight of *that* and *Age* ſhould have;
Your ſtooping days preſt *doubly* tow'ards the grave.
When we behold by *Ammons* youthful rage,
Proud in th'advantage of your peaceful age,
And all th' united Eaſt our fall conſpir'd;
And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we deſir'd 1 Sam. 8. 5.
As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd room to place,
By unlike acts that noble *Stamp* deface:
Midſt theſe new fears and ills, we're forc'd to fly
To' a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy*;
A new one, but long promis'd and foretold, Deut. 17. 4.
By *Moſes*, and to *Abraham* ſhown of old.
A *Prophecie* long forming in the *Womb*
Of teeming years, and now to *ripeneſs* come.
This *Remedy*'s a *King*; for this we all
With an inſpir'd, and zealous *Union* call.
And in one ſound when all mens voices join,
The *Muſick*'s tun'd (no doubt) by hand divine.
'Tis *God* alone ſpeaks a whole *Nations* voice;
That is his *Publick Language*; but the choice
Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown muſt bear
From you who his *Peculiar Organ* are
We'expect to hear; the *People* ſhall to you
Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.
To your great name what luſtre will it bring
T'have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King*!

He bow'd, and ended here; and *Samuel* ſtreight,
1 Sam. 8. 6. Pawſing a while at this great queſtions weight,
With a grave ſigh, and with a thoughtful Ey
That more of *Care* than *Paſſion* did deſcry,
Calmly replies: You're ſure the firſt (ſaid he)
Of *freeborn* men that begg'd for *Slavery*.
I fear, my friends, with heav'enly *Manna* fed,
(Our old forefathers crime) we luſt for *Bread*.
Long ſince by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,
We build anew th'*Egyptian Brickiln* here.
1 Sam. 8. 11. 16 Cheat not your ſelves with *words*: for though a *King*
Be the mild Name, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*.
Let his power looſe, and you ſhall quickly ſee
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.
Hee'll lead you forth your hearts cheap blood to ſpill,
Where e're his *Guideleſs Paſſion* leads his *Will*.
Ambition, Luſt, or Spleen his wars will raiſe,
Your *Lives beſt price* his thirſt of *Wealth* or *Praiſe*.
Your ableſt *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,
And by ſuch hands your yoke more grievous make.
Your *Daughters* and *dear Wives* he'll force away,
His *Lux'ury* ſome, and ſome his *Luſt* t'obey.
His *idle friends* your *hungry toils* ſhall eat,
Drink your rich *Wines*, mixt with your *Blood* and *Sweat*.
Then you'll all ſigh, but *ſighs* will *Treaſons* be;
And not your *Griefs* themſelves, or *Looks* be *free*.
Rob'd even of *Hopes*, when you theſe ills ſuſtain,
Your watry eyes you'l then turn back in vain
On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *Me*,
Nay ev'en my *Sons*, howe're they'unhappy be
In your diſpleaſure now; Not that I'd clear
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* indear,
17 Witneſs th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought
Of private ends into this queſtion brought.
But why this yoke on your own necks to draw?
Why *Man* your *God*, and *Paſſion* made your *Law*?
Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)
The good old *Seer* 'gainſt *Kings* was too ſevere.
'Tis *Jeſt* to tell a *People* that they're *Free*,
Who, or *How many* ſhall their *Maſters* be
Is the ſole doubt; *Laws guide*, but cannot *reign*;
And though they *bind* not Kings, yet they *reſtrain*.
I dare affirm (ſo much I truſt their *Love*)
That no one *Moabite* would his ſpeech approve.
But, pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies;
Yet men whom age and action renders wiſe,
So much great changes fear, that they believe
All evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive.
On men reſolv'd theſe threats were ſpent in vain,
1 Sam. 8. 19. All that his power or el'oquence could obtain

Was

Was to enquire *Gods* will e're they proceed
To' a work that would ſo much his bleſſing need.
A ſolemn day for this great work is ſet,
18 And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Iſrael* met
Expect th' event; * below fair bullocks fry — Ex. 48. 9. & 30. 26.
In hallowed flames; * above, there mount on high — *Ib v. 5, 6.
The precious clouds of Incenſe, and at laſt
The *Sprinkling*, *Pray'ers*, and all due *Honours* paſt.
19 Lo! we the *ſacred Bells* o'th' ſudden hear, — Exo 39. 25. & 28.
20 And in mild pomp grave *Samuel* does appear.
21 His *Ephod*, *Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,
22 Th' *Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breaſt-plate* ſhone. — Ex. 39. 2. Ib. 8.
Tow'ards the *blew Curtains* of *Gods* holieſt place
23 (The *Temples* bright *Third Heaven*) he turn'd his face.
Thrice bow'd he, thrice the ſolemn *Muſick* plaid,
And at third reſt thus the great *Prophet* praid;
Almighty *God*, to whom all men that be
Owe *all* they have, yet none ſo much as *We*;
Who though thou fill'ſt the ſpacious world alone,
Thy too ſmall *Court*, haſt made this place thy *Throne*.
With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, Lo, here,
Bleſt *Abrah'ams Seed* implores thy gracious Ear.
Hear them, great *God*, and thy juſt will inſpire;
From *Thee*, their *long-known King*, they'a *King* deſire.
Some gracious ſigns of thy good pleaſure ſend,
Which, lo, with *Souls* reſign'd we humbly here attend.
He ſpoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about
Silence and reverend *Horrour* ſeiz'd the rout.
The whole Tent ſhakes, the Flames on th'Altar by,
In thick dull rolls mount ſlow and heavily.
24 The * ſeven *Lamps* wink; and what does moſt diſmay, — * Exod. 25. 37.
Th' *Orac'ulous Gems* ſhut in their nat'ural day.
The *Rubies Cheek* grew pale, the *Em'eraud* by
Faded, a *Cloud* o'recaſt the *Saphirs Skie*.
The *Di'amonds Eye* lookt *ſleepy*, and ſwift night
Of all thoſe little *Suns* eclipſt the Light.
Sad ſigns of *Gods* dread anger for our ſin,
But ſtraight a wondrous brightneſs from within
Struck through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cloud*
Could thoſe ſtrong beams of Heav'enly glory ſhroud.
The Altars fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*
Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* out-ſhone.
Beauty th' *illuſtrious Viſion* did impart
To ev'ery *Face*, and Joy to ev'ery heart.
In glad effects *Gods* preſence thus appear'd,
And thus in wondrous ſounds his *Voice* was heard:
This ſtubborn Land ſins ſtill, nor is it *Thee*, but *Us*
(Who have been ſo long their *King*) they ſeek to caſt off thus.
Five hundred rolling years hath this ſtiff Nation ſtrove
To 'exhauſt the boundleſs ſtores of our unfathom'd *Love*.

Be't ſo then; yet once more are we reſolv'd to try
T'outweary them through all their *Sins Variety.*
Aſſemble ten days hence the num'erous people here;
To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* ſhall bear.
Diſmiſs them now in peace; but their next crime ſhall bring
Ruine without redreſs on *Them*, and on their *King.*
The *Almighty* ſpoke; th'aſtoniſht people part
With various ſtamps impreſt on every heart.
Some their demand repented, others prais'd,
Some had no thoughts at all, but ſtar'd and gaz'd.
1 Sam. 9. 1. There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis* in *Gib'eah* Town,
For *Wiſdom* much, and much for *Courage* known.
Ib. v. 2. More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*,
Whom *Nature*, e're the *Lots*, to'a *Throne* did call.
He was *much Prince*, and *when*, or *where ſoe're*
His birth had been, *Then* had he reign'd, and *There.*
Such *Beauty* as great *Strength* thinks no diſgrace,
Smil'd in the manly features of his Face.
His large black Eyes, fill'd with a ſprightful light,
Shot forth ſuch lively and *illuſtrious Night*,
As the *Sun* beams, on *Jet* reflecting ſhow,
His *Hair*, as black, in long curl'd waves did flow.
His tall, ſtraight *Body* amidſt thouſands ſtood,
Like ſome fair *Pine* o'relooking all th'ignobler *Wood.*
Of all our rural ſport he was the pride;
So ſwift, ſo ſtrong, ſo dextrous none beſide.
Reſt was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Luſt* and *Game*;
No nat'ural wants could his fierce dil'igence tame,
Not *Thirſt*, nor *Hunger*; he would journeys go
Through raging *Heats*, and take repoſe in *Snow.*
His *Soul* was ne're unbent from weighty care;
But active as ſome *Mind* that turns a *Sphere.*
His way once choſe, he forward thruſt outright,
Nor ſtept aſide for *Dangers* or *Delight.*
Yet was he wiſe all dangers to foreſee;
But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was *He.*
His *Wit* was *ſtrong*; not *Fine*; and on his tongue
An *Artleſs grace* above all *El'oquence* hung.
1 Sam. 9. 21. Ib. 10. v. 22. Theſe *Virtues* too the rich unuſual dreſs
Of *Modeſty* adorn'd and *Humbleneſs.*
Like a rich *Varniſh* o're fair *Pictures* laid,
More *freſh* and *Laſting* they the *Colours* made.
Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find
No ſtop or bound, o'rewhelm'd no leſs his *Mind*,
Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ural forms deface,
And brought forth unknown *Monſters* in their place.
Forbid it God, my *Maſters* ſpots ſhould be,
Were they not ſeen by all, diſclos'd by me!
But ſuch he was; and now to *Ramah* went
(So God diſpos'd) with a ſtrange, low intent.

Great

Great God! he went loſt *Aſſes* to enquire, Ib. v. 8.
And a ſmall *Preſent* his ſmall queſtions hire,
Brought ſimply with him to that Man to give,
From whom high *Heav'ens chief Gifts* he muſt receive,
Strange *Play* of *Fate!* when might'ieſt humane things
Hang on ſuch ſmall, *Imperceptible Strings!*
26 'Twas *Samuels Birth-day*, a glad ann'ual feaſt 1 Sam. 9.
All *Rama* kept; *Samuel* his wondring Gueſt 12.
With ſuch reſpect leads to it, and does grace
27 With the choice meats o'th' feaſt, and higheſt place. Ib. v. 22, 23, 24.
Which done, him forth alone the *Prophet* brings,
And feaſts his raviſht ears with nobler things. Ib. v. 26.
He tells the mighty *Fate* to him aſſign'd,
And with great rules fill'd his *capacious mind.* 1 Sam.
28 Then takes the ſacred *Vial*, and does ſhed 10. 1.
A *Crown* of myſtique drops around his head.
Drops of that *Royal Moiſture* which does know
No Mixture, and diſdains the place below.
Soon comes the *Kingly day*, and with it brings 1 Sam.
29 A new *Account of Time* upon his Wings. 10. 17.
The people met, the rites and prayr's all paſt,
Behold, the *Heav'en-inſtructed Lot* is caſt.
'Tis taught by Heaven its way, and cannot miſs;
Forth *Benjamin*; forth leaps the Houſe of *Cis.*
As Glimm'ering *ſtars* juſt at the'approach of *Day*,
Caſheer'd by *Troops*, at laſt drop all away,
By ſuch degrees all mens bright hopes are gone,
And, like the *Sun*, *Sauls Lot* ſhines all alone.
Ev'en here perhaps the peoples ſhout was heard,
The loud long ſhout when *Gods* fair choice appear'd.
Above the whole vaſt throng he' appear'd ſo tall,
30 As if by *Nature* made for th'*Head* of all.
So full of grace and ſtate, that one might know
31 'Twas ſome wiſe *Eye* the *blind Lot* guided ſo.
But blind unguided *Lots* have more of choice
And conſtancy than the ſlight *Vulgars voice.*
Ere yet the *Crown* of ſacred *Oyl* is dry,
Whilſt *Ecchoes* yet preſerve the joyful cry,
Some grow enrag'd their own vain hopes to miſs,
Some envy *Saul*, ſome ſcorn the Houſe of *Cis.*
Some their firſt mut'inous wiſh, *A King*, repent,
As if, ſince that, quite ſpoil'd by *Gods conſent.*
Few to this Prince their firſt juſt duties pay;
All leave the *Old*, but few the *New* obey.
Thus changes *Man*, but *God* is conſtant ſtill
To thoſe eternal grounds, that mov'ed his *Will.*
And though he yielded firſt to them, 'tis fit
That ſtubborn Men at laſt to him ſubmit.
32 As midſt the Main a low ſmall *Iſland* lies,
Aſſaulted round with ſtormy *Seas* and *ſkies*,

Whilſt

Whilſt the poor heartleſs *Natives* ev'ery hour
Darkneſs and *Noiſe* ſeems ready to devour:
Such *Iſraels* ſtate appear'ed, whilſt o're the Weſt
Philiſtian Clouds hung threatning, and from th'Eaſt
All Nations wrath into one *Tempeſt* joines,
Through which proud *Nahas* like fierce *Lightning* ſhines.
Tygris and *Nile* to his aſſiſtance ſend,
33 And waters to ſwoln *Jacob*'s *Torrent* lend.
Seir, *Edom*, *Soba*, *Amalec* adde their force,
34 Up with them march the *Three Arabia*'s *Horſe*.
And 'mongſt all theſe none more their hope or pride,
Than thoſe few Troops your warlike Land ſupply'ed.
1 Sam. 11. 1. Around weak *Jabes* this vaſt Hoſt does ly,
Diſdains a dry and *bloodleſs Victory*.
The hopeleſs Town for *Slave'ry* does *intreat*,
But barb'arous *Nahas* thinks that grace too great.
Ib. v. 2. He (his firſt *Tribute*) their right *Eyes* demands,
35 And with their *Faces ſhame* diſarms their *Hands*.
Ver. 3. If unreliev'd ſev'en days by *Iſraels* aid,
This bargain for *o're-rated Life* is made.
Ah, mighty *God*, let thine own *Iſrael* be
Quite *blind* it ſelf, ere this reproach it *ſee!*
By' his wanton people the new *King* forſook,
Ver. 5. To homely rural cares himſelf betook.
In private plenty liv'd without the ſtate,
Luſtre and Noiſe due to a publick fate.
Whilſt he his ſlaves and cattel follows home,
Lo the ſad Meſſengers from *Jabes* come,
1 Sam. 11. 4. Implore his help, and weep as if they meant
That way at leaſt proud *Nahas* to prevent.
Ver. 7. Mov'ed with a Kingly wrath, his ſtrict command
He iſſues forth t'aſſemble all the Land.
He threatens high, and diſobedient they
Ver. 8. *Wak'ed* by ſuch Princely terrors learn't t' obey.
A mighty Hoſt is rais'd; th'important cauſe
Age from their *Reſt*; *Youth* from their *Pleaſure* draws.
Arm'd as unfurniſht *Haſt* could them provide,
But *Conduct*, *Courage*, *Anger* that ſupply'ed.
All night they march, and are at th' early dawn
On *Jabes* Heath in three fair bodies drawn.
1 Sam. 11. 11. *Saul* did himſelf the firſt and ſtrongeſt band,
His *Son* the next, *Abner* the third command.
But pardon, Sir, if naming *Sauls* great Son,
I ſtop with him a while ere I go on.
This is that *Jonathan*, the *Joy* and *Grace*,
The beatifull'ſt, and beſt of *Humane Race*.
That *Jonathan* in whom does mixt remain
All that kind *Mothers* wiſhes can contain.
His *Courage* ſuch as it no ſtop can know,
And *Victory* gains by' *aſtoniſhing* the Foe.

With

With *Lightnings* force his enemies it confounds,
And melts their *Hearts* ere it the *Boſom* wounds.
Yet he the *Conquer'd* with ſuch *Sweetneſs* gains,
As *Captive Lovers* find in *Beauties Chains.*
In *war* the adverſe Troops he does aſſail,
Like an impetu'ous *ſtorm* of *wind* and *Hail.*
In *Peace*, like gentleſt *Dew* that does aſſwage
The *burning Months*, and temper *Syrius* rage.
Kind as the *Suns* bleſt *Influence*, and where e're
He comes, *Plenty* and *Joy* attend him there.
To *Help* ſeems all his *Power*, his *Wealth* to *Give*;
To do much *Good* his ſole *Prerogative.*
And yet this gen'eral *Bounty* of his Mind,
That with wide arms embraces all *Mankind*,
Such artful *Prudence* does to each divide,
With diffe'rent meaſures all are ſatisfi'd.
Juſt as wiſe *God* his plenteous *Manna* dealt,
Some gather'd more, but want by none was felt. Exod. 16. 18.
To all *Relations* their juſt rights he pays,
And worths reward above its claim does raiſe.
The tendreſt *Husband*, *Maſter*, *Father*, *Son*,
And all thoſe parts by his *Friendſhip* far outdone.
His *Love* to *Friends* no bound or rule does know,
What *He* to *Heav'en*, all that to *Him* they owe.
Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit*:
His *Judgment* like beſt *Armour*, ſtrong and fit.
And ſuch an *El'oquence* to both theſe does join,
As makes in both *Beauty* and *Uſe* combine.
Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear
By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there.
As well he knows all *Times* and *Perſons* gone,
As he himſelf to th' *future* ſhall be known.
But his chief ſtudy is *Gods* ſacred *Law*;
And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw.
As never more by *Heav'en* to *Man* was giv'en,
So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'en.*
And all theſe *Virtues* were to *Ripeneſs* grown,
E're yet his *Flower* of youth was fully *blown.*
All *Autumns* ſtore did his rich *Spring* adorn;
Like *Trees* in *Par'diſe* he with *Fruit* was *born.*
Such is his *Soul*; and if, as ſome men tell,
36 *Souls* form and build thoſe manſions where they dwell,
Whoe're but ſees his *Body* muſt confeſs,
The *Architect* no doubt, could be no leſs.
From *Saul* his growth and manly ſtrength he took,
Chaſtis'd by bright *Ahino'ams* gentler look.
Not bright *Ahin'oam*, Beauties lowdeſt Name, 1 Sam. 14. 50.
Till ſhe to'her *Children* loſt with joy her fame,
Had ſweeter ſtrokes, Colours more freſh and fair,
More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.

Forgive

Forgive me that I thus your patience wrong,
And on this *boundleſs ſubject* ſtay ſo long.
Where too much haſte ever to *end* t'would be,
Did not his *Acts* ſpeak what's untold by *Me.*
Though from the time his hands a Sword could wi
He ne're miſt *Fame* and *Danger* in the field.
Yet this was the firſt day that call'd him forth,
Since *Sauls* bright Crown gave luſtre to his worth.
'Twas the laſt morning whoſe unchearful riſe,
Sad *Jabes* was to view with both their Eyes.
Secure proud *Nahas* ſlept as in his Court,
And dreamt, vain man! of that days barb'arous ſport,
Till noiſe and dreadful tumults him awoke;
Till into'his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke.
The careleſs *Guards* with ſmall reſiſtance kill'd,
Slaughter the Camp, and wild Confuſion fill'd.
Nahas his fatal duty does perform,
And marches boldly up t'outface the ſtorm.
Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he purſues
Th' *Arabian Horſe*, and a hot fight renewes.
'Twas here your Troops behav'd themſelves ſo well,
Till *Uz* and *Jathan* their ſtout *Col'onels* fell.
'Twas here our *Vict'ory* ſtopt, and gave us cauſe
Much to ſuſpect th'intention of her pauſe.
But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* eſpy'd,
Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*
Broke through our Troops, and tow'ards him boldly preſt,
A gen'erous joy leapt in his youthful breſt.
As when a wrathful *Dragons* diſmal light
Strikes ſuddenly ſome warlike *Eagles ſight*,
The *mighty foe* pleaſes his fearleſs eyes,
He claps his joyful wings, and at him flies.
With vain, though vi'olent force, their darts they flung;
In *Ammons* plated belt *Jonathans* hung,
And ſtopt there; *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,
And gliding off, bore the proud creſt from it.
Straight with their Swords to the fierce ſhock they came,
Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* ſhot *flame.*
Blows ſtrong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they delt;
Which more than they th' engag'ed *Spectators* felt.
In *Ammon* force, in *Jonathan* addreſs,
(Though both were great in both to an exceſs)
To the well-judging Eye did moſt appear;
Honour, and *Anger* in both *equal* were.
Two wounds our *Prince* receiv'ed, and *Ammon* three;
Which he enrag'ed to feel, and 'ſham'd to ſee,
Did his whole ſtrength into one blow collect;
And as a Spani'el when we our aim direct
To ſhoot ſome *Bird*, impatiently ſtands by
Shaking his tail, ready with joy to fly:

Juſt

Juſt as it drops, upon the wounded prey;
So waited *Death* it ſelf to bear away
The threatned *Life*; did glad and greedy ſtand
At ſight of mighty *Ammons* lifted hand.
Our watchful *Prince* by bending ſav'd the wound,
But *Death* in other coyn his *reck'ning* found:
For whilſt th'*immod'erate* ſtrokes miſcarry'ing force
Had almoſt born the ſtriker from his horſe,
A nimble thruſt his active En'emy made,
'Twixt his right ribs deep pierce'd the furious blade,
And opened wide thoſe *ſecret veſſels*, where
37 *Life*'s *Light* goes out, when firſt they let in *aire*.
He falls, his Armour clanks againſt the ground,
From his faint tongue *imperfect curſes* ſound.
His amaz'd Troops ſtraihgt caſt their arms away;
Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more ſwift than *they*.
As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom rage
And thirſt of *Empire* in fierce wars engage,
Whilſt each lays claim to th' *Garden* as his owne,
And ſeeks t'uſurp the bord'ring flowers alone)
Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth to fight,
In th'aires wide plain diſpute their doubtful right.
If by ſad chance of battel either *King*
Fall wounded down, ſtrooke with ſome fatal ſting,
His Armies hopes and courage with him dy;
They ſheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed fly.
On th'other ſide at once with like ſucceſs
Into the Camp, great *Saul* and *Abner* preſs,
From *Jon'athans* part a wild mixt noiſe they hear,
And whatſoere it mean long to be there,
At the ſame inſtant from glad *Jabes* Town,
The haſty Troops march loud and chearful down.
Some few at firſt with vain reſiſtance fall,
The reſt is *Slaughter*, and *vaſt Conqueſt* all.
The fate by which our *Hoſt* thus far had gon,
Our *Hoſt* with noble heat drove farther on.
Victorious arms through *Ammons* land it bore;
Ruine behind, and *Terror* marcht before.
Where ere from *Rabba*'s towers they caſt their ſight,
Smoak clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the *Night*.
This bright ſucceſs did *Sauls* firſt action bring,
The *Oyl*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* leſs *crown'd* him King.
The *Happy* all men judge for Empire fit,
And none withſtands where *Fortune* does ſubmit.
Thoſe who before did Gods fair choice withſtand, 1 Sam. 11. 12.
Th'*exceſſive vulgar* now to death demand.
But wiſer *Saul* repeal'd their haſty doom; Verſ. 13.
Conqueſt abroad, with *Mercy* crown'd at home.
Nor ſtain'd with civil ſlaughter that days pride,
Which foreign blood in *nobler purple* dy'd.

Verſ. 15. Again the Crown th'aſſembled people give,
With greater joy than *Saul* could it receive.

1 Sam. 12. 1. Again, th'old *Judge* reſigns his ſacred place,
God *Glorifi'd* with wonders his diſgrace.
With decent pride, ſuch as did well befit
The *Name* he *kept*, and that which he did *quit*.
The long-paſt row of happy years he ſhow'd,
Which to his heav'nly Government they ow'd.
How the torn ſtate his juſt and prudent raign
Reſtor'd to *Order*, *Plenty*, *Power* again.
In War what conqu'ering *Miracles* he wrought;
God, then their *King*, was *Gen'eral* when they fought,
Whom they *depos'd* with *him*. And that (ſaid he)
You may ſee *God* concern'd in't more than *Me*,
Behold how ſtorms his angry preſence ſhrowd,
Hark how his wrath in thunder threats alowd.
'Twas now the ripen'd *Summers* higheſt rage,
Which no faint cloud durſt mediate to' aſſwage.
Th' *Earth* hot with *Thirſt*, and hot with *Luſt* for *Rain*,
Gap'd, and breath'd feeble vapours up in vain,
Which ſtraight were ſcatter'd, or devour'd by th'Sun;
When, Lo, ere ſcarce the *Active Speech* was done,
A vi'olent *Wind* roſe from his *ſecret Cave*,
And troops of frighted Clouds before it drave.
Whilſt with rude haſte the confus'd *Tempeſt* crouds,
Swift dreadful flame ſhot through th'encountring clouds,
From whoſe torn womb th'impriſon'd *Thunder* broke,
And in dire ſounds the *Prophets* ſenſe it ſpoke.
Such an impet'uous ſhower it downwards ſent,
As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*
Were all let looſe; *Horrour* and fearful noiſe
Fill'd the black *Scene*; till the great *Prophets* voice
Swift as the wings of *Morn*, reduc'd the Day;
Wind, *Thunder*, *Rain* and *Clouds* fled all at once away.

1 Sam. 12. 20. Fear not (ſaid he) *God* his fierce wrath removes,
And though this *State* my ſervice diſapproves,
My *Prayers* ſhall ſerve it conſtantly: No more,
I hope a pardon, for paſt ſins t'implore,
But juſt rewards from gracious heav'en to bring
On the good deeds of you, and of *our King*.
Behold him there! and as you ſee, rejoyce
In the kind care of *Gods* impartial choice.
Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength and Wit!
The *Honour* heav'en has cloath'd him with, ſits *fit*
And comely on him; ſince you needs muſt be
Rul'd by a *King*, you'are happy that 'tis *He*.
Obey him gladly, and let him too know
You were not made for him but he for *You*,
And both for *God*.

Whoſe

Whoſe gentleſt yoke if once you caſt away,
In vain ſhall *he* command, and *you* obey.
To foreign *Tyrants* both ſhall *ſlaves* become, Ib. v. 25.
Inſtead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home.
The *Crown* thus ſeveral ways confirm'd to *Saul*,
One way was wanting yet to *crown* them all;
And that was Force, which only can maintain
The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *worth* does gain.
Three thouſand *Guards* of big, bold men he took; 1 Sam. 13. 2.
Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'en with their *Look*;
His ſacred perſon two and throne defend,
The third on matchleſs *Jonathan* attend.
O're whoſe full thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful Heat,
Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great. Ib. 3.
On *Geba* firſt, where a *Philiſtian* band
Lies, and around torments the *fetter'd land*,
He falls, and ſlaughters all; his noble rage
Mixt with *Deſign* his Nation to engage
In that juſt war, which from them long in vain,
Honour and *Freedoms* voice had ſtrove t'obtain. Ib. v. 5.
Th'accurſt *Philiſtian* rows'd with this bold blow,
All the proud marks of *enrag'd Power* does ſhow.
Raiſes a vaſt, well-arm'd, and glittering Hoſt,
If humane ſtrength might authorize a boaſt,
Their threats had reaſon here; for ne're did we
Our ſelves ſo weak, our foe ſo potent ſee.
Here we vaſt bodies of their *Foot* eſpy,
The *Rear* out-reaches far th' *extended Eye*.
Like fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons ſtand;
As thick and numberleſs they hide the land.
Here with ſharp neighs the warlike *Horſes* ſound;
38 And with proud prancings beat the putrid ground.
39 Here with worſe noiſe three thouſand *Chariots* paſs
With plates of Iron bound, or louder Braſs.
About it forks, Axes, and Sithes, and Spears,
Whoſe *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.
Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,
And with lopt panting limbs the field beſtrows. Ib. v. 5. Verſ. 7.
Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* dy;
Neither can *they reſiſt*, nor can *theſe fly*.
In this proud equipage at *Macmas* they;
Saul in much different ſtate at *Gilgal* lay.
His forces ſeem'd no *Army*, but a *Crowd*,
Heartleſs, unarm'd, diſorderly, and lowd.
The quick *Contagion Fear* ran ſwift through all,
And into trembling *Fits* th'infected fall.
Saul, and his *Son* (for no ſuch faint *Diſeaſe*
Could on their ſtrong-complexion'd *Valour* ſeiſe)
In vain all parts of virtuous *Conduct* ſhow'd,
And on *deaf Terror* gen'erous words beſtow'd.

Thouſands from thence fly ſcattered ev'ery day;
Thick as the Leaves that ſhake and drop away,
When they th'approach of ſtormy *Winter* find
The noble *Tree* all bare expos'd to th' *Wind*.
Some to ſad *Jordan* fly, and ſwim't for haſt,
And from his farther bank look back at laſt.
Some into Woods and Caves their Cattel drive,
There with their *Beaſts* on *equal* tearms they live,
Nor deſerve *better*; ſome in Rocks on high,
The old retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens* ly.
And were they wing'd like them, ſcarce would they dare
To ſtay, or truſt their frighted ſafety there.
As th'Hoſt with fear, ſo *Saul* diſturb'd with care,
Ps. 8. T'avert theſe ills by *Sacrifice* and *Prayer*,
And *Gods* bleſt will t'enquire, for *Samuel* ſends;
Whom he ſix days with troubled haſt attends.
But ere the ſeventh unlucky day (the laſt
By *Samuel* ſet for this great work) was paſt,
Saul (alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring foe,
Impatient ere Gods time Gods mind to know,
'Sham'd and enrag'd to ſee his Troops decay,
Jealous of an affront in *Samuels* ſtay,
Scorning that any's preſence ſhould appear
Needful beſides when *He himſelf* was there;
And with a pride too nat'ural thinking Heaven
Had given him *All*, becauſe *much Power* 'thad giv'en)
Himſelf the *Sacrifice* and *Offrings* made,
40 Himſelf did th'high *ſelected charge* invade,
Himſelf inquir'd of *God*; who then ſpake nought;
But *Samuel* ſtraight his dreadful anſwer brought.
For ſtraight he came, and with a *Virtue bold*,
As was *Sauls ſin*, the fatal Meſſage told.
His foul *Ingratitude* to heav'en he chid,
To pluck that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*
To Kingly power in all that plenteous land,
Where all things elſe ſubmit to his command.
And as fair *Edens* violated *Tree*,
To'*Immortal Man* brought in *Mortalitie*:
So ſhall that *Crown*, which God eternal meant,
From thee (ſaid he) and thy great houſe be rent,
1 Sam. 13. 14. Thy Crime ſhall *Death* to all thine *Honours* ſend,
And give thy' *Immortal Royalty* an *End*.
Thus ſpoke the *Prophet*, but kind heav'en (we hope)
(Whoſe threats and anger know no other ſcope
But *Mans Amendment*) does long ſince relent,
And with *Repentant Saul* it ſelf *Repent*.
Howere (though none more pray for this than we
Whoſe wrongs and ſufferings might ſome colour be
To do it *leſs*) this ſpeech we ſadly find
Still extant, and ſtill active in his Mind.

But

But then a worſe effect of it appear'd;
Our *Army* which before *Modeſtly* fear'd,
Which did by ſtealth and by degrees decay,
Disbanded now, and fled in troops away,
Baſe *Fear* ſo bold and impudent does grow,
When an excuſe and colour it can ſhow.
Six hundred only (ſcarce a *Princely train*) 1 Sam.
Of all his Hoſt with diſtreſt *Saul* remain, 13. 15.
Of his whole Hoſt ſix hundred; and ev'en thoſe
41 (So did wiſe Heaven for mighty ends diſpoſe,
Nor would that uſeleſs *Multitudes* ſhould ſhare
In that great *Gift* it did for *One* prepare)
Arm'd not like *Souldiers* marching in a War,
But Country-*Hinds* alarmed from afar
By *Wolves* loud hunger, when the well-known ſound Ib. v. 19,
Raiſes th' affrighted Villages around. 20, 21.
Some Goads, Flails, Plow-ſhares, Forks, or Axes bore,
Made for *Lifes* uſe and better ends before;
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
42 I'th'fire, the firſt rude arts that *Malice* try'd,
E're Man the ſins of too much *Knowledge* knew,
And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.
Such were the *Numbers*, ſuch the *Arms* which we
Had by fate left us for a *Victorie*
O're *well arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear
Uſeful it ſelf, when *Jonathan* was there.
'Twas juſt the time when the new *Ebb* of *Night*
Did the moiſt world unvail to humane ſight.
The *Prince*, who all that night the field had beat
With a ſmall party, and no en'emy met
(So proud and ſo ſecure the en'emy lay,
And drencht in *ſleep* th'exceſſes of the *day*)
With joy this good occaſion did embrace,
With better leiſure, and at nearer ſpace,
The ſtrength and order of their Camp to view;
Abdon alone his gen'erous purpoſe knew;
Abdon a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,
Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,
Abdon his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,
And oft with grief his worth in dangers prov'd.
Abdon, whoſe love to his *Maſter* did exceed
What *Natures*, *Law*, or *Paſſions Power* could breed;
Abdon alone did on him now attend;
His humbleſt *Servant*, and his deareſt *Friend*. 1 Sam.
They went, but ſacred fury as they went, 14. 1.
Chang'd ſwiftly. and *exalted* his intent.
What may this be (the *Prince* breaks forth) I find,
God or ſome powerful *Spirit* invades my mind.
From ought but *Heaven* can never ſure be brought
So high, ſo gorious, and ſo vaſt a thought.

Nor

Nor would *ill Fate* that meant me to ſurpriſe,
Come cloath'd in ſo unlikely a *Diſguiſe*.
Yon *Hoſt*, which its proud *Fiſhes* ſpreads ſo wide,
O're the whole Land, like ſome ſwoln *Rivers Tyde*,
Which terrible and numberleſs appears,
43 As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears,
Which lies ſo ſtrongly encampt, that one would ſay
The *Hill* might be remov'd as ſoon as *they*,
We two alone muſt *fight* with and *defeat*;
Thou'rt ſtrook, and ſtarteſt at a *ſound* ſo great,
Yet we muſt do't; God our weak hands has choſe
T'aſhame the boaſted numbers of our Foes,
Which to his ſtrength no more proportion'd be,
Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternitie*.
If when their careleſs *Guards* eſpy us here,
With ſportful ſcorn they call to us to come neer,
1 Sam. 14. 9. We'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;
Not *They*, but *Iſraels Angel* gives the call.
44 He ſpoke, and as he ſpoke, a *Light* divine
Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* ſhine,
Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd;
Leſs ſeem'd the num'erous *Army* to be fear'd.
This ſaw, and heard with joy the brave *Eſquire*,
As he with *Gods*, fill'd with his *Maſters fire*.
1 Sam. 14. 7. Forbid it Heav'en (ſaid he) I ſhould decline,
Or wiſh (Sir) not to make *your* danger *mine*.
The great *Example* which I daily ſee
Of your high worth is not ſo loſt on me;
If wonder-ſtrook I at your words appear,
My wonder yet is *Innocent* of *Fear*.
Th' *Honour* which does your Princely breaſt *enflame*,
Warms mine too, and joins there with *Duties Name*.
If in this Act *ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,
May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.
But ſure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring
So high thoughts from a leſs exalted *Spring*.
Bright ſigns through all your words and looks are ſpread,
A riſing *Victory* dawns around your head.
With ſuch diſcourſe blowing their ſacred flame,
Lo to the fatal place and work they came.
Strongly encampt on a ſteep *Hills* large head,
Like ſome vaſt wood the mighty *Hoſt* was ſpread.
Ib. v. 4. Th' only 'acceſs on neighb'ring *Gabaa*'s ſide,
An hard and narrow way which did divide
Two cliffy *Rocks*, *Boſes* and *Senes* nam'd,
Much for themſelves, and their big *ſtrangeneſs* fam'd,
More for their *Fortune*, and this *ſtranger* day;
On both their points *Philiſtian* out-guards lay;
From whence the two bold *Spies* they firſt eſpy'd;
And, lo! the *Hebrews!* proud *Elcanor* cry'd;

From

From *Senes* top; *Lo*; from their hungry Caves
A quicker Fate here ſends them to their graves.
Come up (aloud he crys to them below)
Ye' *Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe
The rebel lives long ſince to' our *Juſtice* due;
Scarce from his lips the *fatal Omen* flew,
When th'inſpir'd Prince did nimbly *underſtand*
God, and his *God-like Virtues* high command.
It call'd him up, and up the ſteep aſcent
With *pain* and *labour*, *haſt* and *joy* they went.
Elcanor laught to ſee them climb, and thought
His mighty words th' affrighted *Suppliants* brought,
Did new affronts to the great *Hebrew Name*,
(The barbarous!) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.
Short was his ſport; for ſwift as *Thunders* ſtroke
Rives the frail Trunk of ſome heav'en-threatning *Oak*,
The Princes Sword did his proud head divide;
The parted Scull hung down on either ſide.
Juſt as he fell, his vengeful Steel he drew
Half way; no more the trembling *Joynts* could do,
Which *Abdon* ſnatcht, and dy'd it in the blood
Of an *amazed wretch* that next him ſtood.
Some cloſe to earth ſhaking and grove'ling ly,
Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* ſpy.
Some wonder ſtrook ſtand fixt; ſome fly, ſome arm
Wildly, at th' *unintelligible Alarm.*
45 Like the main *Chanel* of an high-ſwoln *Flood*,
In vain by *Dikes* and broken *works* withſtood:
So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th'oppoſing hill,
Does all around with noiſe and ruine fill.
Like ſome large *Arm* of which another way
Abdon o'reflows; him too no *bank* can ſtay.
With cryes th' affrighted *Country* flies before,
Behind the following *waters* lowdly roar. 1 Sam. 14. 14.
Twenty at leaſt ſlain on this out-guard ly,
To th'adjoyn'd Camp the reſt diſtracted fly,
And *ill mixt wonders* tell, and into't bear
Blind terrour, *deaf diſorder*, *helpleſs fear.*
The *Conqu'erors* too preſs boldly in behind,
Doubling the wild confuſions which they find.
Hamgar at firſt, the Prince of *Aſhdod* Town, 1 Sam. 6. 4.
46 Chief'mongſt the *Five* in riches and renown,
And *General* then by courſe oppos'd their way,
Till drown'd in Death at *Jonathans* feet he lay,
And curſt the *Heavens* for rage, and bit the ground;
47 His *Life* for ever ſpilt *ſtain'd* all the graſs around.
His *Brother* too, who vertuous haſt did make
His fortune to *revenge*, or to *partake*,
Falls grove'ling o're his trunk, on mother earth;
Death mixt no leſs their *Bloods* than did their *birth.*

Mean

Mean while the well-pleas'd *Abdons* reſtleſs Sword
Diſpatcht the following train t'attend their *Lord.*
On ſtill o're panting Corps great *Jonathan* led;
Hundreds before him *fell*, and *Thouſands fled.*
Prodigious Prince! which does moſt wondrous ſhow,
Thy' *Attempt*, or thy *Succeſs!* thy *Fate* or *Thou!*
Who durſt alone that dreadful Hoſt aſſail,
With purpoſe not to *Dye*, but to *Prevail!*
Infinite Numbers thee no more affright,
Than *God*, whoſe *Unity* is *Infinite.*
If Heav'en men ſuch mighty thoughts would give,
What *Breaſt* but thine capacious to receive
The vaſt *Infuſion?* or what *Soul* but *Thine*
Durſt have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine?*
Thou follow'dſt Heaven in the *Deſign*, and we
Find in the *Act* 'twas *Heav'en* that follow'd *Thee.*
1 Sam. 14. 15. Thou ledſt on *Angels*, and that ſacred Band
(The *De'ities* great *Lieutenant*) didſt command.
'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I ſay
Angels themſelves fought under him that day.
Clouds with ripe *Thunder* charg'd ſome thither drew,
And ſome the dire *Materials* brought for new.
48 Hot drops of *Southern Showers* (the *ſweats of Death*)
The voice of *ſtorms* and winged *whirl-winds* breath:
The flames ſhot forth from fighting *Dragons* Eyes,
The ſmookes that from ſcorcht *Fevers Ovens* riſe,
The reddeſt fires with which ſad *Comets* glow;
And *Sodoms* neighb'ring *Lake* did ſpir'its beſtow
Of fineſt *ſulphur*; amongſt which they put
Wrath, *Fury*, *Horror*, and all mingled ſhut
Into a cold moiſt *Cloud*, t'enflame it more;
And make th'enraged *Priſoner* louder roar.
Th'aſſembled *Clouds* burſt o're their Armies head;
Noiſe, Darkneſs, diſmal Lightnings round them ſpread.
Another *Spir'it* with a more potent Wand
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moſes* hand,
And went the way that pleas'd, the *Mountain* ſtrook;
The *Mountain* felt it; the vaſt *Mountain* ſhook.
Through the wide aire another *Angel* flew
About their Hoſt, and thick amongſt them threw
Diſcord, Deſpair, Confuſion, Fear, Miſtake;
And all th' *Ingredients* that ſwift ruine make.
The fertile glebe requires no time to breed;
It quickens and receives at once the *ſeed.*
One would have thought, this diſmal day to' have ſeen,
That *Natures* ſelf in her *Death-pangs* had been.
Such will the face of that great hour appear;
Such the diſtracted *Sinners* conſcious fear.
In vain ſome few ſtrive the wild flight to ſtay;
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray;

Unheard,

Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they ly,
Beneath the wretched feet of crouds that fly.
O're their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Horſe.
The guideleſs *Chariots* with impet'uous courſe
Cut wide through both; and all their bloody way
Horſes, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay.
Some from the Rocks caſt themſelves down headlong;
The faint weak *Paſſion* grows ſo bold and ſtrong.
To almoſt certain preſent *death* they fly
From a remote and cauſeleſs fear to *dy*.
Much diffe'rent error did ſome troops poſſeſs; 1 Sam. 14. 20.
And *Madneſs* that lookt better, though no leſs.
Their fellow troops for th' entred foe they take,
And *Iſra'els* war with mutual ſlaughter make.
Mean while the King from *Gabaas* hill did view, Ib. v. 16.
And hear the thickning *Tumult* as it grew
Still great and loud; and though he knows not why
They fled, no more than they themſelves that fly;
Yet by the ſtorms and terrors of the air,
Gueſſes ſome vengeful *Sp'irits* working there;
Obeys the loud occaſions ſacred call,
And fiercely on the trembling Hoſt does fall. Ib. 21.
At the ſame time their *Slaves* and *Priſoners* riſe
Nor does their much-wiſht *Liberty* ſuffice
Without *Revenge*; the ſcatter'd arms they ſeiſe,
And their proud vengeance with the *memory* pleaſe
Of who ſo lately bore them; All about Ib. v. 22.
From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* iſſue out
At the glad noiſe; joy'd that their foes had ſhown
A fear that drowns the ſcandal of *their own*.
Still did the Prince midſt all this ſtorm appeare,
Still ſcattered *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.
Still did he break, ſtill blunt his wearied Swords;
Still ſlaughter new ſupplies to his hand affords.
Where troops yet ſtood, there ſtill he hotly flew,
And till at laſt all fled, ſcorn'd to *purſue*.
All fled at laſt, but many in vain; for ſtill
Th' inſatiate *Conqu'eror* was more ſwift to kill
Than they to ſave their Lives. Till, lo! at laſt,
Nature, whoſe power he had ſo long ſurpaſt,
Would yield no more, but to him ſtronger foes,
Drought, faintneſs, and fierce Hunger did oppoſe.
Reaking all o're in duſt, and blood, and ſweat,
Burnt with the *Sun* and *violent actions* heat,
'Gainſt an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he ſtaid,
For ſome ſhort eaſe; *Fate* in th' old Oak had laid
Proviſions up for his relief; and Lo! 1 Sam. 14. 27.
The hollow trunk did with bright *Honey* flow.
With timely food his decay'd Spirits recruit;
Strong he returns, and freſh to the purſuit,

His ſtrength and ſp'irits the Honey did reſtore;
But, oh, the *bitter-ſweet* ſtrange *poiſon* bore!
Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'erous fate*,
That does ſo cloſe on humane glories wait!
Behold the ſtrong, and yet *fantaſtick Net*
T' enſnare triumphant *Virtue* darkly ſet!
Could it before (ſcarce can it ſince) be thought,
The *Prince* who had alone that morning fought
A *Duel* with an *Hoſt*, had th' *Hoſt* orethrowne,
And threeſcore thouſand hands diſarm'd with *One*;
Waſht off his Countries ſhame, and doubly dyde
In *Blood* and *Bluſhes* the *Philiſtian* pride,
Had ſav'ed and fixt his *Fathers* tott'ering Crown,
And the bright *Gold* new *burniſht* with renown,
Should be e're night by's *King* and *Fathers* breath,
Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to death?
Deſtin'ed the bloody *Sacrifice* to be
Of *Thanks Himſelf* for his own *Victory*?
Alone with various fate like to become,
1 Sam. 14. 24. *Fighting*, an *Hoſt*, *Dying*, an *Hecatombe*?
Yet ſuch, Sir, was his caſe.
For *Saul*, who fear'd leſt the full plenty might
(In the abandon'ed Camp expos'd to fight)
His hungry men from the purſuit diſſwade;
A raſh, but ſolemn vow to Heav'en had made.
Curſt be the wretch, thrice curſed let him be
Who ſhall touch food this buſie day (ſaid he)
Whil'ſt the bleſt Sun does with his favo'ring light
Aſſiſt our vengeful Swords againſt their flight.
Be he thrice curſt; and if his Life we ſpare,
On *us* thoſe *Curſes* fall that *he* ſhould bear.
Such was the *Kings* raſh vow; who little thought
How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.
The *two-edg'd Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd or broke;
Ev'en *Perjury* its leaſt and blunteſt ſtroke.
'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'ed,
His own victorious *Son* that he devov'ed;
On whoſe bright head the baleful *Curſes* light;
But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the fight,
Forbids their entrance or their ſetling there;
49 They with *brute* ſound diſſolv'ed into the ayre.
Him what *Religion*, or what *vow* could bind,
Unknown, unheard of, till he' his Life did find
Entangled in't? whilſt *wonders* he did do
Muſt he dye now for not be'ing *Prophet* too?
To all but him this *Oath* was meant and ſaid;
He afar off, the *ends* for which 'twas made
Was acting then, till faint and out of breath,
He grew half *dead* with toil of giving *death*.

What

What could his Crime in this condition be,
Excus'ed by *Ign'orance* and *Neceſſitie?*
Yet the remorſeleſs *King*, who did diſdain
That man ſhould hear him ſwear or threat in vain,
Though 'gainſt *himſelf*; or *fate* a way ſhould ſee
By which attaqu'ed and conquer'd he might be:
Who thought *Compaſſion*, female *weakneſs* here,
And *Equity Injuſtice* would appeare
In his own *Cauſe*; who falſely fear'd beſide,
The ſolemn Curſe on *Jon'athan* did abide,
And the infected *Limb* not cut away,
Would like a *Gangrene* o're all *Iſrael* ſtray;
Prepar'ed this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;
And his *raſh* vow more *raſhly* to *fulfill.*
What tongue can th' horror and amazement tell,
Which on all *Iſrael* that ſad moment fell?
Tamer had been their grief, fewer their tears,
Had the *Philiſtian* fate that day been theirs.
Not *Sauls* proud heart could maſter his ſworn Ey;
The *Prince* alone ſtood mild and patient by,
So bright his ſufferings, ſo triumphant ſhow'd;
Leſs to the *beſt* than *worſt* of fates he ow'ed.
A victory now he o're *himſelf* might boaſt;
He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'eror* of an *Hoſt.*
It charm'd *through tears* the ſad Spectators ſight,
Did reverence, love, and gratitude excite,
And pious rage, with which inſpir'ed they now
Oppoſe to *Sauls* a better publick *Vow.*
They all conſent all *Iſrael* ought to be
Accurſt and kill'd themſelves rather than *He.*
Thus with kind force they the glad King withſtood, 1 Sam. 14.
And ſav'ed their *wonderous Saviours* ſacred blood. 45.
Thus *David* ſpake; and much did yet remain
Behind, th'attentive *Prince* to entertain, Ib. v. 47.
Edom and *Zoba*'s War, for what befel
In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.
The boundleſs quarrel with curſt *Am'aleks* land; 1 Sam. 15.
Where *Heav'en* it ſelf did *Cruelty* command 3.
And practis'ed on *Sauls Mercy*, nor did e're Ib. 23.
More puniſh *Inno'cent Blood* than *Pity* there.
But Lo! they 'arrived now at th'appointed place;
Well-choſen and well furniſht for the Chaſe.

NOTES
UPON THE
FOURTH BOOK.

1 THat is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun it ſelf* (which Worſhip is moſt notorious to have been uſed all over the Eaſt) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image* of the *Sun* ſtanding upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a ſirname, from a particular place of his worſhip. To which I meet with the oppoſition of a great perſon, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter*, or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris Synt. j. c.* 5.) building it upon the authority of the 105. (according to our Engliſh Tranſlation the 106.) Pſal. v. 20. *They joined themſelves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which Sacrifices he underſtands to be *Juſta*, or *Inferias*, *Offerings* in memory of the *Dead*. *Novendiales ferias*. But why by the name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? the Sacrifices of *Idols*? It being uſual for the *Jews* to give Names of reproach and contempt to the Heathen *Gods*, as this very *Baal-Peor* they called *Chemos*, Jer. 48. 7. and 13. &c. that is, *Blindneſs*, in contradiction to his *Idolaters*, who called him the *Eye* of the World? or perhaps they are called Sacrifices of the *Dead*, in regard of the immolation of men to him; for *Baal* is the ſame *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had ſometimes, though not ſo conſtantly, humane *Sacrifices*. However theſe verſes will agree as well with Mr. *Seldens* interpretation; for then the ſence of them will be, that he bow'd firſt to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another Deity of that Country.

2 *Zerith*, a place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*.

3 *White Horſes* were moſt in eſteem among the Ancients; ſuch were thoſe conſecrated to the *Sun*. *Herodian* calls them Διὸς ἵπποι, *Jupiters Horſes*, which is the ſame. This was the reaſon that *Camillus* contracted ſo much Envy for riding in Triumphs with *white Horſes*, as a thing *Inſolent* and *Prophane*, *Maximè conſpectus ipſe eſt, curru equis albis juncto urbem invectus, parumq; id non civile modò ſed humanum etiam viſum, Jovis Soliſq; equis æquiparatum Dictatorem*

rem in Religionem etiam trahebant. Liv. Horace,

Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.

Ovid. de Art. Am.

Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.

Virg. 12. *Jungit equos, gaudétq; tuens ante ora frementes*
Qui candore Nives anteirent curſibus auras.

In which he imitates *Homer.*

Λευκότερσι χίονος, θείην δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὁμοίοι.

4 *Their ſide.* Scal. l. 5. Poet. ſays, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their *Shoulders*; others by their *Sides*: which he collects out of ſome places in *Virg.* 1. *Æn.* of *Diana*,

—— Illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſq; Deas ſupereminet omnes.

Æn. 4. of Apollo. *Tela ſonant humeris.*

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*, *Succinctam pharetrâ* ——

Yet I am afraid the obſervation is not ſolid; for Æn. 5. ſpeaking of the Troop of *Aſcanius* and the Boys, he hath,

Pars leves humero pharetras.

However *Side* is a ſafe word.

5 Θεοείκελος, Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a beautiful perſon.

6 *Nebo* was a part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the Land of *Moab*, but not only that Hill, but the Country about and a City, was called ſo too, *Jer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 32. 49.

7 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul anſwered and ſaid, Am not I a Benjamite, of the ſmalleſt of the Tribes of Iſrael? and my family the leaſt of all the families of the Tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then ſpeakeſt thou ſo to me?*

8 Joſh. 4. 14. *From the wilderneſs and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the Land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, ſhall be your coaſt.* This was fulfilled all ways but Eaſtward, for their Dominion never reacht to *Euphrates*; and it was but juſt fulfilled to the Letter, Weſtward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Weſtern Main.* Their own ſins were the cauſe, which made God preſerve for thorns in their ſides thoſe Nations which he had conditionally promiſed to root out. It is true, they went Eaſtward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odd Number in accounts (as preſently, where I ſay but *Thirty Kings*) may be left out. *Jordan* is the moſt noble and notorious *Boundary.*

9 For all the wickedneſſes and diſorders that we read of during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a *King. And in thoſe days there was no King in Iſrael.*

10 For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almoſt extirpated, from whence *Saul* the firſt King deſcended. *David* ſays, *Kings*, as ſeeming to ſuppoſe that *Sauls Sons* were to ſucceed him.

11 In *Eli*, who deſcended from *Ithamar*, the youngeſt Son of *Aaron*, till which time the High Prieſthood had continued in *Eleazar* the elder Brothers Race. This was the ſucceſſion, *Aaron*, *Eleazar*, *Phineas*, *Abiſua*, *Bukki*, *Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger houſe came in. In which it continued till *Solomons* time. The

12 The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magiſtrates*, as in the famous Propheſie, *Gen.* 49. 10. *The Scepter ſhall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his feet till the Shilo come.*

13 There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more ſeveral opinions than the time of *Saul* and *Samuels* reign. This I will take in the firſt place for granted, that the 40 years aſſigned by S. *Paul* (Act. 13. 20.) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuels Judicature*; for elſe there would be found more than 480 years from the departure out of *Egypt*, to the building of *Solomons Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young man when he was *elected*; beſides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is ſaid to ſlay *Goliah*. We are therefore to ſeek how to divide thoſe 40 years between *Samuel* and *Saul*. *Joſephus* gives *Saul* 38 years, 18 with *Samuel*, and 20 after his death. Moſt *Chronologers* (ſays *Sulpit. Severus*) 30. *Ruffin.* and divers others 20, to wit, 18 with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; for the Ark was carried to *Cariath-jearim* before *Sauls* reign, and at the end of 20 years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jeruſalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* 18 years, *Calviſius* 15, *Petavius* 12. ſome 11. *Bucolcer* 10. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two years, and theſe conſiderable Authors, as *Arias Montan. Mercator*, *Adricom*, &c. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, 1 Sam. 31. 1. *Filius unius anni erat Saul, cùm regnare cœpiſſet, & duobus annis regnavit ſuper Iſrael*, which others underſtand to be three years, to wit, two after the firſt. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum ſpacio tenuit imperium*; which opinion ſeems to me extreamly improbable. 1. Becauſe we cannot well croud all *Sauls* actions into ſo ſmall a time. 2. Becauſe *David* muſt then have been about 29 years old when he ſlew *Goliah*; for he began to reign at *Hebron* at 30. 3. Becauſe it is hard, if that be true, to make up the 20 years that the Ark abode at *Cariath-jearim*. 4. The Text whereon this is built, doth not import it; for it ſignifies no more, than that he had reigned one year before his confirmation at *Gilgal*, and two when he choſe himſelf *Guards*. Our Tranſlation hath, *Saul reigned one year; and when he had reigned two years over Iſrael, he choſe him* 3000 *men*, &c. To determine punctually how long he reigned, is impoſſible; but I ſhould gueſs about 10 *years*, which his actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above 20 years old (a fit age) when he defeated the *Gyant*, and the 20 years of the Arks abiding at *Cariath-jearim* will be handſomely made up, to wit, three years before *Sauls* anointing, and 10 during his Government, and ſeven while *David* was *King* at *Hebron*. So that of the 40 aſſigned by the *Apoſtle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain 30 years for the Government of *Samuel*.

14 For firſt, the *Iſraelites* knew they were to be governed at laſt by *Kings*. And ſecondly, they deſired it by reaſon of the great diſorders and afflictions which they ſuffered for want of it; and it is plain, that this is not the firſt time that they thought of this remedy; for they would have choſen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually chuſe *Abimelech*. See

15 See *Moſes* his Propheſie of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham* *God* himſelf ſays, *Gen.* 17. 6. *And Kings ſhall come out of thee.*

16 It is a vile opinion of thoſe men, and might be puniſhed without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *right* of *Kings* is ſet down by *Samuel* in this place. Neither did the people of *Iſrael* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the aſſumption of ſuch a power, as appears by the ſtory of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exerciſe it, but that is no more a proof of the *Right*, than their *Practice* was of the *Lawfulneſs* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyſes* had a mind to marry his *Siſter*, he adviſed with the *Magi*, whether the *Laws* did allow it; who anſwered, that they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Perſia* to do what he would. If this had been the caſe with the Kings of *Iſrael*, to what purpoſe were they enjoined ſo ſtrictly the perpetual reading, peruſing, and obſerving of the Law (*Deut.* 17.) if they had another *particular Law* that exempted them from being bound to it?

17 The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in ſuch reverence among the Jews, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκφώνητον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai*; the reaſon of the peculiar *Sanctity* of this *Name*, is, becauſe other names of God were appliable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes; but this name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai*, (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce it) was not participated to any other thing. Wherefore *God* ſays, *Exod.* 3. 16. *This is my name for ever, and this is my memorial to all generations.* And *Exod.* 6. 3. *But by my name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* *Joſephus* calls this *Tetragrammaton*, Τὰ ἱερὰ γράμματα, The *Sacred Letters*; and Μυστηρίων ἔνδον ἃ οὐκ ἐμοὶ θέμις εἰπεῖν, A name of which it is not *Lawful* for me to ſpeak; and again, Τὸ φοβερὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, The *Dreadful Name* of *God*. Stat.

Triplicis mundi ſummum, quem Scire Nefaſtum eſt.
Whoſe Name it is not lawful to know.

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* uſed him and his fellow *Ambaſſadors* from the *Jews*. You (ſaid *Caligula* to them) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge *me* to be *One*, who am received for ſuch by all the reſt of the world: but by the God that you dare not name (τὸν ἀκατονόμαστον ὑμῖν) and then lifting up his hands to heaven, he ſpoke out the *Word*, which it is not *lawful* ſo much as to *hear*, &c. And the *Heathens* had ſomething like this cuſtom; for the *Romans* kept ſecret the name of the *Tutelar God of their City*; leſt the enemies, if they knew how to call him right, might by charms draw him away. And in their ſolemn *Evocation* of *Gods* from the Cities which they beſieged, for fear leſt they ſhould miſtake the *Deities proper name*, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris.*

18 The *Tabernacle*, Exod. 39. 9. *And thou ſhalt take the anointing oyl, and anoint the Tabernacle, and all that is therein; and ſhalt hallow it, and the veſſels therein; and it ſhall be holy.*

The

19 The *Bells* upon the High-Prieſts Garments, *Exodus* 38. 25.

20 There want not Authors, and thoſe no ſlight ones, who maintain that *Samuel* was High-Prieſt as well as *Judge*; as S *Auguſtine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who ſays, *Admodum ſenex ſacerdotio functus refertur.* And ſome make him to have ſucceeded *Eli*, others *Achitob.* But there is a manifeſt error, for he was not ſo much as a *Prieſt*, but only a *Levite*; of the Race of *Iſahar*, the younger Brother of *Amram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all the ſucceſſion of *Prieſts*, 1 Chronic. 6. It will be therefore askt, Why I make him here perform the office of the *High-Prieſt*, and dreſs him in the *Pontifical Habits?* For the firſt, it is plain by the ſtory that he did often do the duty of the *High-Prieſt*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to ſtay for his coming to celebrate the *Sacrifice*, &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exerciſe the *Function*; nay I believe the Function could not be well exerciſed without the Habit. I ſay therefore with *Petavius*, *L.* 10. *de Doctr. Tempor.* That he was conſtituted of God, *High-Prieſt Extraordinary*, and lookt upon as ſuch by reaſon of the extraordinary viſible marks of *Sanctity*, *Propheſie*, and *Miracles*, without which ſingular teſtimonies from God we know that in latter times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High-Prieſts Office*, as *Annas* and *Caiphas.*

21 *Well cut Diadem: i.* The Plate of pure Gold tyed upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, *Holineſs to the Lord*, Exod. 28.36. and Exod. 39.

22 The *Breaſt-Plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, Τὸ λογεῖον τῆς κρίσεως, The *Oracle* of *Judgements*; becauſe whenſoever the *High-Prieſt* conſulted God, he was to have it upon his Breaſt. The Deſcription of it, and the Stones in it, ſee *Exod.* 28. 15. Theſe *Stones* ſo engraven, and diſpoſed as God appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Thummim* mentioned Verſe 30. the *Doctrina & Veritas*, as the *Latine*; the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις, *Light and Perfection*, as *Aquila*; the ἀλήθεια καὶ ἔνδειξις, *Truth* and *Demonſtration*, as the *Septuagint*: All which ſignifie no more than *Truth* and *Manifeſtation*, or, the *Manifeſtation of Truth by thoſe Stones*; which ſome ſay, was by the ſhining of thoſe particular *Letters* in the *Names* of the *Tribes*, that made up ſome words or word to anſwer the queſtion propounded. Others, that when the Stones ſhone very brightly, it implyed an *Affirmative* to the queſtion; and when they looked dimly and cloudily, a *Negative.* But when the Demands required a prolix, or various anſwer, that was either given by *Illumination* of the *High-Prieſts* underſtanding, making him ſpeak as Gods Organ or *Oracle* (as the *Devil* is believed to have inſpired *Sibyls* and *Pythian Prieſts*) or by an audible voice from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which latter way I take here, as moſt proper for *Poetry.*

23 The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 Sam. 19. 2 Sam. 22. 7. *Pſal.*

Pſalm. 18. 3. *Joſephus* tearms it ναὸν μεταφερόμενον, *A Moveable Temple*----- *The Temples bright third Heaven*-----The Tabernacle being Gods ſeat upon earth, was made to *Figure* out the Heavens, which is more properly his Habitation; and was therefore divided into three parts, to ſignifie the ſame diviſion of the Heavens in Scripture phraſe. The firſt was the Court of the Tabernacle, where the Sacrifices were ſlain, and conſumed by fire, to repreſent the whole ſpace from the earth up to the Moon (which is called very frequently *Heaven* in the *Bible*) where all things are ſubject to corruption. The ſecond was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein ſtood the Altar of *Incenſe*, to repreſent all that ſpace above which is poſſeſt by the *Stars*. The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holieſt Place*, to repreſent the third Heaven (ſpoken of by S. *Paul*) which is the Dwelling place of God, and his *Cherubins* or *Angels*. Neither did the colours of the Curtains allude to any thing but this ſimilitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heaven*.

24 In all times and all Countries it hath been counted a certain ſigne of the diſpleaſure of the Deity to whom they ſacrificed, if the Fire upon the Altar burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca in Thyeſt.*

Et ipſe fumus triſtis ac nebulâ gravis
Non rectus exit, ſeq; in excelſum levans
Ipſos Penates nube deformi obſidet.

And a little after,
Vix lucet ignis, &c.

25 According to the old ſenſeleſs opinion, that the Heavens were divided into ſeveral *Orbs* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence* or *Angel* was aſſigned to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horſe*, as *Scaliger* ſays) to all eternity.

26 How came it to paſs that *Samuel* would make a ſolemn Sacrifice in a place where the *Tabernacle* was not? which is forbid, *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* anſwers, firſt, that by reaſon of the ſeveral removes of the Tabernacle in thoſe times, men were allowed to ſacrifice in ſeveral places. Secondly, that the authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not ſaid in the Text, that it was *Samuels Birth-day*; but that is an innocent addition, and was proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuels* uſual Reſidence.

27 A choice part of the meat (for we hear nothing of ſeveral *Courſes*) namely the *Shoulder*. The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* obſerves) for the *right* belonged to the *Prieſt*, Levit. 7. 32. This *Joſephus* terms μοῖρα βασιλικὴν, The *Princely Portion*. The men over ſubtle in *Alluſions*, think this part was choſen to ſignifie the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his ſhoulders. So *Menochius*, as *Philo*, ſays that *Joſeph* ſent a part of the *Breaſt* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his *hearty* affection. Theſe are pitiful little

things but the Ancients did not deſpiſe ſometimes as odd *Alluſions.*

In old time even at feaſts men did not eat of diſhes in common amongſt them, but every one had his *Portion* apart; which *Plut.* calls, Ὁμηρικὰ δεῖπνα, and Ὁμηρικὰς δαῖτας, *Homerique Feaſts*; becauſe *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat ſo, with whom the better men had always the moſt Commons. *Ajax*, τούτοισι δικνεκέεσσι γεγαίεται, hath a *Chine of Beef, Perpetui tergum bovis.* And *Diomedes* hath both more meat and more cups of drink ſet before him; of which ſee *Athen. l.* 1. *c.* 11. who ſays likewiſe that δαὶς a Feaſt, comes ἀπὸ δατεῦδω, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it ſo often, δαῖτα ἴσην.

28 See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oyl* mixt with any other liquor, ſtill gets uppermoſt, is perhaps one of the chiefeſt *Significancies* in the *Ceremony* of *Anointing Kings* and *Prieſts.*

29 *The Kingly day.* The day for election of a *King* which cauſes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological Accounts.* As before they were wont to reckon, From the *Going out of Egypt*, or *from the beginning of the Government by Judges:* ſo now they will, *From the Entrance of their Kings*, Almoſt all great changes in the world are uſed as *Marks* for ſeparation of Times.

30 In many Countries it was the cuſtom to chooſe their *Kings* for the comelineſs and majeſty of their *Perſons*; as *Ariſtotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was choſen *Emperour* by the Roman Souldiers at firſt ſight of him, for his extraordinary beauty. *Eurip.* ſays finely, Εἶδος ἄξιον τυραννίδος, a countenance that deſerved a Kingdom.

31 *Ariſtotle* ſays, *L.6. Pol.* That it was a popular inſtitution to chuſe Governors by *Lots.* But Lots left purely in the hand of Fortune would be ſure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings.* Here God appointed it, and therefore it was to be ſuppoſed would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who uſed this cuſtom did it with reliance upon the care of their Gods. *Prieſts* were likewiſe ſo choſen. *Laocoon ductus Neptuni ſorte ſacerdos.*

32 This *Seneca* in *Th.* ſays, was the caſe of *Ithaca.*

Et putat mergi ſua poſſe pauper
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.

33 *Jaboc*, a *River*, or *Torrent* in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon.*

34 *Arabia* the *Stony*, *Arabia* the *Deſert*, and *Arabia* the *Happy.*

35 For ſome conceive that the reaſon of this extravagant demand of *Nahas*, was to diſable them from ſhooting.

36 It was *Themiſtius* his ſaying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own dwelling place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the womb to any thing ſo reaſonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed; this was *Ariſtotles* opinion, for he ſays *Semen eſt artifex*, The *Seed* is a skilful *Artificer.* And though we have no Authorities of this nature beyond the *Græcian* time;

yet

yet it is to be ſuppoſed, that wiſe men in and before *Davids* days had the ſame kind of opinions and diſcourſes in all points of *Philoſophy*.

37 In alluſion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out aſſoon as ever the *Sepulchres* were opened and air let in. We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans*. But we may well enough believe (or at leaſt ſay ſo in verſe) that it came from the *Eaſtern parts*, where there was ſo infinite expence and curioſity beſtowed upon *Sepulchres*.

That *Naas* was ſlain in this battel I have *Joſephus* his authority; that *Jonathan* ſlew him, is a *ſtroke* of *Poetry*.

38 In emulation of the *Virgilian* Verſe.

Quadrupedante putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum.

39 The Text ſays, *Thirty thouſand Chariots*; which is too many for ſix thouſand *Horſe*. I have not the confidence to ſay *Thirty thouſand* in *Verſe*. *Grotius* believes it ſhould be read Three Thouſand. Figures were often miſtaken in old *Manuſcripts*, and this may be ſuſpected in ſeveral places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the reverence we owe to Scripture.

40 I confeſs I incline to believe, that it was not ſo much *Sauls* invaſion of the *Prieſtly* office by offering up the Sacrifice himſelf (for in ſome caſes (and the caſe here was very extraordinary) it is probable he might have done that) as his diſobedience to Gods command by *Samuel*, that he ſhould ſtay *ſeven days*, which was the ſin ſo ſeverely puniſht in him. Yet I follow here the more common opinion, as more proper for my purpoſe.

41 1 Sam. 13. 10. 27. *So it came to paſs in the day of battel, that there was neither ſword nor ſpear found in the hands of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan; but with Saul and Jonathan his Son there were found, &c.* And before, *There was no Smith throughout the Land of Iſrael.* But for all that, it is not to be imagined, that all the people could be without Armes, after their late great victories over the *Philiſtines* and *Ammonites*, but that theſe ſix hundred by Gods appointment were unarmed, for the greater manifeſtation of his glory in the defeat of the enemy, by ſo ſmall and ſo ill-provided a party; as in the ſtory of *Gideon*, God ſo diſpoſed it, that but three hundred of two and twenty thouſand lapped the water out of their hands, becauſe (ſays he) the people are yet too many.

42 At firſt men had no other weapons but their *Hands, &c.*

Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentésq; fuerunt.

Then Clubs.

Stipitibus duris agitur ſudibusq; præuſtis.

And at laſt Iron,

Tum ferri rigor, &c.
Tum variæ venêre artes, &c.
Hic torre armatus aduſto,
Stipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cuiq; repertum
Rimanti, telum ira facit.

43 The *Mediterranean*, upon the coaſt of which the whole Country of the *Philiſtines* lies, and contains but very few miles in breadth.

44 Hom. 6. Odyſſ.

Τὴν μὲν Ἀθηναίη θῆκεν Διὸς ἐκγεγαῦῖα
Μείζονα τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ πάσσονα, κὰδδε κάρηϊ
Οὐλας ἧκε κόμας ὑακινθίνῳ ἄνθεϊ ὁμοίας.

Virg. *Lumenq; juventæ*
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.

45 Hom. 5. Il.

Οὔτε γὰρ ἀμπεδίον τοῖαμῷ πλήθοντι ἐοικὼς
Χειμάρρῳ, ὅς τ' ὦκα ῥέων ἐκέδασσε γεφύρας.
Τὸν δ' οὔτ' ἄρ τ' ἐρύσσαι ἐεργμέναι ἰσχανόωσιν
Οὐδ' ἄρα τ' ἀρκέα ἔσχε περικλυτὸν ἐρχος ἀλωᾶν
Ἐλθόντ' ἐξαπίνης ὅτ' ὀπιβεύσῃ Διὸς ὄμβρος,
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτῷ ἔργα καλὴ ἐπε κὰλ' αἰζηῶν.

And in the 13. *Il.* there is an excellent compariſon of *Hector* to a *River*, and the like too in the 11. ſo that it ſeems he pleaſed himſelf much with the ſimilitude. And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

Non ſic aggeribus ruptis cùm ſpumeus amnis
Exiit, &c.

And in ſeveral other places.

46 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice, according to the number of the Lords of the Philiſtines.*

47 His *Blood. Moſes* ſays often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that reaſon for the Precept not to eat Blood. Virg.

Purpuream vomit ille animam.

48 See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

49 *Brute.* That ſignified nothing. So Thunders from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognoſtications, were called *Brute Thunders*; From *Brute Beaſts*, whoſe ſounds are inarticulate.

FINIS.

DAVIDEIDOS,

LIBER PRIMUS.

Authore A. COWLEY.

BElla cano, fatique vices, *Regémque* potentem
Murato qui *Sceptra pedo Solymæïa* geſſit
Rex olim & *Vates*; *duo maxima munera cœli*;
Multa priùs tulit immotâ diſcrimina mente
Et *Sauli* & *Satanæ* furiis imbellibus actus.
Multa quoque & regno; tam longa exercuit irâ
Victorem Fortuna ſuum; nec *pulſa quievit.*
Aſt illam *Virtus* tandem indefeſſa domavit
Et populos latè fudit, gentéſque rebelles
Nequicquam numeris & magno milite ſævas;
Hi *Bello*, hic ipſo *Bellorum Numine* fretus!
At Tu, *Jeſſæi* qui ſanguinis *Author* & *Hæres*,
Bethlemiæ intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,
Qui *Ligno*, *Clavis*, *Haſtâ*, *omnipotentibus* armis,
Ipſam (ſic viſum eſt) potuiſti *occidere Mortem*,
Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*,
Dum tremuit *Princeps Erebi* metuitque videre
Æternùm amiſſos divinæ Lucis honores:
Qui nunc ipſe ſedes placidi *leve pondus Olympi*,
Ad dextram *Patris* & *gaudentia Sydera* calcas,
Forntem ibi (quam cinxit merito ſuffuſa rubore
Spina ferox, carus de quâ cruor undiq; fluxit,
Ut pretioſa *humilem* decoraret *gemma Coronam*)
Forntem illam innocuæ redimitus ſidere flammæ:
Tu, precor ô, ſanctum dimitte in corda furorem,
Da mihi *Jeſſiden Jeſſide* carmine magno,

Et

Et cantu celebrare pari; tua *Flamma Miniſtra,*
Iſacidûm longis ductrix erroribus olim,
Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite greſſus,
Producátque ſacræ non trita per avia *famæ.*
En ſanctos manibus puris ut ſumeret *Ignes*
Veſtalem ſe *Muſa* facit; benè libera curis,
Libera deliciiſque jociſque & amore profano
Conſecrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos.
Ecce opus hoc ſolidis *numerorum* immane *Columnis,*
Templum ingens ſtatuo, varium & multâ arte politum.
Ingredere, ô *Numen,* quò te plaudentibus alis
Muſa vocat, ſanctos *Cheruborum* imitata receſſus.
Si facias, cedent illi *Solomonia Templa,*
Regis Idumæi cedent, ſat tempore longo
Quæ finxêre ſibi coluêre *Idola Camænæ,*
Sed *Tu* me, *Verbum æternum,* tu voce vocâſti,
Et novus inſolito percuſſus lumine *Paulus,*
Prodeo *Muſarum* immenſos convertere *Mundos,*
Et *Cœlum* ſeris ignotum aperire *Poëtis.*
Ut juvat, ô, purgare ſuis ſacra flumina monſtris!
Ut vili purgare algâ, cœnoque profundo,
Et liquidi ingenuos *Fontes* inducere *Veri!*
Jam penè obductum eſt *Saulo* ſub pectore vulnus;
Integra *Jeſſidæ* per tot certamina virtus
Laſſatam magnis frangit ſucceſſibus iram:
Aſſuetis ſuperare timet concurrere *Fatis,*
Et *famam* tantæ ſine viribus *invidet* illi
Invidiæ; vidit preſſam ſub pondere *palmam,*
Et jam penè ſuæ redeuntem in viſcera terræ
Mox lætum cœlo caput oſtentare propinquo
Ipſo *onere elatam,* & ſua brachia ferre ſub auras.
Vidit pacatis *Jordanem* currere lymphis,
Dum fovet amplexu ripas, atque oſcula libat;
At ſiquis motos poſito premit objice fluctus
Et notum præcludit iter, mox colligit iras
Ore tumens rapido, & contorquet vortice ſilvas,
Tum ſonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,
Longus ponè ruit furioſæ *Exercitus* undæ.
Cum pecore ac natis montem petit inſcius, amens
Paſtor, & attonito *decreſcunt* arva Colono.
Hoc metuens *Saulus* premit alto corde dolorem,
Et vultum induitur placidum, ſimilemque *Davidi*;
Dat dextram, teſtémq; *Deum,* amplexuſq; paternos;
Nec violaturum ſe ſenſit pigora tanta;
Nequicquam; nam quid potuit, neſcivit & ipſe,
Ac *Dominos* intùs geſtavit victus acerbos.
Excipiunt plauſu *Abramidæ* nova fœdera læti,
Tanta in *Jeſſiden* pietas indigna ferentem
Multa diù, & ſævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni.*
Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli

Sidera,

Sidera, ſidereæq; *animæ*; dulciſſima *Pacis*
Nomina *Jeſſidæq;* illis; at turba *Barathri*
Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* noſtra *Tumultus*
Progenerat, magnóſq; *quies* humana *labores.*
Subter ubi in *matris* ſecreta cubilia *Terræ*
Deſcendit *ſolis* virtus fœcunda *Mariti,*
Fataliſq; *Auri* videt incunabula flava.
(*Auri* quod ſuperis ſimul ac caput extulit oris,
Perſtringit mundum, nec *vi,* nec *luce* minori)
Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,
Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus.*
Subter ubi æternâ longè ſub mole repôſti
Theſauri ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum,*
(*Oceanus Maris* ipſius, quo *Fluminis* inſtar
Fertur, & omnigenas inter confunditur undas)
Nulla ubi ſopitos fluctus exuſcitat aura,
Nec *Dominæ* irritat placidos vis improba *Lunæ.*
Eſt *locus* immenſum in ſpacium, immenſúmq; profundum
Porrectus, quem nox, genuinúſq; obruit horror.
Illum indefeſſum nullo obice meta coërcet,
Nec *Loca* ſe minùs extendunt quam *Tempora pœnæ.*
Non illum recreat dulcis tenuiſſima cœli
Rima, nec Eois ſcintilla excuſſa quadrigis
Perſtringit, *ſolidaſve* valet terebrare tenebras.
Non hîc gemmatis ſtillantia ſidera guttis
Impugnant ſævæ jus *inviolabile Noctis,*
Lucifer hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum
Inter *vincla minax,* inter *tormenta ſuperbus,*
Ipſo, quem patitur, crudelior *Igne Tyrannus,*
Dux quondam æthereæ præfulgentiſſimus aulæ,
Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Heſperus* aureo
Militiam æternam *ſtellarúmq;* *agmina* ducit.
Fulmine ſed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* inſtar
Ipſe ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem,
Ut primum ſenſit medios abſorptus in ignes.
At comites circum, conjuratæq; catervæ
(Ingens turba) cadunt. Aër crepat undiq, aduſtus,
Et denſâ *vi flammarum* prætexitur æther.
Ex illo æternæ ſolamina triſtia pœnæ,
Æternæ ſocios mortales reddere pœnæ.
Torti & *Carnifices!* *Hominem* tentamine primo
In ſe armant ipſum; magna & *cœlo æqua* voluptas!
Quos cauta & fœlix virtus ſi evaſerit hamos,
Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto,
Et malè tentatis ſuccedunt *Arma Venenis.*
Hâc vi *Jeſſiden* (neq; enim corrumpere ſperat)
Oppugnat furvus barathri noctíſq; *Tyrannus,*
Exacuítq; animos *Sauli* invidiámq; potentem,
Viderat egregio generoſam in corpore formam,

Vir-

Virgineoq; maritatam cum flore virilem
Majeſtatem oris; miracula viderat alti
Nobiliora animi, vaſtámq; in pectore mentem;
Viderat auguſtâ perfuſam aſpergine frontem,
Divinæq; novos ſpirantem lucis honores.
Condiderátq; alto ſub corde *Oracula* ſacra
Imperium *Judæ* quæ conceſſere perenne,
Venturúſq; *Shilo* ſtimulos ſubjecerat acres.
Et nimiùm *vigiles Erebi* ſufflaverat ignes.
Scit miſer incaſſum tantis ſe opponere rebus,
Nec validam fati perrumpere poſſe catenam,
Vincula ſed morſu tentat, dentéſq; fatigat,
Et *vinci certus* gaudet tamen eſſe *rebellis*.
Sed jam converſa in melius violentia *Sauli*,
Conſiliúmq; dolóſq; & ſpes turbavit inanes.
Nam multùm *Saulo*, quem longo noverat uſu,
Fidit, & erubuit *falli fraudum* ipſe *Magiſter*.
Quid faciat; quò ſe rerum hoc in cardine verſet?
Ferrati frendet ter concuſſo ordine dentis,
Te quatit iratæ rugoſa volumina frontis,
Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculóq; cruento
Commixtum ardenti jaculatur ſanguine lumen.
Ferrea lux terret *noctem*, *Manéſq;* peruſtos
Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis*.
Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergo poſſumus? inquit,
Me, me *ipſum* infœlix *puer*, & mea regna triumpho
Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh) torpetis inertes.
Innocui ludunt & adhuc per colla *Ceraſtæ?*
Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *noſtro*
Quod timeat *Deus*, & quod vel ſtupeam *Ipſe*, paratis?
Quæ nova *Formido*, aut pejor formidine *Virtus*
Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortiſſima corda?
Perdidi ob hoc *Cœlum?*
Pectora tum longæ percellit verbere caudæ,
Iratus tantæ quod non ſuffecerit Iræ.
Deinde ſedet, vultúq; horrendum cætera profert.
Stant *Furiæ* juxtà, & ſe lumine circumſpectant,
Dum latè loca vaſta ſilent, *ſævâq; quiete*
Triſtis nativi duplicata horroris imago eſt.
Ipſi flammantes inſano ſulphure rivi
Jam tacitis ſerpunt per littora conſcia lymphis,
Vincula nulla ſonant, non Angues ſibila mittunt,
Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiſcere *Sontes*.
Tandem prorepit diræ fœdiſſima turbæ
Invidia; impexis crinem ſerpentibus atrum
It criſpata; cutis multum laxata pependit,
Oſſáq; liquit iners, oſſa aſpera longo luctu.
Dipſas (monſtrum atrox) latitat ſub pectore anhelo,
Nocte diéq; bibens nigrum inſaturata *cruorem*,
Et ne tam crebro fontem conſumeret hauſtu

Nocte

Nocte diéque ſuo compenſat damna *veneno.*
Sanguine deformatam hominum, tabóq; fluentem
Pallam humeris gerit, & dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum.*
Immanem lævâ crateræ ſuſtinet orbem
Spumantem felle atq; abſynthia tetra vomentem
Quo bibit aſſiduè, & ſeſe ebria facta flagellat.
Hoc jam torva modo, ſe pro medio agmine ſiſtit
Invidia; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima toto
Invidia! ô nunquam, niſi cum *ſe punit*, amanda!
Summe *Pater*, clamat ſtygii *Barathri*, & mihi *Numen*,
Se puer imbellis noſtros meruiſſe timores
Jactabit, magnóq; *Erebum* miſcere tumultu
His *Colubris*, *Meq*; & *Te*, noſtro *Principe*, ſalvis?
Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,
Et legum errabit *Natura* oblita ſuarum,
Te minitante dabunt rapidæ reſponſa procellæ,
Et timidum horrendo reſonabit fulmine cœlum.
Tunc & inauratos temerè *Sol* contrahit ignes,
Exiliétque, diémq; abducet limite noto.
Fœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, ſupera ardua tangens,
Vicináſq; *undas Flammarum* elementa paveſcent,
Ipſe *Polus* fixam ſedem & loca juſſa relinquet
Sphærarúmq; hilarum ceſſabit lubricus orbis,
Diffugient nitidi hùc illùc *picta agmina* cœli,
Ipſe etiam *Deus* illorum.
Namq; olim *timuit* certe cum ſumpſimus arma
Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victa triumphum!*
O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria noſtri!
O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,
Ipſe licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat
Et pejora iſtis, poſſint ſi talia fingi.
His par concurret *paſtor* rudis & *puer* armis?
Quid poſſunt tortæ ſtridentia verbera fundæ?
Quem torvus longâq; fame ſtimulatus & irâ
Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliah*,
Hunc mea *vox* perdet ſola, & ſub tartara mittet
Multa priùs paſſum, & nequicquam *Numine* fiſum.
Quod ſi *Jeſſiden* tantâ pietate foveret
(Sed ſatis eſt longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,
Quanto nos odio premimus, quantóq; furore
Ante bis exactos ſuperis ex ordine ſoles,
Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,
Ipſa, &, vos cari, fidiſſima turba, *Colubri.*
Me ſuadente nefas, fraterno ſanguine *fecit*
Cainus, & ætatum dedit *Omnia læta* ſequentum.
Vidi toto ingens connixum corpore ſaxum
Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta* ſepulti.
Quis potuit riſus (equidem riſi ipſa) tenere
Cum ſua ſic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus?*
Poſt eadem à tergo ſpirans furiale venenum,

Diviſum pepuli ad marmor *Pharaona* ſuperbum,
Currúſque, clypeóſq; virûm, ardentéſq; caballos,
Me gelidam mortem ſuadente & *frigida fata*,
Hauſerunt avidi peſtis, mentem ipſa manúmque
Dathano armavi, cum tela rebellia ſumpſit,
Cum *Magicum* (cujus *nomen* deteſtor & *Ipſum*)
Deſeruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.
Hùc (vidiſtis enim) cava per penetralia longè
Deſiluit, vaſto terrarum exhauſtus hiatu,
Próque *Rogo*, noſtros deſcendit *vivus in Ignes*.
Me ſuadente, moras quid ceſſo abrumpere inanes?
Quid *nova* non agito, dum *geſta antiqua* recordor?
Jam tibi, *Jeſſides* (viden'?) hic *tibi ſibilat anguis!*
Nil tua te pietas, nil te, *Puer*, ipſe juvabit
Cui fruſtrà inſervis, *Deus*; ô, ſi, te juvet, orbis
Latè omnis longâ compoſtus pace ſeneſcat,
Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum naſcantur *iniqua*.
Ipſa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris
Contempta evadam in terris, miſerandáque *Virtus*.
Dixerat, at ſimul ora premunt, & lumina verſant,
Mox fremitus currunt obſcuráq; murmura circum,
Gaudentúmque & *mirantûm*; nihil illa movetur,
Sed fremit, & tantas *ſibi laudes invidet ipſi*.
Exilit ardenti ſolio *Rex ditis* acerbi
Amplexúſque petit; ſubito cùm mota furore
Ter ſubmiſſa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.
Murmura dant *Furiæ*, dant ſibila læta *Colubri*.
Nox erat, humanos & vaſta ſilentia ſenſus
Spargebántque *brevi Lethe*, plumbóque ligabant.
Ipſum etiam regni molem ſub corde ferentem
Jactantémque graves curas ſopor altus habebat
Ciſſiden, ſopor *Invidiam* ſed nullus habebat.
Illa per *Iſacidûm* magnas it ſævior urbes,
Utque videt ſtructas ingenti marmore turres,
Atque ebur, & fulvi diſcrimina clara metalli,
Pergite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ruinis*
Hæc ego tecta dabo, & *ſolâ lucentia flammâ*.
Subſtitit in curſu medio, ac ſua fræna remiſit
Pallida *Luna*, novis ſudavit floridus *Hermon*
Roribus, ipſe *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.
Jordanes latebram in ripâ quæſivit utraque
Territus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.
Ecce domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiſcit,
Ipſáque fundamenta tremunt, tremit excita tellus;
Hic veneranda ſenis ſeſe convertit in ora
Benjamini oculóſque graves, vultúmq; ſeverum,
Brachiáque, & latos humeros, & fortia membra
Aſſimilat, pendétque ingens pro pectore barba;
Qualis ubi ſteterat ſuper atria celſa palati,
(Egregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus

Ad portam magni lætus vigilare *nepotis:*
Hâc adſtans *Saulo* notæ ſub imagine formæ,
Formæ verba ſacræ non *reſpondentia* fundit.
Surge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; ſic nempe ſepultus
Omen alis fati? *Somnus* tibi *ferreus* inſtat
Atque æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,
Si nondum tua ſceptra gerit *Paſtorculus* ille.
Nondum? unquámne geret? vigila, & *totum indue Saulum.*
Nec tu, magne *Deus*, juſti ſiqua eſt tibi cura,
(Quod dubito, meliúſq; irent mortalia vellem)
Dedecus hoc *Saulo*, atq; *Mihi* patiaris inultum,
Abramidiſq; tuis, ſacræq; in ſecula genti.
O *Cananæa fames!* quid non me abſumpſeris ante
Quàm femur in genus exhauſiſſem fertile tantum?
Heu genus infelix nullâq; in ſorte beatum,
Donatum magno in *pœnam* atq; *opprobria Sceptro!*
Coctile quid fugiſtis opus, *Memphitica* juſſa,
Invito *Pharaone* truci, auſpiciiſq; ſiniſtris?
Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* inare paruit ipſum,
Denſatumq; vias nova per *divortia* duxit?
Quin, ſi me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *ponti*,
Per nemorum errores, immaniſq; invia ſilvæ,
Argillam Ægypti, lateréſq; re uirite veſtros.
Dedecus hoc quanto minus eſt *Paſtore Tyranno?*
Túne potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo?*
Concedent tua *Sceptra Lyræ?* jam *ſceptra* ſuperſunt
Sola tibi, tituliq; & regni *nomen* inane.
Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,
Illum omnis *Judæa* colit. Meminiſtin' ovantem
(Si quicquam in te, *Saule*, viri eſt, meminiſſe neceſſe eſt)
Cum cantu rediiſſe domum, feſtiſq; choreis?
Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; eſto;
Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,
Pluſquam *Agmen Puer?* & vivit tamen ille, tuiſq;
Perfruitur damnis; illi tua regia ſervit;
Quam non illa diù *Tua?* jam diadema capeſcit,
Conſcenditq; tuos thalamos, *Sauliq;* potentis
Jeſſidæ dabit *hæredem* (pro dedecus!) *Uxor.*
Hoc ſtruit, hoc ſperat *Samuel*; talem tibi peſtem
Molitur cum dicta *Dei* crudelia ſpargit
Per populos paſſim, cum vana *Oracula mendax*
Quæq; optat, fingit; *Deus* eſt, *Deus* illa minatus?
Sic te tractâſſet *Rex Divûm Hominúmq; Baâlus?*
Aut tam averſa *ſuis Aſtarte* magna fuiſſet?
Quid queritur? ſacram te vi rapuiſſe coronam?
At magnæ proceſſerunt juſſo ordine *ſortes*;
Néve aliter potuit (quid enim taceam?) *Ipſe* jubere;
Non unquam plus te *Sortive Deóve* fatebor
Quàm meritis debere *tuis.* Quid tempore ab illo
Ipſe *Deus*, populuſq; Dei tibi debeat, ulli

Virgineoq; maritatam cum flore virilem
Majeſtatem oris; miracula viderat alti
Nobiliora animi, vaſtámq; in pectore mentem;
Viderat auguſtâ perfuſam aſpergine frontem,
Divinæq; novos ſpirantem lucis honores.
Condiderátq; alto ſub corde *Oracula* ſacra
Imperium *Judæ* quæ conceſſere perenne,
Venturúſq; *Shilo* ſtimulos ſubjecerat acres.
Et nimiùm *vigiles Erebi* ſuſſlaverat ignes.
Scit miſer incaſſum tantis ſe opponere rebus,
Nec validam fati perrumpere poſſe catenam,
Vincula ſed morſu tentat, dentéſq; fatigat,
Et *vinci certus* gaudet tamen eſſe *rebellis.*
Sed jam converſa in melius violentia *Sauli,*
Conſiliúmq; dolóſq; & ſpes turbavit inanes.
Nam multùm *Saulo,* quem longo noverat uſu,
Fidit, & erubuit *falli fraudum* ipſe *Magiſter.*
Quid faciat; quò ſe rerum hoc in cardine verſet?
Ferrati frendet ter concuſſo ordine dentis,
Te quatit iratæ rugoſa volumina frontis,
Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculóq; cruento
Commixtum ardenti jaculatur ſanguine lumen.
Ferrea lux terret *noctem, Manéſq;* peruſtos
Ignotus trepidos habet & crudelior *Ignis.*
Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergo poſſumus? inquit,
Me, me *ipſum* infœlix *puer,* & mea regna triumpho
Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh) torpetis inertes.
Innocui ludunt & adhuc per colla *Ceraſtæ?*
Nil *Furiis* dignum & populo memorabile *noſtro*
Quod timeat *Deus,* & quod vel ſtupeam *Ipſe,* paratis?
Quæ nova *Formido,* aut pejor formidine *Virtus*
Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortiſſima corda?
Perdidi ob hoc *Cœlum?*
Pectora tum longæ percellit verbere caudæ,
Iratus tantæ quod non ſuffecerit Iræ.
Deinde ſedet, vultúq; horrendum cætera profert.
Stant *Furiæ* juxtà, & ſe lumine circumſpectant,
Dum latè loca vaſta ſilent, *ſævâq; quiete*
Triſtis nativi duplicata horroris imago eſt.
Ipſi flammantes inſano ſulphure rivi
Jam tacitis ſerpunt per littora conſcia lymphis,
Vincula nulla ſonant, non Angues ſibila mittunt,
Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiſcere *Sontes.*
Tandem prorepit diræ fœdiſſima turbæ
Invidia; impexis crinem ſerpentibus atrum
It criſpata; cutis multum laxata pependit,
Oſſáq; liquit iners, oſſa aſpera longo luctu.
Dipſas (monſtrum atrox) latitat ſub pectore anhelo,
Nocte diéq; bibens nigrum inſaturata *cruorem,*
Et ne tam crebro fontem conſumeret hauſtu

Nocte

Nocte diéque ſuo compenſat damna *veneno.*
Sanguine deformatam hominum, tabóq; fluentem
Pallam humeris gerit, & dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum.*
Immanem lævâ crateræ ſuſtinet orbem
Spumantem felle atq; abſynthia tetra vomentem
Quo bibit aſſiduè, & ſeſe ebria facta flagellat.
Hoc jam torva modo, ſe pro medio agmine ſiſtit
Invidia; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima toto
Invidia! ô nunquam, niſi cum *ſe punit*, amanda!
Summe *Fatcr*, clamat ſtygii *Barathri*, & mihi *Numen*,
Se puer imbellis noſtros meruiſſe timores
Jactabit, magnóq; *Erebum* miſcere tumultu
His *Colubris*, *Meq*; & *Te*, noſtro *Principe*, ſalvis?
Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,
Et legum errabit *Natura* oblita ſuarum,
Te minitante dabunt rapidæ reſponſa procellæ,
Et timidum horrendo reſonabit fulmine cœlum.
Tunc & inauratos temerè *Sol* contrahit ignes,
Exiliétque, diémq; abducet limite noto.
Fœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, ſupera ardua tangens,
Vicináſq; *undas Flammarum* elementa paveſcent,
Ipſe *Polus* fixam ſedem & loca juſſa relinquet
Sphærarúmq; hilarum ceſſabit lubricus orbis,
Diffugient nitidi hùc illùc *picta agmina* cœli,
Ipſe etiam *Deus* illorum.
Namq; olim *timuit* certe cum ſumpſimus arma
Nobilia arma, & quæ meruerunt *victa triumphum!*
O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria noſtri!
O iterum talem liceat mihi cernere lucem,
Ipſe licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat
Et pejora iſtis, poſſint ſi talia fingi.
His par concurret *paſtor* rudis & *puer* armis?
Quid poſſunt tortæ ſtridentia verbera fundæ?
Quem torvus longâq; fame ſtimulatus & irâ
Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliah*,
Hunc mea *vox* perdet ſola, & ſub tartara mittet
Multa priùs paſſum, & nequicquam *Numine* fiſum.
Quod ſi *Jeſſiden* tantâ pietate foveret
(Sed ſatis eſt longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,
Quanto nos odio premimus, quantóq; furore
Ante bis exactos ſuperis ex ordine ſoles,
Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,
Ipſa, &, vos cari, fidiſſima turba, *Colubri.*
Me ſuadente nefas, fraterno ſanguine *fecit*
Cainus, & ætatum dedit *Omnia læta* ſequentum.
Vidi toto ingens connixum corpore ſaxum
Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, & *monumenta* ſepulti.
Quis potuit riſus (equidem riſi ipſa) tenere
Cum ſua ſic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus?*
Poſt eadem à tergo ſpirans furiale venenum,

Diviſum pepuli ad marmor *Pharaona* ſuperbum,
Currúſque, clypeóſq; virûm, ardentéſq; caballos,
Me gelidam mortem ſuadente & *frigida fata*,
Hauſerunt avidi peſtis, mentem ipſa manúmque
Dathano armavi, cum tela rebellia ſumpſit,
Cum *Magicum* (cujus *nomen* deteſtor & *Ipſum*)
Deſeruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.
Hùc (vidiſtis enim) cava per penetralia longè
Deſiluit, vaſto terrarum exhauſtus hiatu,
Próque *Rogo*, noſtros deſcendit *vivus in Ignes*.
Me ſuadente, moras quid ceſſo abrumpere inanes?
Quid *nova* non agito, dum *geſta antiqua* recordor?
Jam tibi, *Jeſſides* (viden'?) hic *tibi ſibilat anguis!*
Nil tua te pietas, nil te, *Puer*, ipſe juvabit
Cui fruſtrà inſervis, *Deus*; ô, ſi, te juvet, orbis
Latè omnis longâ compoſtus pace ſeneſcat,
Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum naſcantur *iniqua*.
Ipſa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris
Contempta evadam in terris, miſerandáque *Virtus*.
Dixerat, at ſimul ora premunt, & lumina verſant,
Mox fremitus currunt obſcuráq; murmura circum,
Gaudentúmque & *mirantûm*; nihil illa movetur,
Sed fremit, & tantas *ſibi laudes invidet ipſi*.
Exilit ardenti ſolio *Rex ditis* acerbi
Amplexúſque petit; ſubito cùm mota furore
Ter ſubmiſſa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.
Murmura dant *Furiæ*, dant ſibila læta *Colubri*.
Nox erat, humanos & vaſta ſilentia ſenſus
Spargebántque *brevi Lethe*, plumbóque ligabant.
Ipſum etiam regni molem ſub corde ferentem
Jactantémque graves curas ſopor altus habebat
Ciſſiden, ſopor *Invidiam* ſed nullus habebat.
Illa per *Iſacidûm* magnas it ſævior urbes,
Utque videt ſtructas ingenti marmore turres,
Atque ebur, & fulvi diſcrimina clara metalli,
Pergite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ruinis*
Hæc ego tecta dabo, & *ſolâ lucentia flammâ*.
Subſtitit in curſu medio, ac ſua fræna remiſit
Pallida *Luna*, novis ſudavit floridus *Hermon*
Roribus, ipſe *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.
Jordanes latebram in ripâ quæſivit utraque
Territus, & multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.
Ecce domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiſcit,
Ipſáque fundamenta tremunt, tremit excita tellus;
Hic veneranda ſenis ſeſe convertit in ora
Benjamini oculóſque graves, vultúmq; ſeverum,
Brachiáque, & latos humeros, & fortia membra
Aſſimilat, pendétque ingens pro pectore barba;
Qualis ubi ſteterat ſuper atria celſa palati,
(Egregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus

Ad

Ad portam magni lætus vigilare *nepotis:*
Hâc adſtans *Saulo* notæ ſub imagine formæ,
Formæ verba ſacræ non *reſpondentia* fundit.
Surge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; ſic nempe ſepultus
Omen alis fati? Somnus tibi *ferreus* inſtat
Atque æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,
Si nondum tua ſceptra gerit *Paſtorculus* ille.
Nondum? unquámne geret? vigila, & *totum indue Saulum.*
Nec tu, magne *Deus*, juſti ſiqua eſt tibi cura,
(Quod dubito, meliúſq; irent mortalia vellem)
Dedecus hoc *Saulo*, atq; *Mihi* patiaris inultum,
Abramidiſq; tuis, ſacræq; in ſecula genti.
O *Cananæa fames!* quid non me abſumpſeris ante
Quàm femur in genus exhauſiſſem fertile tantum?
Heu genus infelix nullâq; in ſorte beatum,
Donatum magno in *pœnam* atq; *opprobria Sceptro!*
Coctile quid fugiſtis opus, *Memphitica* juſſa,
Invito *Pharaone* truci, auſpiciiſq; ſiniſtris?
Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* inare paruit ipſum,
Denſatumq; vias nova per *divortia* duxit?
Quin, ſi me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *ponti*,
Per nemorum errores, immaniſq; invia ſilvæ,
Argillam Ægypti, lateréſq; requirite veſtros.
Dedecus hoc quanto minus eſt *Paſtore Tyranno?*
Túne potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo?*
Concedent tua *Sceptra Lyræ?* jam *ſceptra* ſuperſunt
Sola tibi, tituliq; & regni *nomen* inane.
Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,
Illum omnis *Judæa* colit. Meminiſtin' ovantem
(Si quicquam in te, *Saule*, viri eſt, meminiſſe neceſſe eſt)
Cum cantu rediiſſe domum, feſtiſq; choreis?
Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; eſto;
Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,
Pluſquam *Agmen Puer?* & vivit tamen ille, tuiſq;
Perfruitur damnis; illi tua regia ſervit;
Quam non illa diù *Tua?* jam diadema capeſcit,
Conſcenditq; tuos thalamos, *Sauliq;* potentis
Jeſſidæ dabit *hæredem* (pro dedecus!) *Uxor.*
Hoc ſtruit, hoc ſperat *Samuel*; talem tibi peſtem
Molitur cum dicta *Dei* crudelia ſpargit
Per populos paſſim, cum vana *Oracula mendax*.
Quæq; optat, ſingit; *Deus* eſt, *Deus* illa minatus?
Sic te tractâſſet *Rex Divûm Hominúmq; Baâlus?*
Aut tam averſa *ſuis Aſtarte* magna fuiſſet?
Quid queritur? ſacram te vi rapuiſſe coronam?
At magnæ proceſſerunt juſſio ordine *ſortes*;
Néve aliter potuit (quid enim taceam?) *Ipſe* jubere;
Non unquam plus te *Sortive Deóve* fatebor
Quàm meritis debere *tuis.* Quid tempore ab illo
Ipſe *Deus*, populuſq; Dei tibi debeat, ulli

Haud reor obſcurum; tantâ tu laude coronam
(O mi chare *nepos*, ô magnæ maxime gentis)
Divinum tanto cumulâſti *munere munus*,
Nequicquam; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis?
Te *Puer*, & *Vates furioſus* & *omnia* vorſant,
Contrà Te *ſanguis tuus*, & *Natura* rebellat,
Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen *Amici*,
(O furor, ô ſcelus infandum!) *Sceptróq; Patriq;*
Cui cauſæ indormis? quæ *Manes* ſuſcitat *ipſos*;
Fixa *ſepulchrorum* atq; *oculorum* clauſtra reſignat;
Nec *cineres* puer ille ſinit dormire *ſepultos*,
Sed negat æternæ jus *indubitabile Noctis*:
Quid facis? aut talem quid non interficis hoſtem
Qui turbat *vitámq; tuam mortémq; tuorum?*
Aude age, nil illo reſtat tibi triſte remoto,
Solus hic objectus (ſeu *Terræ* ignobilis umbra
Auſa laboranti quæ *ſolem* avertere *Lunæ*)
At *te* ventura & tibi debita munera cœli
Occupat, ac ſacri radios *intercipit* ignis.
Defectum poſt hunc ſuperant tibi *candida fata*,
Formoſique dies, & vitæ lucidus ordo.
Natales nos, *Nate*, tuos, *regaliáq; aſtra*,
Conſcriptámq; notis *Fortunam* vidimus aureis.
Nondum, ô, nondúmne ardeſcit tibi pectus honeſto
(Ardeſcit certè) vindictæ ac laudis amore?
Magnum aliquid pariat. Memor eſto *Tuiq; Meiq;*
Jamq; vale, feror ad cœlum ſedeſque tuorum,
Et luce, & nutu magni revocatus *Abrami*.
Dixit, & ora viri flatu percuſſit iniquo;
Intrat Lethalis labefactas aura medullas;
Olli vaneſcit dubii nubecula ſomni,
Hùc illùc fert circum oculos; tremit inde repente
Dum ſimulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis,
Quæ conſuta malè in vacuo timor aëre pingit.
Stant crines, ſudor perfundit frigidus artus,
Et toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ.
Jam pedibus terram, manibus jam pectora tundens
Incipit; Et verum eſt; oravit vera, fuíque
Iſraëlitis adhuc; pietas me ſtulta fefellit,
Me *Puer*, & *Vates furioſus* & *omnia* vorſant.
Sacrilega, heu, facta eſt *patientia* noſtra, ſepultos
Heu *violat cineres*, tumulóſq; recludit avitos.
Octingentorum minus eſt *Mors ipſa* profunda
Annorum quam quo torpet mea *Vita veterno*.
Indigno, tu ſancte *parens*, ignoſce *Nepoti*,
Quem propter placidas voluiſti linquere ſedes,
Mortaléſque ægros, miſerumq; reviſere mundum.
Sancte *parens*, tua juſta libens mandata capeſcam,
Et *te* vincam odio, & tandem *me vivere* noſces.
Nec fruſtra hunc tantum capies, *Magna Umbra*, laborem.

Non

Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,
Non *Deus* eripiet.
Intereà in placidas, Tu *Dive*, relabere ſedes,
Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem
Sub terras, ubi *Jeſſiden* mox affore triſtem
Lætus, & effuſo pallentem ſanguine cernes.
Poſt lucem hanc noſtros iterùm ſi lædat ocellos,
A Te, magne *Pater*, perrumpere diſcat oportet
Naturæ leges, & ferrea *clauſtra Sepulchri*.
His dictis nutrit flammam ſtimulátq; furores.
Jeſſides ſecurus abeſt; illum *Sopor* udus
Non jam rore levi, ſed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,
Dormiat, & *ſolidum* accipiat per membra ſoporem,
Qualem animus caſtus, qualem mens integra donat,
Quis metus eſt *vigilante Deo, dormire Davidem?*
Palantes nubes ſuprà implicitóſq; *labores*
Ætheris, atq; *volumen inextricabile* Cœli,
Gaudia ſphærarum ſuprà & modulamina certa
Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *pervigil* igne
Exiguis ſplendet *Gemmis numerumq;* requirit,
Eſt *Locus* immensâ qui *exhauſtus* luce fatiſcit;
Hîc Polus excurrit longè, & *ſe ponè relinquit*,
Nec *proprias* laſſus valet ipſe attingere *Metas*.
Igne *tumet* blando, & *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,
Gloria nec tanto in ſpatio *immoderata* tenetur.
Non hîc *obſcuri* tremebunda *crepuſcula Solis*
Nativum jubar inficiunt *caſtúmq; Serenum*.
Non hîc *Luna* ſuis *veſtitur* pallida furtis,
Nec face languenti ſpargit per inane *Tenebras*,
Non hîc præcipiti *Tempus* ſuper orbe rotatur,
Nec vaga partitur repetitis *Sæcula* gyris
Vertigo; Nihil hîc *Fuit*, & nihil hîc *Erit* unquam.
Sed conſtans, immotúmq; æternumq; *ſedet Nunc*,
Hæc domus, hoc magni ſanctum penetrale *Tonantis*;
Hîc *Labor* anguſti, dulcis *Labor Infiniti*,
Occupat atq; *implet* Cœlum, ſed limite cœli
Contentus nullo; Solus ſe *continet* Ipſe,
Quondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia* dixit;
Ille ſimul dixit, parent ſimul omnia *Verbo*,
Nam *Verbum* fuit *Ipſe* ſuum. *Turgeſcere* cœpit
Fœcundum Nihil, & plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.
Quis vos, O *Deus*, aut quis veſtra palatia pandet
Tres une!
Hîc te perfrueris *toto*, atq; has maximus arces
Æternùm colis, intereà non deſeris orbem
Quem feciſti olim noſtrum, ſed pondera vaſta
Exagitas nutu informans *molémq; ſequacem*.
Quod ſi vim tacitam auferres dextrámq; potentem
Extemplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,
Ipſe die rector fuſis nullo ordine habenis

Retrò ageret currus, & mundi cardo coacti
Cum ſonitu rueret, laxis diſcurrere *ſtellis*,
Et ſine lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.
Ipſa etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet
In *Nihilum* properare ſuum; nam *Spiritus* aptum
Tornatúmq; *exercet* opus, ſeq; addit ubiq;.
Ni faciat ſubito torperent cuncta, malóq;
Tota laborarent ſomno, æternóq; veterno.
Omnia *nobiſcum* (qui *Nos*) *Deus* efficit, orſis
Non dedignatus ſocium ſe adjungere noſtris.
Stant circùm aurati, turma officioſa, *Miniſtri*,
Atq; *Dei* juſſa expectant, gaudéntq; juberi.
Hinc *Domini* in vultu immenſo ſine fine bibentes
Immortalem oculis lucem fixo ore tenentur.
Unum ex his nutu vocat ipſe; ſilentia ſervat
Regia cœlorum, & reverentèr tota tremiſcit.
Ergóne tam ſubitò excidimus? (ſic inſit ab alto)
Sceptra videt, nec *Nos* ſimul? imperióq; potitus
Ignorat per quem ſteterat? creditne procellas
Irrita per pontum rapuiſſe ferocia verba
Injuſtaſq; minas? *Surdine effecimus Aures?*
Falleris, O demens, audivimus omnia, *Saule*,
Atq; emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.
Quæ mala *Jeſſidæ* intentas meliora merenti
Cuncta tui in caput unius converſa ferentur.
Diximus: an dictis noſtris *Gens Terra* repugnet?
Ah imbelle *lutum!* non hoc tua Lingua referret,
Injuſſa in medio ſubſiſteret icta palato,
Si tibi noto dies fieret, quo tu ipſe jacebis
Gilboacos multa deformans ſanguine campos,
Ipſe miſer, *natiq; tui*, & capita illa ſuperba
Pendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame profanis,
Stultorum jocus, & ludibria ſæva *Deorum*.
Dextera *Jeſſidæ* immeritò quæ tanta minatur
Juſta aderit vindex, & te, te occiderit ipſum,
Quocum nunc iras atq; implacabile bellum
Nequicquam geris, ille tuo lucebit in auro,
Dilectóq; nimis cinget diademate frontem,
Et quod tu *Solium* feciſti infame *piabit*.
Ergo age, *Jeſſidæ* inſani fer dicta *Tyranni*;
Ipſe nihil; ſed enim timeat, properantior ipſam
Arceſſitus eat (nam *Rex* arceſſet) ad aulam;
Non ullum metuet, benè ſi nos noverit, hoſtem.
Incolumem (dixi) qui nunc jubeo ire, reducam.
Sic ait, inflectit ſeſe polus ipſe decenter,
Nec non turba poli famulatrix; ocyùs omnes
Interrupta iterum exercent modulamina Sphæræ,
Angelicæq; ſimul renovant *ſacra origia Turmæ*.
At non qui miſſus *Jeſſidæ Nuncius* ibat;
Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis,

Nubila

Nubila plus ſolito jam candeſcentia tranat,
Quáq; volat niveus ſignat veſtigia limes.
Aligerum cœli ſic vulnerat aëra fulgur,
Plurima ſic primæ currit *ſtrictura* diei,
(Sic aut *tarda* magis) cum vix dum *Sole relicto*
Ecce ſimul terram ferit, atq; reſurgit in altum.
Vix ipſum rapidi *Tempus* miracula *Motus*
Percipit attonitum, & menſuram non habet ullam
Tam *curtam*, excelſo ſic præpes ab æthere lapſus
Nuncius aſtabat *Jeſſidæ*, ac talia fatur.
Surge, bone, inſaniq; exaudi dicta *Tyranni*
Aſpera, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit;
Ipſe nihil ſed enim timeas; properantior ipſam
Arceſſitus eas (nam *Rex* arceſſet) ad aulam.
Tutum (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet.
Exilit ille toris, & circum lumina verſat
Nequicquam; nox undiq; & undiq; funditer aër.
Spéſq; Metúſq; adſunt dubii, vicibúſq; recurſant.
Quos vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec
Albeſcunt primo montana cacumina Sole,
Cum *Rex Jeſſidem* arceſſit ſævus, ut ægram
(Incautum ſpecie ſi fallere poſſet honeſtâ)
Soletur fidibus mentem, curáſque ſoporet.
Dic mihi, *Muſa*, ſacri quæ tanta potentia *Verſûs*?
(Nam tibi *ſcire* datum, & *verſu memorare potenti*,
Cuncta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere
In *regno*, *Regina*, *tuo*) vim *Diva* recluſam
Carminis, & latè penetralia ditia pande,
Theſauróſq;, & opes, & inenarrabile *Sceptrum*.
Quæ ſprevere homines, tandem ut mirentur amént q;
Diviſq; accedat reverentia juſta *Poetis*.
Ut ſacri primùm fœcundo in pectore *Vatis*
Indigeſta operis ſurgunt *Elementa* futuri,
Materies donec paulatim ſumere *formas*
Incipiat, juſſóq; incedant ordine verba,
Ac benè diſpoſitus leni fluat agmine verſus:
Talis erat *Naturæ* olim *naſcentis Imago*,
Sic magnum *Mundi* divino ex ore *Poëma*
Prodiit, *artificiſq;* informis maſſa ſupremam
Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore.
Indociles nondùm ſubierunt *fœdere Partes*
Fraterno commune jugum; bellúmq; ſine arte
Geſſerunt diſcurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.
Æterni *Ratio* quos tandem *Muſica* verbi
Diſcrevítq; locis, & *vincula dulcia victis*
Impoſuit; *Numeróſq;* pios, facilemq; tenorem
Elicuit; *Medios Aër* atq; *Unda Sonores*
Concentu referunt *muto*; levis *Ignis acutos*,
Terra graves, rapido *Lunam* diverberat ictu,
At lentam *Saturni* operoſo pollice *Chordam*.

Sic

Sic *celeres Motus* cum *tardis* intertexti,
Jam feſtum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longiq*; *Breviſq*;
Exercent *Ludum*, & docto diſcrimine plaudunt,
Ut peccent magnæ veſtigia nulla *Choreæ*.
Hæc eſt quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,
Ornatu cernendam alio ſeſe exhibet *Auri*,
Dives opum, varióq; ſuperba *Scientia* cultu,
Hæc habitat vatum libris, hæc *carmine in iſto*
Harmonia eſt; non *Cantoris*, non illa *Legentis*
Indiget, in charta multùm *facunda ſilenti*.
Hæc agilis *Magni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*.
Hæc Parvi toto ſe miſcet corpore *Mundi*.
Totus Homo Harmonia eſt; omnes *Symmetria* cenſus
Congerit hîc, omnis *Naturæ Archiva* tenentur.
Ipſe *Chorum* facit *Unus*, & eſt *Deus ipſe Choragus*.
Hinc in nos nata eſt *Numerorum* ſancta poteſtas,
Nam ſimul ac portas humani corporis intrant
Inveniunt *Fratréſq*; ſuos, charóſq; *Sodales*
Et pariles numeros, & reſpondentia metris
Metra ſuis; jungunt dextras, reddúntq; ſalutem.
Nec nos vi victos capiunt, bellóq; ſubactos,
Stant *Cives* intùs dilecti à partibus *Hoſtis*.
Et ſeſe dedunt ſine *Proditione volentes*,
Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte
Effuſus *Sanguis* diſtantia vulnera quærit
Ignotum per iter, quamq; accipit ipſe ſalutem
Abſenti gaudet *gratus* tranſmittere *Fonti*.
Haud aliter parili tentis conamine *Chordis*
Fraterno hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motu.
Illa ſuo, hæc *ſolo Naturæ vivida pulſu*.
Sic *Lyra Jeſſidæ*, tum dulci callida furto
Ægra ſubintravit miſeri præcordia *Regis*,
Placavitq; æſtus animi, ſævóſq; tumultus.

Pſalmus 114.

CUm ſacra ſævis *Iſacidum* manus
Exiret oris terribilem procul
Audivit, aſpexítq; gentem,
Et refluum trepidavit æquor.
Ut qui ſequentes antevolans fugâ
Evaſit hoſtes, ſtat procul arduo
De monte reſpectans, & omnes
Aure ſonos bibit inquietâ.
Erexit undas ſic *Mare* turbidum
Ut ſigna vidit prætereuntia,
Fluctúſq; pendentes utrimq;
Ut *Scopuli* ſteterunt acuti.

Cryſtallini

Cryſtallini non *mœnia lympida*
Mundi figurâ plus ſtabili manent
Ex elaborato nitentûm
Marmore conſolidata aquarum.
Non audet *Amnis* ad mare progredi,
Fontem reviſit mentis inops ſuum.
Nato latebroſos receſſus
Fons aperit, gremiúmq; *victo.*
Circùm tremiſcunt culmina *Montium,*
Multúſq; *Collis Montibus* adſilit,
Ut matris abſcondunt ſub alis
Se teneri *trepidántq;* *Pulli.*
Gaudere viſo fluctivagum *mare,*
Gaudere *Flumen* mobile, nec fuit
Fugiſſe poſt *Montes fugaces*
Mobilibus pudor ullus *Undis.*
Nobis nocebit nil *fuga Montium,*
Verſi nocebit nil *fuga Fluminis,*
I *Flumen,* ît *formidoloſum,*
Et pavidi procùl ite *Montes.*
Æquare ſummis ima valet *Deus.*
Diſcent in *altum plana* tumeſcere,
Valleſq; turgeſcent, ferémtq;
Attonito capita alta cœlo :
Fontemq; *Flumen* ſi repetis tuum,
Fontem refundet dura *ſilix* novum;
Nec ſaxa ceſſabunt, nec ipſæ
Flumina ſuppeditare *rupes.*

Sic cecinit ſanctus *Vates,* digitóſq; volantes
Innumeris per fila modis trepidantia movit,
Intimáq; elicuit *medici* miracula plectri.
Audivêre ſonum, & victi ceſsêre furores.
At non *Invidiæ Sauli* de pectore ceſſit
Indomitus *Serpens*; vocem nihil ille ſalubrem,
Incantatoris nihil irrita carmina curat.
Fingit adhùc morbum, & ſpumas agit ore *Tyrannus,*
Et verum falſo ſcelus excuſare furore
(Heu nimiùm ingratus tantæ oblitúſq; ſalutis!)
Sperat, adhùc miſer, & nequicquam mente receptâ.
Jamq; inopinatam ſuſtollens fervidus *haſtam*
(Quam caram ſibi pro *Sceptro* geſtare ſolebat)
Dentibus infrendens oculíſq; immane minatus,
Pectora *Jeſſidæ* crudeli deſtinat ictu,
Dulcia dum ſacræ renovat medicamina vocis,
Nil meritus metuénſve mali; volat illa per auras,
Stridens, oppoſitoq; dat irrita vulnera muro.
Namq; polo lapſus *Miles cœleſtis* ab alto
Detorſitq; manu, *juſtoq;* *errore* fefellit.

O cæcas hominum vires, fruſtráq; ſuperbas!
Arma ſui dextram *Domini* mandatáq; fallunt,
Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmúmq; impellat acumen.
Vulneris ille tui jam *fæliciſſimus error*,
Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deludêris in arvis!
Indè tuam excipiet gentem, & *fatalia* ſceptra
Jeſſides, manéſq tuos ea fama (ſub imo
Siquid res hominum merſos *Acheronte* movebunt)
Semper morte novâ & *fœcundo vulnere* rodet.
Hinc *Deus* ipſe tuas dedit illi evadere fauces
Incolumem, hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legentes
Inſtaurare opus, & telam producere juſſit.
Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapſus ab hoſte
Sentit adhùc; ſed & arma ſequi, ſed & agmina credit
A tergo; creditq; haſtam exaudire volantem.
Nec fruſtrà; tantos cauſa urget honeſta timores,
Ipſáq; *Formido* illius *divina futuri* eſt.
Nam ſuperaccenſa eſt fato violentia *Regis*,
Et quæ *Jeſſiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*
Vulnerat hæc ipſum; ſalvo jam neſcit *honore*
Exuere inſanam mentem, nec judicat eſſe
Regis, inexpletum *crudúmq;* relinquere crimen.
Ergo manum lectam juvenum quos ipſe furentes
Impulerat monitis, ſcelerúmq; incoxerat uſu,
Vi, ferro, jubet incautum ſuperare *Davidem*,
Errorémq; ſuum ſucceſſu abolere *nefaſto*.
Sic animo *Saulus*, contrà *Deus* omnia volvit.
Intereà *Michole Jeſſides* multa timenti,
Mulráq; ploranti *curiſq;* *decentibus* ægræ,
(Namq; oculis plus illa ſuis, plus lumine cœli
Dilexit, non *ipſa* minùs dilecta, *Maritum*)
Facta refert, & parva ſui diſcrimina lethi.
Forte ſuper *Micholes* dotalia tecta, ubi & *Hortus*
Ætherius mirâ florebat *penſilis* arte,
Parvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus,
Quámq; dedit lucem cœli vicinia, flavis
Reddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina Stellæ*;
Lenti incedebant manibúſq; oculíſq; plicatis,
Plurimáq; alloquio lenibant triſtia dulci.
Cùm *Michole* (viſus nam pluſquam *aquilinus* amantûm eſt)
Heu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,
Carnifices; equidem video agmen, equóſq; frementes
Audio; clareſcunt mediis in frondibus arma,
Sæváq; per denſam tranſmittunt fulgura ſilvam.
Tolle gradum citus, & propera, fuge quoliber, inquit,
Ne morere, O *Conjux*; fuge dictis ocyus; adſunt;
Quid nos, quid vînclo junxit pater ipſe jugali,
Voce vocans in ſacra *Deum*, populúmq; libentem?
Bis centum meruiſſe nihil præputia credit?
Ingratus! Sudor, ſanguis bellíq; labores

Dos

Dos tibi noſter erant. Tum pleno uberrima fonte
Diſcurrit, vociſq; vicem pia lacryma ſervat.
Mox iterùm; Nihil efficiet; per aperta feneſtræ
Hinc te demittam incolumem; tu quà via cæca,
Arripe iter; fuge mî *Conjux*; non hæc tibi dico
More meo, *inviſa* eſt tua jam *præſentia* primùm.
Ille refert contrà; O cunctis præſtantior una
Conjugibus! ------ *Michole* dicturum plurima molli
Occupat amplexu, & raptim multa oſcula turbat,
Dum lacrymas *Luctus* ac gaudia miſcet *Amoris*.
Parce, ait, incaſsùm pretioſa effundere verba,
Aſpice quanta tuæ triſtis *vicinia mortis*.
Ergò alacer paret dictis; hæc callida lecto
Jeſſidæ Statuam mirâ factam arte reponit;
Jamq; manus juvenum ſeſe in penetralia fundit
Dedignata moram ſceleris, jamq; enſibus ipſum
Illum ipſum expoſcunt, & verba haud mollia jactant.
At *Michole* laudanda parat mendacia contrà,
Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives muliebribus armis,
Flet ſcindítq; comas, & luctiſono ululatu
Tecta replet; tum ſic bene ficto pectore fatur.
Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere* duri,
Huic ipſam miſero *mortem*, & *ſua fata* negatis?
Quæritis exitium *Jeſſidæ?* parcite *Vobis*;
Nil opus eſt *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi
Jamdudum inſervit patri, & vos eſſe nocentes
Non ſinit; ecce illum jamdudum *Lingua Oculiq;*
Deficiunt; tantam fruſtrà quid *perditis* iram?
Nec *Mortem*, nec *Vos*, nec veſtros ſentiet *Enſes*.
Si vos innocui ſitis urget tanta cruoris;
(Me miſeram!) facite ut lubet, & ſatiate furorem.
Non faciet *brevis hora* minus; nec tempore longo
Reſtabo infelix. Tum lumina juſſa decoro
Imbre madent, miróſq; oculis dolor afflat honores.
O quem non *Luctus* dominæq; potentia *Formæ*
Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia diſcit
Credere jamprimùm & *miſereſcere*; linquere mœſtam
Triſtis & ipſa domum properat; Statua ipſa recumbit
Faſciolíſq; voluta caput, ſtratóq; ſepulta
Purpureo, atq; refert *morientis mortua* vultum.
Lugentes famuli circùm tacitíq; miniſtrant,
Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ,
Triſte Ornamentum menſæ; dat & arte locata
Horrorem obſcurum non clara lucerna cubili;
Scilicet iſta *favent fraudi*; at ſupra omnia *Numen*
Suffudit ſpectantum oculos caligine *ſacrâ*.
O tandem nullo *fœlix* in crimine ceſſa
Virtutem imbelli fruſtrà tentare duello,
O *manibus* decepte tuis, *oculiſq; tuorum!*
Saulus, ut hæc audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?

Illum igitur *bis quinq;* *virûm qui millia fudit,*
Illum animam ſegni tandèm deponere letho?
Nimirùm *Deus* hunc fertur defendere ſontem;
Sonſve inſonſve fuat, defendat; ſit precor illi
Talis membrorum modus & concordia juſta
Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus ante
Quam *Scelus*, aut ſceleris *Morbi* digniſſima merces
Robora fregiſſent ſubito nativa veneno;
Noſtrum immane odium eſt, totúmq; explere *Davidis*
Integer haud poterit; quid ſe laudem addit in iſtam
Adjutrix Fortuna mihi? memorabile nil eſt
Partitâ in pœnâ. Pereuntem extinguere lucem
Quid juvat? exhauſtæ quid *fæcem* emittere vitæ,
Et penè *attritum* feriendo abrumpere filum?
Uſq; adeóne humilem mea vera & nobilis ira
Se dabit? Ah meliùs! *ſolennis victima* nobis
Jeſſidæ vita eſt, & non niſi *opima*, litabit.
Nondùm vindictæ maturus, *creſcit* in iram
Pingueſcátq; meam; tunc ipſe libidine quantâ
Singultantem animâ multùm luctante videbo,
Pugnantémq; diù & *productâ* morte cadentem?
Quid loquor? aut quò nunc vindictam differo ſeram
Cunctator?
Forſitan & pietas ſtulta & clementia ſegnis
Juratúſq; meo *Samuel* malus hoſtis honori,
Quæ mihi nunc fixa eſt, mutabunt deniq; mentem.
Adde quod & noſtræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ
Implicitum tenet, & fugiendi copia nulla eſt;
Haſta impunè erret, jam ſæpè ferire licebit,
Et geminare ictus, totúmq; haurire cruorem.
Si fato oppetere, & placidâ jam morte neceſſe eſt;
At videam extremos trepidanti pectore ſenſus
Fundentem, atq; oculos optato funere paſcam.
Ergo agite hûc, juvenes, *Jeſſiden* ſiſtite nobis,
Expirantem animam licet, & ſuprema gementem.
Jam pulchræ apparent latè veſtigia fraudis;
At *Michole* irati juſſa incuſare *Mariti*,
Crudeléſq; minas, & vim prætendere facto.
Saulus ut hæc; vix immodicâ ſe ſuſtinet irâ,
Volventéſq; premit luctanti pectore curas,
Amens, & rubris ſuffectus lumina flammis,
Sic olim *Hircanæ* metuenda *potentia ſilvæ*
Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa
Addiderint, ſiquem incautum procul ire juvencum
Aſpicit, ille jubam quaſſat, dapibúſq; futuris
Accingit ſeſe lætus, tum cæca viarum
Speratam ſi forte tegunt erroribus eſcam,
Deludúntq; famem, torquet flammantia circùm
Lumina, & irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,
Horrendúmq; fremens ſilvas rimatur opertas.

Nil

Nil opus eſt *vento*, trepidant *formidine* frondes,
Speluncíſq; feras timor *abdit* & *urget* in ipſis.
Mœſtus ubiq; horror, nemorúmq; ſilentia vaſta,
Non audet turbata rugitum imitarier *Eccho.*
In medio ſilvæ immenſæ quæ proxima *Ramam*
Obtegit, *illuſtrátq;* verendi nominis umbrâ,
Inclita ſanctorum ſita ſunt *Cõllegia Vatum*,
Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magiſtris*,
Ad ſacros effuſa pedes didicere ſilentes,
Cordáq; cœleſti ſtiparunt cerea melle.
Succreſcunt palmo veluti radicibus alta
Germina, rore *Dei*, & materno lacte repaſta,
Nunc parva, haud umbras olim factura minores.
Non tam *mole* ſuâ quam *fundatore* ſuperbit
Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor
Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author.*
Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; modicóſq; & honeſtos
Suffecit reditus, paupertatémq; *decoram.*
Nec ſeſe tantum *dextra* tamen illa benignæ,
Quam *Linguæ* debere putat, quæ prodiga ſacros
Explicuit cenſus, magníq; æraria cœli.
Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctóſq; *Prophetas*
Sub pedibus lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta
Quod *docuêre* alios, quàm quod *didicêre* ſub illo.
Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;
Nam non illa *Artis* fabricavit inepta libido,
Sed *Naturæ* uſus, quæ gaudet *maxima parvo.*
Intus quadratæ viridis ſtat porticus umbræ,
Et denſæ *Solis* propellunt ſpicula *Laurus*,
Securæ cœli, rapidóſq; ob fulguris ictus
Impavidæ; in medióq; argentea vena ſalubris
Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo
Marmoris, aut triſti plangentis vincla ſuſurro,
Sed lætæ topho viridi, argutíſq; lapillis.
Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare
Apta ſitim, aut *ſacros* accedere *pauper* ad uſus.
Hic ſua cuiq; data eſt *cella*, & ſua cuiq; *ſupellex*
(*Lautities* veterum *Sanctorum* & *copia dives*)
Sponda brevis, ſcamnum, necnon ex abiete eodem
Menſa tripes; portam clauſiſſent plura volenti
Inferre; antiqui *pomæria juſta Neceſſi*
Servantes, pulchréq; *auſi contemnere Vana.*
Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurima reddunt,
Sed forma, ac generi benè reſpondentia vitæ.
Impedit, atq; *onerat* dominum *numeroſa Supellex*
In *parvâ* congeſta *domo.* Ponè altera ſurgit
Altior, atq; uſu, cultúq; augſtior ædes.
Ad latus hîc lævum ſe pandunt *Aula*, *Scholaq;*
Bibliotheca tenet dextrum, & *Synagoga*, precantum
Nunquam muta choro. Stat plurima fagina menſa

Ornamentum

Ornamentum Aulæ; non invidioſa, nec impar
Pellibus inſtratis, quibus eſt circumdata, *Lectis.*
Accumbunt primi capitíſq; cómæq; verendæ
Doctores, *Socii* in gremiis jacuêre recepti.
At *Juvenes* infra benè læti rebus egenis
Graminibus ſuper aggeſtis, ulvâq; paluſtri
Decumbunt; *Lectos*, *Menſáſq;* *Dapéſq;* miniſtrat
Terra ferax, & *Sole Coquo* convivia gaudent.
Bibliotheca fuit paucis decorata libellis,
Non onerata malis; nondum inſatiata libido
Scribendi (peſtis jucunda) invaſerat orbem,
Nec *Medicina Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ
In *morbum* fuerant *ipſæ* ſcabiémq; pudendam
Converſæ, quæ nunc latè contagia ſerpunt.
Scilicet hos importunos excluſit *Amantes*
Virgo Muſa, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ
Spectari pavida, & vultum velata modeſtum.
Nunc fugit amplexus *Meretrix* deperdita nullos,
Garrula, vana, procax, *cultu mendica ſuperbo*
Et *populo* compreſſa (nefas) parit horrida *Monſtra.*
Quis furor hic tanto fruſtrà ſudare *labore*
Deſidiam, miſeróq; inſanæ more *Sibyllæ*
Scribere, quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis?*
Diverſas illic artéſq; modóſq; videres,
Queis brevis atq; fugax *Verborum Natio vitam*
Exuit *aeriam*, & firmum ſibi vendicat ævum.
Teſſerulis quædam leviter commiſta caducis,
Aſt alia in ſolido depoſta fideliter *ære*,
Palmarum hæc foliis vano mandata labore
Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum.
Hîc longa arboreis ſcribuntur carmina *libris*,
Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex;
Illic *Pictoris* ſignata *elementa* videres,
Hîc *Textoris* acu, doctæq; volumina veſtis,
Illic cerataſq; ſtilo perarante tabellas,
Aſt hîc membranas tenues, biblónq; paluſtrem,
Tunc rudia, atq; artis nova tentamenta futuræ;
Nec non & paries perfungitur ipſe *Scholarum*
Munere *librorum*; totus deſcribitur orbis,
Æquoreæq; viæ, ſparſæq; per æquora terræ,
Ætheriæq; Plagæ, palantéſq; æthere *Stellæ.*
Adduntur *Sententiolæ*, monitúſq; verendi,
Hiſtoriæq; breves; pars clara & aperta legenti,
At pars *Niliacis* animantum obſcura *figuris.*
Hîc ſociatorum *ſacra Conſtellatio Vatum*
(Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera, *nubes*
Luxuriæ ſupra, *Tempeſtatéſq;* *Laborum*)
Diſperſit latè radios, tenebráſq; fugavit,
Doctrinæ effundens *Lucem Influxúmq;* benignum.
Aſtrorum *Nathanus* viréſq; viáſq; latentes,

Aureáq;

Aureáq; explicuit ſuperi penetralia mundi.
Haud magico cœlis deducens Sydera verſu
Sol ut utroſq; *polos* conversâ luce ſalutat
Gaudentes; ſequitúrq; volubilis *Annus* euntem.
Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* ſupernè
Procedit, quantáq; coercita *lege* vagatur
Ipſe quidem *Vates*, ſed enim nil debuit *Aſtris*;
Contemnens *Rivos*, & *Fonte* repletus ab ipſo
Materiam ingenti *Mahol* inſectatur amore,
Per gyros, per mæandros, per cæca viarum
Venator, fugit illa levis, premit ille fugacem,
Oráq; vertentem, & tentantem evadere furto.
At ſolidas ſignare notas in *pulvere docto*
Gaddus, & *æternas* gaudet *turbare figuras.*
Necnon & longè *Numeros* ſine fine vagantes
Producit *patiens Comes*; exuperabile nunquam
Tentat adire jugum, *punctóq;* aſcendit ab *Uno.*
Pyramidem inverſam, & creſcentem ſemper acervum
Defunctis victura ſtruit monumenta *Seraias*,
Condit aromaticâ prohibétq; putreſcere laude.
Et quos præteriti vaſtum *Mare Temporis* annos
Abſorpſit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo.
Quam celer *occaſus*, tardúmq; ſit *incrementum*
Imperiis; & quæ fabricat ſolertia *Fatum*
Edocet; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus
Explicat interpres; nec cæcos more ferarum
Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atq; ſcientes.
Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,
Temporis ingreditur penetralia celſa futuri,
Implumeſq; videt *nidis* cœleſtibus *annos.*
Hæ reliquæq; Artes hîc excipiuntur amico
Hoſpitio tantùm; poterat ſed ſancta *Poeſis*
Hoc nata atq; educta loco, & regnare videri.
Non magis aſſiduo reſonat domus aurea cantu
Angelici cœli; nullo non ſpirat ab ore
Carmen; dulciſonúmq; chorum moderantur *Aſaphus*
Hemanúſq;, ambo genio excellente *Poetæ*,
Voce pares liquidâ, digitiſq; *loquacibus* ambo.
Parte aliâ *Synagoga* pio pulcherrima luxu
Splendebat (nam ſunt illic *diſpendia frugi*)
Perſtringunt oculos auro laquearia fulvo,
Spectantûm; ſed quos recreant aulæa viciſſim
Cœruleo, *ſacróq;* colore; illic prece forti
Térq; die ſoliti *vim cœlo* inferre *volenti*,
Terq; die ſanctum *Moſis* verſare volumen,
Térq; piis, totiſq; *Deum* reſonantibus *Hymnis*,
Exercent lætam ſtadio *ſeptemplice* vocem.
Talis erat quondam, tam celſo *Muſa* volatu
Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atq; *ſuperba decenter.*
Carmen erat *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ *voce loquutus*;

Namq;

Namq; priùs tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,
Immenſúmq; *Nihil*, *Vacuiq*; informis hiatus.
Plenus ubiq; ſui, propria *ipſe Palatia* ſedit
Omnipotens, ſeſe contentus & *Omnia ſolus*.
Ille autem totus *Bonitas*, *Sapienta* totus,
Totus *Amor*, voluit *gratis* producere cuncta;
Cuncta *Voluntati*, nondum *producta* gerebant.
Artifici morem, & latè capita alta ferebant.
Antè alia imperio citiùs ſeſe extulit ingens
Immane, indigeſtum *Aliquid*; ſine lumine formæ,
Et ſine honore jacens; (*Monogramma Exordia* mundi!)
Feſtinaſſe illud ſcires, dum ſancta capeſſit
Juſſa libens, rebúſq; aliis præcurrere gaudet.
Hoc tamen in gremio, & *nil promittente* receſſu,
Ditia cunctarum glomerantur ſemina rerum.
Emicat hinc ſubitò lucenti vortice *Flamma*,
Aſcendítq; *Polum*, & multo ſeſe implicat orbe;
Olli ſe jungit comitem & veſtigia tentat
Fuſus circùm *Aer*; *Tellus* oneroſa graviſq;
Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere ſe dat
Merſa mari; ſed mox denſæ penetralia terræ
Vaſta aperit *Pater*, & magnum deſcendere *Pontum*,
Voce jubet, penitúſq; cavis habitare latebris.
At timidi contrà non audent hiſcere fluctus,
Inq; uterum terræ ſine murmure delabuntur.
Convexa accendit cœli meliore metallo.
Jámq; nova arcano prorumpit *gloria* fonte,
Atq; implet *Solem* exundans; hinc flumine vivo
Lucis inexhauſtæ mundum ſe ſpargit in amnem,
Magnum, quo facta eſt, *Numen* ſtudioſa referre.
Inde rudem *Lunæ* maſſam, ſimpléxq; polivit
Voce opus, & radios aurato *pectine* compſit.
Surge, ait, & mœſtæ regnum vigil accipe noctis;
Surrexit, traxítq; ſacræ vaga Syrmata lucis.
Attollunt famulas hinc atq; hinc *ſidera* tædas,
Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam*, & comitantur euntem.
Turget humus fœcunda, & pubeſcentibus herbis
Miratur riſúmq; ſuum, inſolitóſq; colores.
Jámq; iter aerium radunt impunè volantes,
Exultantq; alacres paſſim formidine nullâ.
Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata eſt,
Nondum læthalis modulamina rupit arundo.
Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*
Securæ fraudum; *Numen* namq; omnia laudant,
Fluctivagi *Piſces*, *mutum genus*; illius ipſi
Munus erant, *Monté ſq*; maris, volventia *Cete*,
Quiq; ſuas parvo ſuperant vix corpore arenas.
Inde feræ immiſſæ ſilvis, cœleſtia juſſa;
Quidnam ultrà potuit? *Cœli Terræq*; *catenam*,
Ipſum *Hominem* potuit; quo miſcuit omnia in uno:

Admirandum

Admirandum opus, & *compendia ditia Mundi.*
Tum verò magni *monitrix clementia* Patris
Carmen erat, *raræq;* *iræ*, fulménq; *coactum*,
Impia cum *ſacras* damnaſſent crimina terras,
Unda ruens victrix magno ſonitúq; ruinâq;
Omnia vaſta dedit; frondentia tecta volucrum
Implicuêre hilares fruſtrà, *nova retia*, piſces.
Naufragium paſſa eſt *Natura*; os *Phœbus* ab alto
Extulit, & ſolos percuſſit lumine fluctus.
Non tamen hæc homines memori ſub pectore condunt
Inſani, fervétq; iterùm furioſa libido;
Cum ſubitò ardeſcunt nubes, incendia cœlo
Tetra micant, totúſq; *in pœnam* excandet *Olympus.*
Mox *Sodomas* tabeſcentes, liquefactáq; tecta
Corripuit rapidus flammanti ſulphure nimbus,
Senſerunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem
Qui nunc æternùm miſeros poſt funera torret.
Longè alia implicuit peſtis *Pharaona* ſuperbum,
Cum fluctus *conjurati*, & *commilito* ventus
Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant; pecus omne profundi
Miratur, *Regúmq;* ſedent in curribus aureis
Regum corporibus ſatiati; in gurgite toto
Apparent ſemeſi artus, natat unda cruore,
Nec *Mare* jam *vano* cenſetur nomine *Rubrum*,
Plurimus ipſe etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,
Cujus *iter* genti manſurum in ſæcula nomen
Hebrææ dedit, & *Moſes*, *Nunniq;* propago
Bellipotens; quantóſq; illi fregere Tyrannos,
Sihonem, membríſq; ſuperbum ingentibus *Oggum*,
Ripporidemq; *Hohamúnq;* trucem, fortémq; *Debirum*,
Quos dextrâ *Iſacidum* divina potentia ſtravit.
Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempora prendunt,
Pacatiſq; animis cœlum *labuntur* in ipſum.
Non illos aurum perſtringit fulgure ſacro
Dulce malum, ignotum ſæclis quibus *Aurea Nomen.*
Cujus nunc ergo ſudore ad tartara multo
Heu non à miſeris tantùm *effoſſoribus* itur.
Quantum ô ſtultorum turbam ſuperabat avaram
Dives opum contemptus, & ingens *copia mentis!*
Non illos *Bombyx* pretioſo ſedulus ornat
Funere, nec Tyrio deformant corpora fuco,
Gloria, nunc animis æternóq; empta dolore,
Aura illic viſa eſt levis, & ſine pondere nomen.
Accipit ingenuum feſſos durúmq; cubile.
Quódq; benè extremi jubeat meminiſſe *ſepulchri*;
In medium facilis per ſilvam quæritur eſca,
Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut aera ventre,
Nec crudo heſternas accuſant pectore cœnas.
Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,

Hæc bona *mundities* animi eſt; *rubigine* nullâ
Inficitur vitii, nitidum ſic ſordibus ævum
Deterget miſeris, puróq; incedit amictu.
Hinc Deus intrat agens ſacro præcordia motu,
Nec propriam cœli *præſentior* incolit ædem.
Hinc alacres juſto funguntur munere *Senſus*,
Nec titubant, revocántve gradum, *Ratione* magiſtrâ.
Hinc ſimulacra animo depingit myſtica *Somnus*
Molliter in victos ſimul ac defluxit ocellos.
Tranſilit admiſſo præſentia *Tempora* ſaltu,
Ætatúmq; inter *ſilvas*, & amœna vireta
Ambulat, atq; *annos* jam nunc exire parantes,
Frænáq; *mordentes* cernit; micat undiq; fati
Ordo ingens, valvæq; patent, longíq; receſſus.
O *fortunatos nimium, & bona qui ſua norunt!*
O quàm præcelſo deſpectant culmine mundum!
Et nubes rerum, & jactatum turbine *Saulum!*
Hæc domus hoſpitio *Jeſſiden* læta recepit
Solantem curas, & denſa pericula cantu,
At manus hùc juvenum (quò non penetraverit *irá*
Invidiæq; oculus?) *Regiſq;* *ſuoq;* furore
Sæva venit; votis *damnati* immanibus omnes.
Segnis erat qui non peſtem *juraverat* amens
Jeſſidæ, membrúmq; aliquod *promiſerat* enſi.
Sic *abſens* totum partita eſt *Ira* cadaver.
Jamq; adſunt, ſubitoq; afflantur corda ſereno,
Ignotum inſinuat ſeſe per pectora cœlum.
Laſcivit paulatim horror, vultúſq; recedit
Fulgur atrox; & jam pacato fidere vernat.
Venarum caſto gaudentes flumine rivi,
Lenè micant; ſignat divinus tempora candor,
Mira *dies* frontis, ſacro quæ fuſa *pudore*
Prima rubet; ponit belli cædíſq; cupido,
Dum Numen pacis celebrant, & carmina fundunt
Pacis opus; bis jámq; alios, bis luſus eiſdem
Miſerat exemplis, ipſum jam plena *Tyrannum*
Ire lubet rabies læſámq; ulciſcier iram.
Cum melior ſubitò furor implet mentem animúmq;
Pérque omnes ſenſus, pérq; intima pertinet oſſa.
Tum chlamydem illuſam gemmis, auróq; rigentem
Exuit, & capitis deponit nobile pondus.
Ah puduit regni decus atq; inſignia ferre
Turpe jugum vitii, & ſervilia jura ferentem;
Tum primùm *Rex Saulus* erat; *lux una* beatæ
Inſtar habet *vitæ*, & longum præponderat ævum.
Miratur populus, dictúmq; emanat ubique,
Ipſum etiam vatum turbæ ſe adjungere *Saulum*.
Balamus ſic *Beorides Moabitida* venit,
Ut *benedictam* ageret diris & carmine gentem,
Et pretio infœlix *fatalia* venderet ora,

Sic

Sic ſecum at didicit tandem (mirabile dictu)
Ipſo *Aſino ſapere*, ac *fari* meliora *magiſtro*.
O magnum *Iſacidum* decus! ô pulcherrima caſtra!
O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos!
Non ſic herbarum vario ſubridet amictu,
Planities pictæ vallis, montíſve ſupini
Clivus, perpetuis *cedrorum* verſibus altus.
Non ſic æſtivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno,
Frondéſq; fructúſq; ferens, formoſa ſecundum
Flumina, mollis ubi viridíſq; ſupernatat umbra.
Quid video? *mortem Iſacidum* ſuper arma ſedentem!
Læta ſedet, prædámq; expectat avara futuram.
Plures *Iſacidæ* gladios, plura arma parate;
Scilicet hæc crebro *Victoria* conteret uſu.
Cum *Leo* ſe attollit *Judæ*, torvúmq; tuetur,
Omnia diffugient preſſis animalia longè
Auribus; & medio ſi fortè recumbit in antro,
Murmura tum ponent ſilvæ, metuendáq; *Tigris*
Prætereuns ipſo vel *dormitante* tremiſcet.
Quæ mala, quis *Judæ* vel proſpera fata precatur,
Omnia in ipſius caput ingeminata ferentur.

FINIS.

CHRISTS PASSION.

Taken out of a Greek ODE, *written by* Mr. Maſters *of* New-Colledge *in* Oxford.

1.

ENough my Muſe, of Earthly things,
And inſpirations but of wind,
Take up thy Lute, and to it bind
Loud and everlaſting ſtrings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em ſing,
The happy mournful ſtories,
The Lamentable glories,
Of the great crucified King.
Mountainous heap of wonders! which do'ſt riſe
Till Earth thou joyneſt with the Skies!
Too large at bottom, and at top too high,
To be half ſeen by mortal Eye.
How ſhall I graſp this boundleſs thing!
What ſhall I play? what ſhall I ſing?
I'll ſing the mighty Riddle of myſterious love,
Which neither wretched Men below, nor bleſſed Spirits above
With all their Comments can explain;
How all the whole Worlds Life to die did not diſdain.

2

I'll ſing the ſearchleſs depths of the Compaſſion Divine,
The depths unfathom'd yet
By Reaſons Plummet and the Line of Wit.
Too light the Plummet, and too ſhort the Line.
How the Eternal Father did beſtow
His own Eternal Son as ranſom for his Foe,
I'll ſing aloud, that all the World may hear,
The Triumph of the buried Conqueror.
How Hell was by it's Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great ſlayer, Death, ſlain by the Dead.

3.

Methinks I hear of murthered Men the voice,
Mixt with the Murderers confuſed noiſe,
Sound from the top of *Calvary*;
My greedy eyes fly up the hill, and ſee
Who 'tis hangs there the midmoſt of the three;
Oh how unlike the others he
Look how he bends his gentle Head with bleſſings from the Tree!
His Gracious Hands ne'r ſtretcht but to do good,
Are nail'd to the infamous wood?
And ſinful Man does fondly bind
The Arms, which he extends t' embrace all humane kind:

4.

Unhappy Man, canſt thou ſtand by, and ſee
All this as patient, as he?
Since he thy Sins do's bear,
Make thou his ſufferings thine own,
And weep, and ſigh, groan,
And beat thy Breaſt, and tear
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy grief, and let thy love
Through all thy bleeding bowels move.
Do'ſt thou not ſee thy Prince in Purple clad all o're,
Not Purple brought from the *Sidonian* ſhore,
But made at home with richer gore?
Doſt thou not ſee the Roſes, which adorn
Thy thorny Garland, by him worn?
Doſt thou not ſee the livid traces
Of the ſharp ſcourges rude embraces:
If yet thou feeleſt not the ſmart
Of thorns and ſcourges in thy heart,
If that be yet not crucify'd,
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on his Side.

3.

Open, Oh! open wide the Fountains of thine Eies,
And let 'em call
Their ſtock of moiſture forth where e'r it lies,
For this will ask it all.
'Twould all (alas) too little be
Though thy ſalt Tears come from a Sea;
Canſt thou deny him this, when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee:
Take heed; for by his ſides myſterious flood
May well be underſtood,
That he will ſtill require ſome Waters to his Blood.

O D E.

On Orinda's *Poems*

WE allow'd you Beauty, and we did ſubmit
To all the Tyrannies of it;
Ah! Cruel Sex, will you depoſe us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too raign,
Does Man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And Cancel great *Apollo*'s Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain,
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verſe was Loves Fire-Arms heretofore,

In

In Beauties Camp it was not known.
Too many Arms beſides that Conqu'ror bore:
'Twas the great Canon we brought down
T'aſſault a ſtubborn Town;
Orinda firſt did a bold ſally make,
Our ſtrongeſt Quarter take,
And ſo ſucceſsful prov'd, that ſhe
Turn'd upon Love himſelf his own Artillery.

2.

Women as if the Body were their Whole,
Did that, and not the Soul
Tranſmit to their poſterity;
If in it ſometime they conceiv'd,
Th'abortive Iſſue never liv'd.
'Twere ſhame and pity, *Orinda*, if in thee
A Spirit ſo rich, ſo noble, and ſo high
Should unmanur'd, or barren lye.
But thou induſtriouſly haſt ſow'd and Til'd.
The fair, and fruitful field;
And 'tis a ſtrange increaſe, that it does yeild.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet altogether at a Feaſt,
A ſecret Joy unſpeakable does move,
In their great Mother *Sibyle*'s contented breaſt:
With no leſs pleaſure thou methinks ſhould ſee,
This thy no leſs immortal Progenie.
And in their Birth thou no one touch doſt find,
Of the ancient curſe to Woman-kind,
Thou bring'ſt not forth with pain,
It neither Travail is, nor labour of the brain,
So eaſily they from thee come,
And there is ſo much room
In th'unexhauſted and unfathom'd Womb,
That like the *Holland* Counteſs thou may'ſt bear
A child for every day of all the fertile year.

3.

Thou doſt my wonder, wouldſt my envy raiſe
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praiſe,
Where e'r I ſee an excellence,
I muſt admire to ſee thy well knit ſenſe,
Thy numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high,
Thoſe as thy forehead ſmooth, theſe ſparkling as thine eye.
'Tis ſolid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather 'tis Angelical,
For as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verſes ſee
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet,
They are than Man more ſtrong, and more than Woman ſweet.

4.

They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female *Chimera*'s, that o'r Poets reign,
I ne'r could find that fancy true,
But have invok'd them oft I'm ſure in vain:
They talk of *Sappho*, but alaſs, the ſhame!
Ill manners ſoil the luſtre of her Fame;
Orinda's inward virtue is ſo bright,
That like a Lanthorn's fair incloſed light,
It through the Paper ſhines, where ſhe do's write.
Honour and Friendſhip, and the gen'rous ſcorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond Diſeaſe,
Like that of Girles, our vicious Stomachs pleaſe)
Are the inſtructive Subjects of her Pen,
And as the *Roman* Victory
Taught our rude Land, Arts, and Civility,
At once ſhe overcomes, enſlaves, and betters Men.

5.

But *Rome* with all her Arts could ne'r inſpire,
A Female Breaſt with ſuch a fire,
The warlike *Amazonian* Train,
Who in *Elyſium* now do peaceful reign,
And Wits mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope 'twill be ſetled in their ſex by her.
Merlin the Seer, (and ſure he would not ly,
In ſuch a ſacred Company)
Does Prophecies of Learn'd *Orinda* ſhow
Which he had darkly ſpoke ſo long ago,
Ev'n *Boadicia*'s angry Ghoſt
Forgets her own misfortune, and diſgrace,
And to her injur'd Daughters now does beaſt,
That *Rome*'s o'rcome at laſt, by a Woman of her Race.

ODE.

Upon occaſion of a Copy of Verſes of my Lord Broghills.

BE gon (ſaid I) Ingrateful Muſe, and ſee
What others thou canſt fool as well as me.
Since I grew Man, and wiſer ought to be,
My buſineſs and my hopes I left for thee:
For thee (which was more hardly given away)
I left, even when a Boy, my Play.
But ſay, Ingrateful Miſtreſs, ſay,
What for all this, What didſt thou ever pay?

Thou'lt

Thou'lt ſay, perhaps, that Riches are
Not of the growth of Lands where thou do'ſt trade,
And I, as well my Countrey might upbraid
Becauſe I have no Vinyard there.
Well: but in Love, thou doſt pretend to Reign,
There thine the Power and Lordſhip is,
Thou bad'ſt me write, and write, and write again;
'Twas ſuch a way as could not miſs.
I like a fool did thee obey,
I wrote, and wrote, but ſtill I wrote in vain,
For after all my expenſe of Wit and Pain,
A rich, unwriting hand, carry'd the Prize away.

2.

Thus I complain'd, and ſtraight the Muſe reply'd,
That ſhe had given me Fame.
Bounty immenſe! and that too muſt be try'd,
When I my ſelf am nothing but a name.
Who now, what Reader does not ſtrive
T' invalidate the gift whilſt w' are alive?
For when a Poet now himſelf doth ſhow,
As if he were a common Foe,
All draw upon him, all around,
And every part of him they wound,
Happy the Man that gives the deepeſt blow
And this is all kind Muſe to thee we owe.
Then in rage I took
And out at window threw
Ovid and *Horace*, all the chiming Crew,
Homer himſelf went with them too,
Hardly eſcaped the ſacred *Mantuan* Book:
I my own Off-ſpring, like *Agave* tore
And I reſolv'd, nay, and I think I ſwore,
That I no more the Ground would Till and Sow,
Where only flowry Weeds inſtead of Corn did grow.

3.

When (ſee the ſubtil ways which Fate does find,
Rebellious man to bind,
Juſt to the work for which he is aſſign'd)
The Muſe came in more chearful than before.
And bad me quarrel with her now no more.
Lo thy reward, look here and ſee,
What I have made (ſaid ſhe)
My Lover, and belov'd, my *Broghill* do for thee.
Though thy own verſe no laſting Fame can give,
Thou ſhalt at leaſt in his for ever live.
What Criticks, the great *Hectors* now in Wit,
Who Rant and Challenge all men that have writ,
Will dare t' oppoſe thee when
Broghil in thy defence has drawn his conquering Pen?

I roſe and bow'd my head
And pardon ask'd for all that I had ſaid,
Well ſatisfi'd and proud,
I ſtraight reſolv'd, and ſolemnly I vow'd,
That from her ſervice now I ne'r would part,
So ſtrongly, large Rewards work on a grateful Heart.

4.

Nothing ſo ſoon the drooping Sp'rits can raiſe
As Praiſes from the Men, whom all men praiſe.
'Tis the beſt Cordial, and which only thoſe
Who have at home th' Ingredients can compoſe,
A Cordial, that reſtores our fainting Breath.
And keeps up Life ev'n after Death.
The only danger is, leſt it ſhould be
Too ſtrong a remedy:
Leſt, in removing cold, it ſhould beget
Too violent a heat;
And into madneſs, turn the Lethargy.
Ah! Gracious God! that I might ſee
A time when it were dangerous for me
To be o're-heat with praiſe!
But I within me bear (alaſs) too great allayes.

5

'Tis ſaid, *Apelles*, when he *Venus* drew,
Did naked Women for his pattern view,
And with his powerful fancy did refine
Their humane ſhapes into a form Divine;
None who had ſet could her own Picture ſee,
Or ſay, One part was drawn for me:
So, though this noble Painter, when he writ,
Was pleas'd to think it fit
That my Book ſhould before him ſit,
Not as a cauſe, but an occaſion to his wit;
Yet what have I to boaſt, or to apply
To my advantage out of it, ſince I,
Inſtead of my own likeneſs only find
The bright *Idea* there, of the great Writers mind?

ODE.

Mr. Cowley's *Book preſenting itſelf to the Univerſity Library of* Oxford.

HAil Learnings *Pantheon!* Hail the ſacred Ark
Were all the World of Science doesembarque!
Which ever ſhall withſtand, and haſt ſolong withſtood,
Inſatiate times devouring Flood.

Hail

Hail Tree of Knowledg, thy leaves Fruit! which well
Doſt in the midſt of Paradiſe ariſe,
Oxford the Muſes Paradiſe,
From which may never Sword the bleſt expel.
Hail Bank of all paſt Ages! where they lie
T'inrich with intereſt Poſterity!
Hail Wits illuſtrious Galaxy!
Where thouſand Lights into one brightneſs ſpread;
Hail living Univers'ty of the dead!

2.

Unconfus'd Babel of all Tongues, which e'r
The mighty Linguiſt Fame, or Time, the mighty Traveller,
That could ſpeak, or this could hear.
Majeſtick Monument and Pyramide,
Where ſtill the ſhapes of parted Souls abide
Embalm'd in verſe, exalted Souls which now
Enjoy thoſe Arts they woo'd ſo well below,
Which now all wonders plainly ſee,
That have been, are, or are to be,
In the myſterious Library,
The Beatifick *Bodley* of the Deity.

3.

Will you into your Sacred throng admit
The meaneſt *Britiſh* Wit?
You Gen'ral-Council of the Prieſts of Fame,
Will you not murmur and diſdain,
That I place among you claim,
The humbleſt Deacon of her Train?
Will you allow me th' honourable chain?
The chain of Ornament which here
Your noble Pris'ners proudly wear;
A Chain which will more pleaſant ſeem to me
Than all my own Pindarick Liberty:
Will ye to bind me with thoſe mighty names ſubmit,
Like an Apocrypha with holy Writ?
What ever happy Book is chained here,
No other place or People need to fear;
His Chain's a Paſsport to go ev'ry where.

4.

As when a ſeat in Heaven,
Is to an unmalicious Sinner given,
Who caſting round his wond'ring eye
Does none but Patriarchs and Apoſtles there eſpy;
Martyrs who did their lives beſtow,
And Saints, who Martyrs liv'd below,
With trembling and amazement he begins,
To recollect his frailties paſt, and ſins,

He

He doubts almoſt his Station there,
His ſoul ſays to it ſelf, How came I here?
It fares no otherwiſe with me
When I my ſelf with conſcious wonder ſee,
Amidſt this purify'd elected Company.
With hardſhip they and pain,
Did to this happineſs attain:
No labor I nor merits can pretend,
I think Predeſtination only was my friend.

5.

Ah that my Author had been ty'd like me
To ſuch a place and ſuch a Company!
Inſtead of ſev'ral Countreys, ſev'ral Men,
And buſineſs which the Muſes hate,
He might have then improv'd that ſmall Eſtate,
Which nature ſparingly did to him give,
He might perhaps have thriven then,
And ſetled upon me his Child, ſomewhat to live,
'T had happier been for him as well as me,
For when all, (alaſs) is done,
We Books I mean, You Books will prove to be,
The beſt and nobleſt converſation.
For though ſome errors will get in,
Like tinctures of Original ſin:
Yet ſure we from our Fathers wit
Draw all the ſtrength and ſp'rit of it:
Leaving the groſſer parts for converſation,
As the beſt blood of Man's imploy'd in generation,

ODE.

Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Reliques of Sir Francis Drake's *Ship.*

CHear up my Mates, the wind does fairly blow,
Clap on more Sail and never ſpare;
Farwell all Lands, for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink, and merrily we go.
Bleſs me, 'tis hot! another bowl of Wine,
And we ſhall cut the Burning-Line:
Hey boys! ſhe ſcuds away, and by my head I know,
We round the World are ſailing now.
What dull men are thoſe that tarry at home,
When abroad they might wantonly rome.
And gain ſuch experience, and ſpy too
Such Countreys, and Wonders as I do?
But prythee good Pilot take heed what you do,

And

And fail not to touch at *Peru*;
With Gold, there the Veſſel we will ſtore,
And never, and never be poor,
No, never be poor any more.

2.

What do I mean; what thoughts do me miſguide?
As well upon a ſtaff may Witches ride
Their fancy'd journeys in the Air,
As I ſail round the Ocean in this Chair:
'Tis true; but yet this Chair which here you ſee,
For all its quiet now, and gravity,
Has wandred, and has travell'd more,
Than ever Beaſt, or Fiſh, or Bird, or ever Tree before.
In every Air, and every Sea 't has been,
'T has compas'd all the Earth, and all the Heavens 't has ſeen.
Let not the Pope's it ſelf with this compare
This is the only Univerſal Chair.

3.

The pious wandrers Fleet, ſav'd from the Flame,
(Which ſtill the Reliques did of *Troy* purſue,
And took them for its due)
A Squadron of immortal Nymphs became:
Still with their Arms they row about the Seas,
And ſtill make new and greater Voyages;
Nor has the firſt Poetick Ship of *Greece*,
Though now a Star ſhe ſo triumphant ſhow,
And guide her ſailing ſucceſſors below
Bright as her antient freight the ſhining Fleece;
Yet to this day a quiet harbor found,
The Tide of Heaven ſtill carries her around.
Only *Drake*'s Sacred Veſſel which before
Had done, and had ſeen more,
Then thoſe have done or ſeen,
Ev'n ſince the Goddeſſes, and this a Star has been;
As a reward for all her labor paſt,
Is made the ſeat of reſt at laſt.
Let the caſe now quite alter'd be,
And as thou went'ſt abroad the World to ſee;
Let the World now come to ſee thee.

4.

The World will do't for Curioſity
Does no leſs than Devotion Pilgrims make;
And I my ſelf who now love quiet too,
As much almoſt as any Chair can do,
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that Chariot to ſee,
Which *Phaeton* ſo raſhly brake:

Yet what could that ſay more than theſe remains of *Drake*?
Great Relique! thou too, in this Port of eaſe,
Haſt ſtill one way of making Voyages;
The breath of Fame, like an auſpicious Gale,
(The great Trade-wind which ne'r does fail)
Shall drive thee round the World and thou ſhalt run,
A long around it as the Sun.
The ſtraights of time too narrow are for thee,
Lanch forth into an indiſcovered Sea,
And ſteer the endleſs courſe of vaſt Eternity,
Take for thy Sail this Verſe, and for thy Pilot Me.

Upon the death of the Earl of Balcarres.

1.

'Tis folly all that can be ſaid
By living Mortals of th' immortal dead,
And I'm afraid they laugh at the vain tears we ſhed.
'Tis, as if we, who ſtay behind
In expectation of the wind,
Should pity thoſe who paſs'd this ſtraight before,
And touch the univerſal ſhore.
Ah happy Man, who art to fail no more!
And, if it ſeem ridiculous to grieve
Becauſe our friends are newly come from Sea,
Though ne'r ſo fair and calm it be;
What would all ſober Men believe
If they ſhould hear us ſighing ſay:
Balcarres, who but th' other day
Did all our love and our reſpect Command,
At whoſe great parts we all amaz'd did ſtand,
Is from a ſtorm, alas! caſt ſuddenly on land?

2.

If you will ſay: Few perſons upon earth
Did more then he, deſere to have
A life exempt from fortune and the grave;
Whether you look upon his Birth,
And Anceſtors, whoſe fame's ſo widely ſpread,
But Anceſtors alas, who long ago are dead
Or whether you conſider more
The vaſt increaſe, as ſure you ought,
Of honour by his labor bought,
And added to the former ſtore.
All I can anſwer, is, that I allow
The priviledge you plead for; and avow
That, as he well deſerv'd, he doth injoy it now.

Though

3.

Though God for great and righteous ends,
Which his unerring providence intends,
Erroneous mankind ſhould not underſtand,
Would not permit *Balcarres* hand,
That once with ſo much Induſtry and Art
Had clos'd the gaping wounds of ev'ry part,
To perfect his diſtracted Nations cure,
Or ſtop the fatal bondage, 'twas t'endure;
Yet for his pains he ſoon did him remove
From all th' oppreſſion and the woe
Of his frail Bodies Native Soil below,
To his Souls true and peaceful Countrey above:
So God, like Kings, for ſecret cauſes known,
Sometimes, but to themſelves alone,
One of their ableſt Miniſters elect,
And ſend abroad to Treaties, which th' intend
Shall never take effect.
But, though the Treaty wants a happy end,
The happy agent wants not the reward,
For which he labour'd faithfully and hard;
His juſt and righteous Maſter calls him home,
And gives him him neer himſelf ſome honourable room.

4.

Noble and great endeavors did he bring
To ſave his Countrey, and reſtore his King;
And whilſt the manly half of him, which thoſe,
Who know not love, to be the whole ſuppoſe,
Perform'd all parts of Virtues vigorous life;
The beauteous half his lovely Wife
Did all his labors and his cares divide;
Nor was a lame, nor paralitick ſide,
In all the turns of humane ſtate,
And all th' unjuſt attacques of fate
She bore her ſhare and portion ſtill,
And would not ſuffer any to be ill.
Unfortunate for ever let me be,
If I believe that ſuch was he,
Whom, in the ſtorms of bad ſucceſs,
And all that error calls unhappineſs,
His virtue, and his virtuous Wife did ſtill accompany.

5.

With theſe companions 'twas not ſtrange,
That nothing could his temper change.
His own and Countreys union had not weight
Enough to cruſh his mighty mind.
He ſaw around the Hurricanes of State,

Fixt as an Iſland 'gainſt the Waves and Wind.
Thus far the greedy Sea may reach,
All outward things are but the breach, beach;
A great Mans Soul it doth aſſault in vain.
Their God himſelf the Ocean doth reſtrain
With an imperceptible Chain,
And bid it to go back again:
His Wiſdom, Juſtice, and his Piety,
His Courage both to ſuffer and to die,
His Virtues and his Lady too
Were things Celeſtial. And we ſee
In ſpight of quarrelling Philoſophy,
How in this caſe 'tis certain found,
That Heav'n ſtands ſtill, and only Earth goes round.

ODE.

Upon Doctor Harvy.

1.

COy nature, (which remain'd, though aged grown,
A beauteous Virgin ſtill, injoy'd by none,
Nor ſeen unveil'd by any one)
When *Harvey*'s violent paſſion ſhe did ſee,
Began to tremble and to flee,
Took ſanctuary like *Daphne* in a Tree:
There *Daphne*'s Lover ſtopt, and thought it much
The very leaves of her to touch:
But *Harvey* our *Apollo*, ſtopt not ſo,
Into the Bark and Root he after her did go:
No ſmalleſt Fibres of a Plant,
For which the Eye-beams point doth ſharpneſs want,
His paſſage after her withſtood.
What ſhould ſhe do through all the moving Wood
Of Lives indow'd with ſenſe ſhe took her flight,
Harvey purſues, and keeps her ſtill in ſight.
But as the Deer long hunted, takes a Flood,
She leapt at laſt into the winding-ſtreams of Blood;
Of Mans *Meander* all the Purple reaches made,
Till at the heart ſhe ſtay'd,
Where turning head, and at a Bay,
Thus by well-purged ears, was ſhe o're-heard to ſay,

2.

Here ſure ſhall I be ſafe (ſaid ſhe)
None will be able ſure to ſee

This

This my retreat, but only He
Who made both it and me.
The heart of Man, what Art can e're reveal?
A wall impervious between
Divides the very parts within,
And doth the heart of man even from its ſelf conceal.
She ſpoke, but e're ſhe was aware,
Harvey was with her there,
And held this ſlippery *Proteus* in a chain,
Till all her mighty myſteries ſhe deſcry'd,
Which from his wit the attempt before to hide
Was the firſt Thing that Nature did in vain.

3.

He the young Practiſe of New life did ſee,
Whil'ſt to conceal its toilſome poverty,
It for a living wrought, both hard, and privately.
Before the Liver underſtood
The noble Scarlet Dye of blood,
Before one drop was by it made,
Or brought into it to ſet up the Trade;
Before the untaught heart began to beat
The tuneful March to vital heat,
From all the Souls that living Buildings rear,
Whether imply'd for Earth, or Sea, or Air,
Whether it in the Womb or Egg be wrought,
A ſtrict account to him is hourly brought.
How the Great Fabrick does proceed,
What time and what materials it does need.
He ſo exactly does the work ſurvey,
As if he hir'd the workers by the day.

4.

Thus *Harvey* ſought for Truth in Truth's own Book,
The Creatures which by God himſelf was writ;
And wiſely thought 'twas fit,
Not to read Comments only upon it,
But on th' Original it ſelf to look.
Methinks in Arts great Circle others ſtand
Lock't up together hand in hand,
Ev'ry one leads as he is led,
The ſame bare path they tread,
A Dance like Fairies a Fantaſtick round,
But neither change their motion, nor their ground:
Had *Harvey* to this Road confin'd his wit,
His noble Circle of the Blood, had been untrodden yet:
Great Doctor; th' Art of Curing's cur'd by thee,
We now thy patient Phyſick ſee,
From all inveterate diſeaſes free,
Purg'd of old errors by thy care,
New dieted, put forth to clearer air,

It now will ſtrong and healthful prove,
It ſelf before Lethargick lay, and could not move.

5.

Theſe uſeful ſecrets to his Pen we owe,
And thouſands more 'twas ready to beſtow;
Of which a barbarous Wars unlearned Rage
Has rob'd the ruin'd age;
O cruel loſs! as if the Golden Fleece,
With ſo much coſt and labor bought,
And from a far by a great Heroe brought,
Had ſunk ev'n in the Ports of *Greece.*
O curſed War! who can forgive thee this?
Houſes and Towns may riſe again,
And ten times eaſier 'tis
To rebuild *Pauls*, than any work of his.
That mighty Task none but himſelf can do,
Nay, ſcarce himſelf too now,
For though his Wit the force of Age withſtand,
His Body alas! and time it muſt command,
And Nature now, ſo long by him ſurpaſt,
Will ſure have her revenge on him at laſt.

O D E.

Acme *and* Septimius *out of* Catullus.

Acmen Septimius *ſuos amores*
Tenens in gremio, &c.

WHil'ſt on *Septimius* panting Breſt,
(Meaning nothing leſs than reſt)
Acme lean'd her loving head,
Thus the pleas'd *Septimius* ſaid.

My deareſt *Acme*, if I be
Once alive and love not thee
With a Paſſion far above
All that e'r was called Love,
In a *Lybian* Deſert may
I become ſome Lions prey,
Let him, *Acme*, let him tear
My Breaſt, when *Acme* is not there.

The God of Love who ſtood to hear him,
(The God of Love was always near him)
Pleas'd and tickl'd with the ſound,
Sneez'd aloud, and all around
The little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and bleſt the Augury.

Acme

Acme enflam'd with what he ſaid,
Rear'd her gentle-bending head,
And her purple mouth with joy
Stretching to the delicious Boy
Twice (and twice could ſcarce ſuffice)
She kiſt his drunken rowling eyes.

My little Life, my All (ſaid ſhe)
So may we ever ſervants be
To this beſt God, and ne'r retain
Our hated Liberty again,
So may thy paſſion laſt for me,
As I a paſſion have for thee,
Greater and fiercer much then can
Be conceiv'd by thee a man.
Into my Marrow is it gone,
Fixt and ſetled in the bone,
It reigns not only in my heart,
But runs, like life, through ev'ry part.

She ſpoke; the God of Love aloud,
Sneez'd again, and all the crowd
Of little Loves that waited by,
Bow'd and bleſt the Augury.

This good Omen thus from Heaven
Like a happy ſignal given,
Their Loves and Lives (all four) embrace,
And hand in hand run all the race.
To poor *Septimius* (who did now
Nothing elſe but *Acme* grow)
Acme's boſom was alone,
The whole world's Imperial Throne,
And to faithful *Acme*'s mind
Septimius was all human kind.

If the Gods would pleaſe to be
But adviſ'd for once by me,
I'd adviſe 'em when they ſpy,
Any illuſtrious Piety,
To reward Her, if it be She;
To reward Him, if it be He;
With ſuch a Husband, ſuch a Wife,
With *Acme*'s and *Septimius*'s life,

ODE

ODE.

Upon His Majeſties Reſtauration and Return.

Virgil,——*Quod optanti Divum promittere nemo*
Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.

1.

NOw *Bleſſings* on you all, ye peaceful *Stars*,
Which meet at laſt ſo kindly, and diſpence
Your univerſal gentle *Influence*,
To calm the ſtormy *World*, and ſtill the rage of *Wars*.
Nor whil'ſt around the Continent,
Plenipotentiary beams ye ſent,
Did your *Pacifick Lights* diſdain,
In their large *Treaty* to contain
The world apart, o're which do reign
Your ſeven fair *Brethren* of Great *Charles his Wane*;
No *Star* amongſt ye all did, I believe,
Such vigorous aſſiſtance give,
As that which thirty years ago,
At * *Charles* his *Birth*, did, in deſpight
Of the proud *Suns* Meridian Light,
His future *Glories*, and this *Year* forethow,
No leſs effects than theſe we may
Be aſſur'd of from that powerful *Ray*,
Which could out-face the *Sun*, and overcome the *Day*.

* The Star that appeared at Noon, the day of the Kings Birth, juſt as the King His Father was riding to *St. Pauls* to give thanks to God for that Bleſſing.

2.

Auſpicious *Star* again ariſe,
And take thy *Noon-tide Station* in the Skies,
Again all *Heaven* prodigiouſly adorn;
For lo! thy *Charles* again is *born*.
He then was *born with and to pain*:
With, and *to Joy* he's *born* again.
And wiſely for this *ſecond Birth*,
By which thou certain wert to bleſs
The Land with full and flouriſhing *Happineſs*:
Thou mad'ſt of that fair *Month* thy choice,
In which *Heaven*, *Air*, and *Sea*, and *Earth*,
And all that's in them all does *ſmile*, and does *rejoyce*:
'Twas a right *Seaſon*, and the very *Ground*
Ought with a face of *Par'diſe* to be found,
Then when we were to entertain
Felicity and *Incocence* again.

Shall

3.

Shall we again (good Heaven!) that *Bleſſed Pair* behold,
Which the abuſed *People* fondly ſold
For the bright *Fruit* of the *Forbidden Tree*,
By ſeeking all like *gods* to be?
Will *Peace* her *Halcyon Neſt* venture to build
Upon a *Shore* with *Shipwracks* fill'd?
And truſt that *Sea*, where ſhe can hardly ſay,
Sh'has known theſe twenty years one *Calmy day*,
Ah! mild and gaulleſs *Dove*,
Which doſt the *pure* and *candid* Dwellings love:
Canſt thou in *Albion* ſtill delight?
Still canſt thou think it *white*?
Will ever fair *Religion* appear
In theſe deformed *Ruins*? will ſhe clear
Th' *Augæan Stables* of her *Churches* here?
Will *Juſtice* hazard to be ſeen
Where a *High Court* of *Juſtice* e'r has been?
Will not the Tragick Scene,
And *Bradſhaw*'s bloody *Ghoſt* affright her there,
Her, who ſhall never fear?
Then may *Whitehall* for *Charles* his *Seat* be fit,
If *Juſtice* ſhall endure at *Weſtminſter* to ſit.

4.

Of all, methinks, we leaſt ſhould ſee
The chearful looks again of *Liberty*.
That *Name* of *Cromwell*, which does freſhly ſtill
The Curſes of ſo many ſufferers fill,
Is ſtill enough to make her ſtay,
And jealous for a while remain,
Leſt as a *Tempeſt* carried him away,
Some *Hurrican* ſhould bring him back again.
Or ſhe might juſtlier be afraid
Leſt that great *Serpent* which was all a *Tail*,
(And in his poys'nous folds whole *Nations Pris'ners* made)
Should a third time perhaps prevail
To joyn again, and with worſe ſting ariſe,
As it had done, when cut in pieces twice.
Return, return, ye *Sacred Four*,
And dread your periſh'd Enemies no more,
Your fears are cauſeleſs all, and vain
Whilſt you return in *Charles* his Train,
For *God* does *Him*, that *He* might *You* reſtore,
Nor ſhall the World him only call,
Defender of the *Faith*, but of *ye All*.

5.

Along with you *Plenty* and *Riches* go
With a full Tide to ev'ry Port they flow,
With a warm fruit to *wind* o'rall the Countrey blow.
Honor does as ye march her *Trumpet* ſound,
The *Arts* encompaſs you around,
And againſt all *Alarmes* of *Fear*,
Safety it ſelf brings up the *Rear.*
And in the head of this *Angelick Band*,
Lo, how the *Goodly Prince* at laſt does ſtand
(O righteous *God*!) on his *own happy Land.*
'Tis *Happy* now, which could, with ſo much eaſe
Recover from ſo deſperate a *Diſeaſe*,
A various complicated *Ill*,
Whoſe every *Symtome* was enough to *kill*,
In which one part of three *Frenzey* poſſeſt,
And *Lethargy* the reſt.
'Tis *Happy*, when no *Bleeding* does endure
A *Surfet* of ſuch *Blood* to cure.
'Tis *Happy* which beholds the *Flame*
In which by hoſtile hands it ought to burn,
Or that which if from *Heaven* it came
It did but well deſerve, all into *Bonfire* turn.

6.

We *fear'd* (and almoſt toucht the black degree
Of inſtant *Expectation*)
That the three dreadful *Angels* we
Of *Famine*, *Sword*, and *Plague* ſhould here eſtabliſht ſee;
(*God*'s great *Triumvirate* of *Deſolation*)
To ſcourge and to deſtroy the ſinful *Nation.*
Juſtly might *Heaven Protectors* ſuch as thoſe,
And ſuch *Committees* for their *Safety* impoſe,
Upon a *Land* which ſcarcely *Better choſe.*
We fear'd that the *Fanatick War*
Which men againſt *God*'s *houſes* did declare,
Would from th' *Almighty Enemy* bring down
A ſure direction to our *Own.*
We read th' *Inſtructive Hiſtories* which tell
Of all thoſe endleſs miſchiefs that befell,
The *Sacred Town* which *God* had lov'd ſo well,
After that *fatal Curſe* had once been ſaid,
His Blood be upon ours, and on our Childrens head.
We knew, though there a *greater Blood* was ſpilt
'Twas ſcarcely done with *greater Guilt.*
We know thoſe miſeries did befall
Whilſt they rebell'd againſt that *Prince* whom all
The reſt of *Mankind* did the *Love*, and *Joy*, of *Mankind* call.

7.

Already was the *ſhaken Nation*
Into a wild and deform'd *Chaos* brought,
And it was haſting on (we thought)
Even to the laſt of *Illis*, *Annihilation*.
When in the midſt of this confuſed Night,
Lo the bleſt *Spirit* mov'd, and *there was light*.
For in the glorious *General*'s previous Ray
We ſaw a new created *Day*.
We by it ſaw, though yet in *Miſts* it ſhone,
The *beauteous Work of Order* moving on.
Where are the Men who bragg'd that God did bleſs,
And with the marks of good *ſucceſs*
Sign his allowance of their *Wickedneſs*?
Vain Men! who thought the Divine Power to find
In the fierce *Thunder*, and the violent *Wind*:
God came not till the ſtorm was paſt,
In the *ſtill voice* of *Peace* he came at laſt,
The cruel buſineſs of *Deſtruction*,
May by the *Claws* of the great *Fiend* be done.
Here, here we ſee th' *Almighty*'s *hand* indeed,
Both by the *Beauty* of the *Work*, we ſee't, and by the *Speed*.

8.

He who had ſeen the noble *Brittiſh Heir*,
Even in that ill diſadvantageous *Light*,
With which misfortune ſtrives t'abuſe our ſight;
He who had ſeen him in his *Cloud* ſo bright:
He who had ſeen the double *Pair*
Of *Brothers*, heavenly good, and *Siſters* heavenly fair,
Might have perceiv'd (methinks) with eaſe,
(But *wicked men* ſee only what they pleaſe)
That God had no intent t' extinguiſh quite
The *pious King's eclipſed Right*.
He who had ſeen how by the pow'r Divine
All the young *Branches* of this Royal Line
Did in their *Fire* without *conſuming ſhine*,
How through a *rough Red Sea* they had been led,
By *Wonders* guarded, and by *Wonders* fed;
How many years of trouble and diſtreſs
They'd wander'd in their fatal *Wilderneſs*,
And yet did never *murmur* or *repine*;
Might (methinks) plainly underſtand,
That after all theſe conquer'd Trials paſt,
Th' *Almighty Mercy* would at laſt
Conduct them with a ſtrong unerring hand,
To their own *promis'd Land*.
For all the glories of the *Earth*
Ought to be *entail'd* by right of *Birth*;

And all *Heav'ns bleſſings* to come down
Upon *his Race*, to whom alone was given
The double *Royalty* of *Earth* and *Heaven*,
Who *crown'd* the *Kingly* with the *Martyrs Crown*.

9.

The *Martyrs Blood* was ſaid of old to be
The *ſeed* from whence the *Church* did grow,
The *Royal Blood* which dying *Charles* did ſow
Becomes no leſs the *ſeed* of *Royalty*.
'Twas in *diſhonor ſown*,
We find it now in *glory grown*,
The *grave* could but the *droſs* of it devour;
'Twas *ſown* in *weakneſs*, and 'tis *rais'd* in *power*.
We now the *Queſtion* well decided ſee,
Which *Eaſtern* Wits did once conteſt
At the *Great Monarch's* Feaſt
Of all on Earth what things the ſtrongeſt be:
And ſome for *Women*, ſome for *Wine* did plead;
That is for *Folly* and for *Rage*,
Two things which we have known indeed
Strong in this latter *Age*,
But as 'tis prov'd by *Heaven* at length,
The *King* and *Truth* have greateſt *ſtrength*,
When they their ſacred force unite,
And twine into one *Right*.
No frantick *Common-wealths* or *Tyrannies*,
No *Cheats*, and *Perjuries*, and *Lies*,
No *Nets* of human *Policies*;
No ſtores of *Arms* or *Gold* though you could joyn
Thoſe of *Peru* to the great *London Mine*)
No *Towns*, no *Fleets* by Sea, or *Troops* by Land,
No deeply entrencht *Iſlands* can withſtand,
Or any ſmall reſiſtance bring
Againſt the *naked Truth*, and the *unarmed King*.

10.

The *fooliſh Lights* which *Travellers* beguile,
End the ſame night when they begin;
No *Art* ſo far can upon *Nature* win
As e'r to *put out Stars*, or long keep *Meteors in*.
Where's now that *Ignis Fatuus* which e'r while
Mis-led our *wandring Iſle*?
Where's the *Impoſter Cromwel* gone?
Where's now that *Falling-Star* his *Son*?
Where's the *large Comet* now, whoſe raging flame
So fatal to our *Monarchy* became?
Which o'r our heads in ſuch proud horror ſtood,
Inſatiate with our *Ruine* and our *Blood*?

The

The '*fiery Tail* did to vaſt length extend;
And twice for want of *Fuel* did expire,
And twice renew'd the diſmal *Fire*;
Though long the *Tail*, we ſaw at laſt its end.
The flames of one triumphant day,
Which like an Anti-Comet here
Did fatally to that appear,
For ever frighted it away;
Then did th' allotted hour of *dawning Right*
Firſt ſtrike our raviſht ſight;
Which *Malice* or which *Art* no more could ſtay;
Than *Witches Charmes* can a retardment bring
To the *Reſuſcitation* of the *Day*,
Or *Reſurrection* of the *Spring:*
We welcome both, and with improv'd delight
Bleſs the *preceding Winter*, and the *Night*.

II.

Man ought his *future happineſs* to fear,
If he be always *happy here*;
He wants the *bleeding Marks of Grace*,
The *Circumciſion of the choſen Race.*
If no one *part* of him ſupplies
The duty of a *Sacrifice*
He is (we doubt) reſerv'd *intire*
As a whole *Victime* for the *Fire*
Beſides even in this *World* below,
To thoſe who never did *ill-fortune* know,
The *good* does *nauſeous* or *inſipid* grow.
Conſider man's *whole life*, and you'l confeſs
The ſharp *Ingredient* of ſome *bad ſucceſs*
Is that which gives the taſte to all his *Happineſs*:
But the true *Method* of *Felicity*,
Is when the worſt
Of humane *Life* is plac'd the firſt,
And when the *Childs Correction* proves to be
The cauſe of *perfecting* the *Man*,
Let our *weak Days* lead up the *Van*;
Let the brave *Second* and *Triarian Band*,
Firm againſt all impreſſion ſtand;
The firſt we may *defeated* ſee;
The *Virtue* and the *Force* of theſe, are ſure of *Victory*.

12.

Such are the *years* (Great *Charles*) which now we ſee
Begin their *glorious March* with *Thee*:
Long may their *March* to *Heaven*, and ſtill *triumphant* be,
Now thou art gotten once before,
Ill-fortune never ſhall *o're-take* thee more.
To ſee't again, and pleaſure in it find,
Caſt a diſdainful look *behind*,

Things

Things which *offend*, when preſent, and *affright*,
In *Memory*, well *painted*, move delight.
Enjoy then all th' *afflictions* now;
Thy *Royal Father*'s came at laſt:
Thy *Martyrdom*'s already paſt.
And *different Crowns* to both ye owe.
No *Gold* did e'r the *Kingly Temples* bind,
Than thine mere *try'd* and more *refin'd*.
As a choice *Medal* for *Heavens Treaſury*
God did *ſtamp* firſt upon one ſide of *Thee*
The *Image* of his *ſuffering Humanity:*
On th' other ſide, turn'd now to ſight, does ſhine
The *glorious Image* of his *Power Divine*.

13.

So when the wiſeſt *Poets* ſeek
In all their livelieſt colours to ſet forth
A *Picture* of *Heroick* worth,
(The *Pious Trojan*, or the *Prudent Greek*,)
They chuſe ſome *comely Prince* of *heavenly Birth*,
(No proud *Gigantick Son* of *Earth*,
Who ſtrives t' uſurp the *Gods forbidden ſeat*)
They feed him not with *Nectar*, and the *Meat*
That cannot without *Joy* be eat,
But in the *cold* of *want*, and *ſtorms* of *adverſe chance*,
They *harden* his *young Virtue* by degrees;
The *beauteous Drop* firſt into *Ice* does *freez*,
And into *ſolid Chryſtal* next advance,
His *murdered Friends* and *Kindred* he does ſee,
And from his *flaming Countrey* flee.
Much is he *toſt* at *Sea*, and much at *Land*,
Does long the force of *angry Gods* withſtand.
He does long *troubles*, and long *wars* ſuſtain,
E'r he his *fatal Birth-right* gain.
With no leſs *time* or *labour* can
Deſtiny build up ſuch a *Man*,
Who's with ſufficient virtue fill'd
His *ruin'd Countrey* to *rebuild*.

14.

Nor without cauſe are *Arms* from *Heaven*,
To ſuch a *Hero* by the *Poets* given.
No *human Metal* is of force t' oppoſe
So many and ſo violent blows.
Such was the *Helmet*, *Breaſt-plate*, *Shield*,
Which *Charles* in all Attacques did yield:
And all the *Weapons malice* e'r could try,
Of all the ſev'ral *makes* of wicked *Policy*,
Againſt this *Armor* ſtruck, but at the ſtroke,
Like *Swords* of *Ice*, in thouſand pieces broke,

To

To *Angels* and their *Brethren Spirits* above,
No ſhow on Earth can ſure ſo pleaſant prove
As when they *great misfortunes* ſee
With *Courage* born, and *Decency.*
So were they *born* when *Worc'ſter's* diſmal *Day*
Did all the terrors of *black Fate* diſplay.
So were they born when no *Diſguiſes cloud*
His *inward Royalty* could *Shrowd*,
And one of th' *Angels* whom juſt *God* did ſend
To guard him in his noble flight,
(A *Troop* of *Angels* did him then attend)
Aſſur'd me in a *Viſion* th'other night,
That *He* (and who could better judge than *He?*)
Did then more *Greatneſs* in him ſee,
More *Luſtre* and more *Majeſty*,
Than all His *Coronation Pomp* can ſhew to *Human Eye.*

15.

Him and His *Royal Brothers* when I ſaw
New marks of *honour* and of *glory*,
From their *affronts* and *ſufferings* draw,
And look like *Heavenly Saints* even in their *Purgatory*;
Me-thoughts I ſaw the *three Indian Youths*,
(Three *unhurt Martyrs* for the *Nobleſt Truths*)
In the *Chaldæan Furnace* walk;
How chearfully, and unconcern'd they talk!
No hair is ſing'd, no ſmalleſt *beauty* blaſted;
Like *painted Lamps* they ſhine *unwaſted.*
The greedy *fire* it ſelf dares not to be fed
With the beſt *Oyl* of an *Anointed Head.*
The honorable *Flame*
(Which rather *Light* we ought to name)
Does, like a *Glory* compaſs them around,
And their *whole Body's crown'd.*
What are thoſe *Two bright Creatures* which we ſee
Walk with the Royal *Three*
In the ſame *Ordeal fire*,
And *mutual Joyes* inſpire?
Sure they the *beauteous Siſters* are,
Who whil'ſt they ſeek to bear their ſhare,
Will ſuffer no *affliction* to be there.
Leſs favour to thoſe *Three* of old was ſhown,
To ſolace with their company,
The *fiery Tryals* of *Adverſity*;
Two Angels joyn with *theſe*, the *others* had but *One.*

16.

Come forth, Come forth, ye *men of God belov'd*,
And let the *power* now of that *flame*,
Which againſt you ſo *impotent* became,
On all your *Enemies* be prov'd. Come,

Come, Mighty *Charles*, *Deſire of Nations*, come;
Come, *you triumphant Exile*, home.
He's come, he's ſafe at ſhore; I hear the noiſe
Of a whole *Land* which does at one rejoyce,
I hear th' united *People's ſacred voice.*
The *Sea* which circles us around,
Ne're ſent to *Land* ſo loud a *ſound*;
The Mighty *Shout* ſends to the *Sea* a *Gale*,
And ſwels up every *Sail*;
The *Bells* and *Guns* are ſcarcely heard at all;
The *Artificial Joy*'s drown'd by the *Natural.*
All *England* but one *Bonfire* ſeems to be,
One *Ætna* ſhooting *flames* into the *Sea.*
The *Starry Worlds* which ſhine to us afar,
Take *ours* at this time for a *Star.*
With *Wine* all *Rooms*, with *Wine* the *Conduits* flow;
And *We*, the *Prieſts* of a *Poetick* rage,
Wonder that in this *Golden Age*
The *Rivers* too ſhould not do ſo.
There is no *Stoick* ſure who would not now,
Even ſome *exceſs* allow;
And grant that one *wild fit* of *chearfull folly*
Should end our twenty years of *diſmal Melancholy.*

17.

Where's now the *Royal Mother*, where,
To take her mighty *ſhare*
In this ſo raviſhing ſight,
And with the *part* ſhe *takes* to *add* to the *Delight*?
Ah! Why art *Thou* not here,
Thou always *beſt*, and now the *happieſt Queen*,
To *ſee* our *Joy*, and with new *Joy* be *ſeen*?
God has a *bright Example* made of *Thee*,
To ſhew that *Women-kind* may be
Above that *Sex*, which her Superiour ſeems,
In wiſely managing the wide *Extreams*
Of great *Affliction*, great *Felicity.*
How well thoſe different *Virtues Thee* become,
Daughter of *Triumphs*, *Wife* of *Martyrdome*!
Thy Princely *Mind* with ſo much *Courage* bore
Affliction, that it dares not turn no more;
With ſo much *Goodneſs* us'd *Felicity*,
That it cannot refrain from coming back to *Thee*;
'Tis come, and ſeen to day in all it's *Bravery.*

18.

Who's that *Heroick Perſon* leads it on,
And *gives* it like a glorious *Bride*
(Richly adorn'd with *Nuptial Pride*)
Into the hands now of thy *Son*?

'Tis

'Tis the good *General*, the *Man* of *Praiſe*,
Whom *God* at laſt in gracious pity
Did to th' *enthrall'd Nation* raiſe,
Their great *Zerubbabel* to be.
To looſe the *Bonds* of long *Captivity*,
And to *rebuild* their *Temple* and their *City*.
For ever bleſt may *He* and *His* remain,
Who, with a *vaſt*, though leſs-appearing gain,
Preferr'd the *ſolid Great* above the *Vain*,
And to the world this *Princely Truth* has ſhown,
That more 'tis to *Reſtore*, than to *Uſurp* a *Crown*.
Thou worthieſt Peſon of the *Britiſh Story*,
(Though 'tis not *ſmall*, the *Britiſh glory*)
Did I not know my *humble Verſe* muſt be
But ill-proportion'd to the *heighth* of *Thee*,
Thou, and the *World* ſhould ſee,
How much my *Muſe*, the *Foe* of *Flattery*,
Do's make *true Praiſe* her *Labor* and *Deſigne*;
An *Iliad*, or an *Æneid* ſhould be *Thine*.

19.

And ill ſhould We deſerve this happy day,
If no acknowledgements we pay
To you *Great Patriots*, of the *Two*
Moſt *truly other Houſes* now,
Who have redeem'd from *hatred* and from *ſhame*
A *Parliaments* once *venerable name*;
And now the Title of a *Houſe* reſtore,
To that which was but *Slaughter-houſe* before.
If my advice, ye *Worthies*, might be ta'ne,
Within thoſe reverend places,
Which now your *living preſence* graces,
Your Marble *Statues* always ſhould remain,
To keep alive your uſeful *Memory*,
And to your *Succeſſors* th' *Example* be
Of *Truth*, *Religion*, *Reaſon*, *Loyalty*.
For though a firmly ſetled *Peace*
May ſhortly make your publick labors ceaſe,
The grateful *Nation* will with joy conſent,
That in *this ſenſe* you ſhould be ſaid,
(Though yet the *Name* ſounds with ſome dread)
To be the *Long*, the *Endleſs Parliament*.

On the Queens repairing Somerſet-houſe.

WHen God (the Cauſe to Me and Men unknown)
Forſook the Royal Houſes, and his own,
And both abandon'd to the Common Foe;
How near to ruine did my Glories go?
Nothing remain'd t' adorn this Princely place
Which Covetous hands could Take, or Rude Deface.
In all my Rooms and Galleries I found
The richeſt Figures torn, and all around
Diſmembred Statues of great Heroes lay;
Such *Naſeby's* Field ſeem'd on the fatal day.
And Me, when nought for Robbery was left,
They ſtarv'd to death, the gaſping walls were cleft,
The pillars ſunk, the Roofs above me wept,
No ſign of Spring, or Joy, my Garden kept,
Nothing was ſeen which could content the eye,
Till Dead the impious Tyrant here did lye.
See how my face is chang'd, and what I am
Since my true Miſtreſs, and now Foundreſs, came,
It does not fill her Bounty to reſtore
Me as I was (nor was I ſmall) before.
She imitates the kindneſs to her ſhown;
She does, like Heaven (which the dejected Throne
At once reſtores, fixes, and higher rears)
Strengthen, Enlarge, Exalt what ſhe Repairs.
And now I dare (though proud I muſt not be,
Whilſt my great Miſtreſs I ſo humbly ſee
In all her various Glories) now I dare
Ev'n with the proudeſt Palaces compare,
My Beauty, and Convenience will (I'm ſure)
So juſt a boaſt with Modeſty endure.
And all muſt to me yield, when I ſhall tell,
How I am plac'd, and who does in me dwell.
Before my Gate a Street's broad Channel goes,
Which ſtill with waves of crowding people flows,
And every day there paſſes by my ſide,
Up to its Weſtern Reach, the *London* Tide,
The Spring-Tides of the Term; my Front looks down
On all the Pride, and buſineſs of the Town.
My other Front (for as in Kings we ſee
The livelieſt Image of the Deity,
We in their Houſes ſhould Heav'ns likeneſs find,
Where nothing can be ſaid to be behind)
My other Fair and more Majeſtick Face
(Who can the Fair to more advantage place?)
For ever gazes on it ſelf below;
In the beſt Mirror that the world can ſhow.

And

And here, Behold, in a long bending row,
How two joynt Cities make one glorious Bow;
The Midſt, the nobleſt place, poſſeſs'd by Me;
Beſt to be Seen by all, and all O'rſee.
Which way ſoe'r I turn my joyful Eye,
Here the Great Court, there the rich Town, I ſpy;
On either ſide dwells Safety and Delight;
Wealth on the Left, and Pow'r upon the Right.
T' aſſure yet my defence on either hand,
Like mighty Forts, in equal diſtance ſtand
Two of the beſt and ſtatelieſt piles, which e'r
Man's lib'ral Piety of old did rear;
Where the two Princes of th' Apoſtles Band,
My Neighbors and my Guards, watch and command:
My warlike Guard of Ships, which farther lye,
Might be my Object too, were not the Eye
Stopt by the Houſes of that wondrous Street
Which rides o'r the broad River like a Fleet:
The Stream's eternal Siege they fixt abide,
And the ſwoln Stream's Auxiliary Tide,
Though both their ruine with joynt pow'r conſpire,
Both to out-brave, they nothing dread but Fire.
And here my *Thames*, though it more gentle be
Than any Flood, ſo ſtrength'ned by the Sea,
Finding by Art his Natural forces broke,
And bearing Captive-like, the Arched Yoke,
Do's roar, and foam, and rage at the diſgrace,
But recompoſes ſtraight, and calms his Face,
Is into reverence and ſubmiſſion ſtrook,
As ſoon as from afar he does but look
Tow'rds the White Palace where that King does reign
Who lays his Laws and Bridges o're the Main.
Amidſt theſe louder Honors of my Seat,
And two vaſt Cities troubleſomely great,
In a large various Plain the Countrey too
Opens her gentler bleſſings to my view,
In me the Active and the Quiet Mind
By different ways equal content may find.
If any prouder Virtuoſo's ſenſe
At that part of my Proſpect take offence,
By which the meaner Cabanes are deſcri'd,
Of my Imperial River's humbler ſide,
If they call that a Blemiſh, let them know,
God, and my Godlike-Miſtreſs think not ſo;
For the diſtreſt and the afflicted lye
Moſt in their Care, and always in their Eye.
And thou, fair River, who ſtill pay'ſt to Me
Juſt Homage, in thy paſſage to the Sea,
Take here this one Inſtruction as thou go'ſt;
When thy mixt waves ſhall viſit every Coaſt,

When round the World their Voyage they ſhall make,
And back to thee ſome ſecret Channels take,
Ask them what nobler ſight they e'r did meet
Except thy mighty Maſter's Soveraign Fleet,
Which now triumphant o're the Main does ride,
The terror of all Lands, the Ocean's Pride.
From hence his Kingdom's happy now at laſt,
(Happy, if Wiſe by their Misfortunes paſt)
From hence may Omens take of that ſucceſs
Which both their future Wars and Peace ſhall bleſs:
The Peaceful Mother on mild *Thames* does build,
With her Son's Fabricks the rough *Sea* is fill'd.

The Complaint.

1.

IN a deep Viſion's intellectual ſcene
Beneath a Bow'r for ſorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable ſhade,
Of the black Yew's unlucky green,
Mixt with the mourning Willow's careful gray,
Where reverend *Cham* cuts out his famous way,
The Melancholly *Cowley* lay:
And lo! a Muſe appear'd to's cloſed ſight,
(The Muſes oft in Lands of Viſion play)
Bodied, arrayed, and ſeen, by an internal Light,
A golden Harp with ſilver ſtrings ſhe bore,
A wondrous Hieroglyphick Robe ſhe wore,
In which all Colours, and all Figures were,
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate;
And with looſe Pride it wanton'd in the Air.
In ſuch a Dreſs, in ſuch a well-cloath'd Dream,
She us'd, of old, near fair *Iſmenus* Stream,
Pindar her *Theban* Favourite to meet;
A Crown was on her Head, and wings were on her Feet.

2.

She touch'd him with her Harp, and rais'd him from the Ground;
The ſhaken ſtrings melodiouſly reſound.
Art thou return'd at laſt, ſaid ſhe,
To this forſaken place and me?
Thou Prodigal, who didſt ſo looſely waſte
Of all thy youthful years, the good Eſtate;
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late?
And gather huſks of Learning up at laſt,
Now the rich harveſt time of life is paſt,
And *Winter* marches on ſo faſt?

But

But when I meant t' adopt thee for my Son,
And did as learn'd a Portion aſſign,
As ever any of the mighty Nine
Had to their deareſt Children done;
When I reſolv'd t' exalt thy anointed Name,
Among the Spiritual Lords of peaceful Fame;
Thou Changling, thou, bewitcht with noiſe and ſhow,
Wouldſt into Courts and Cities from me go;
Wouldſt ſee the World abroad, and have a ſhare
In all the Follies, and the Tumults there,
Thou would'ſt, forſooth, be ſomething in a State,
And buſineſs thou would'ſt find, and would'ſt create:
Buſineſs! the frivolous pretence
Of humane Luſts to ſhake off Innocence;
Buſineſs! the grave impertinence:
Buſineſs! the thing which I of all things hate,
Buſineſs! the contradiction of thy Fate.

3.

Go Renagado, caſt up thy Account,
And ſee to what amount
Thy fooliſh gaines by quitting me:
The ſale of Knowledge, Fame, and Liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd Apoſtacy.
Thou thoughtſt if once the publick ſtorm were paſt,
All thy remaining Life ſhould Sun-ſhine be:
Behold the publick ſtorm is ſpent at laſt,
The Soveraign is toſt at Sea no more,
And thou, with all the Noble Company,
Art got at laſt to ſhore.
But whilſt thy fellow Voyagers, I ſee
All marcht up to poſſeſs the promis'd Land,
Thou ſtill alone (alaſs) doſt gaping ſtand,
Upon the naked Beach, upon the Barren Sand.

4.

As a fair morning of the bleſſed Spring,
After a tedious ſtormy night;
Such was the glorious entry of our King,
Enriching moiſture drop'd on every thing:
Plenty he ſow'd below, and caſt about him light.
But then (alaſs) to thee alone,
One of Old *Gideons* Miracles was ſhown,
For every Tree, and every Herb around,
With Pearly dew was Crown'd
And upon all the quickned ground,
The fruitful ſeed of Heaven did brooding lye,
And nothing but the Muſes Fleece was dry.

It did all other Threats ſurpaſs,
When God to his own People ſaid,
(The Men whom through long wandrings he had led)
That he would give them ev'n a Heaven of Braſs:
They look'd up to that Heaven in vain,
That Bounteous Heaven, which God did not reſtrain,
Upon the moſt unjuſt to ſhine and Rain.

5.

The *Rachel*, for which twice ſeven years and more,
Thou didſt with Faith and Labor ſerve,
And didſt (if Faith and Labor can) deſerve,
Though ſhe contracted was to thee,
Giv'n to another who had ſtore
Of fairer, and of richer Wives before,
And not a *Leah* left, thy recompence to be.
Go on, twice ſeven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice ſeven years more, God in his bounty may
Give thee, to fling away
Into the Courts deceitful Lottery.
But think how likely 'tis, that thou
With the dull work of thy unweildy Plough,
Shouldſt in a hard and barren ſeaſon thrive,
Should even able be to live;
Thou, to whoſe ſhare ſo little bread did fall,
In the miraculous year, when *Manna* rain'd on all.

6.

Thus ſpake the Muſe, and ſpake it with a ſmile,
That ſeem'd at once to pity and revile.
And to her thus, raiſing his thoughtful head,
The Melancholly *Cowley* ſaid,
Ah wanton foe, doſt thou upbraid
The Ills which thou thy ſelf haſt made?
When in the Cradle, Innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked Spirit, ſtoleſt me away,
And my abuſed Soul didſt bear,
Into thy new-found Worlds I know not where,
Thy Golden Indies in the Air;
And ever ſince I ſtrive in vain
My raviſht freedom to regain;
Still I Rebel, ſtill thou doſt Reign,
Lo, ſtill in verſe, againſt thee I complain.
There is a ſort of ſtubborn weeds,
Which, if the Earth but once, it ever breeds;
No wholſome Herb can near them thrive,
No uſeful Plant can keep alive:
The fooliſh ſports I did on thee beſtow,
Make all my Art and Labor fruitleſs now;
Where once ſuch Fairies dance, no graſs doth ever grow.

7. When

7.

When my new mind had no infuſion known,
Thou gav'ſt ſo deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever ſince I vainly try
To waſh away th' inherent dye:
Long work perhaps may ſpoil thy Colours quite,
But never will reduce the Native white:
To all the Ports of Honor and of Gain,
I often ſteer my courſe in vain,
Thy Gale comes croſs, and drives me back again.
Thou ſlack'neſt all my Nerves of Induſtry,
By making them ſo oft to be
The tinckling ſtrings of thy looſe minſtrelſie.
Whoever this worlds happineſs would ſee,
Muſt as entirely caſt off thee,
As they who only Heaven deſire,
Do from the World retire.
This was my error, This my groſs miſtake,
My ſelf a demy-Votary to make.
Thus with *Saphira*, and her Husbands fate,
(A fault which I like them, am taught too late)
For all that I gave up, I nothing gain,
And periſh for the part which I retain.

8.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muſe,
The Court, and better King t' accuſe;
The Heaven under which I live is fair;
The fertile ſoil with a full Harveſt bear;
Thine, thine is all the Barrenneſs; if thou
Mak'ſt me ſit ſtill and ſing, when I ſhould plough,
When I but think, how many a tedious year
Our patient Sov'raign did attend
His long misfortunes fatal end;
How chearfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Soveraign's Will he did depend,
I ought to be accurſt, if I refuſe
To wait on His, O thou fallacious Muſe!
Kings have long hands (they ſay) and though I be
So diſtant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all Princes thou
Should'ſt not reproach Rewards for being ſmall or ſlow;
Thou who rewardeſt but with popular breath,
And that too after death.

The Adventures of Five hours.

AS when our Kings (Lords of the ſpacious Main)
Take in juſt Wars a rich Plate-Fleet of *Spain*;
The rude unſhapen Ingots they reduce
Into a form of Beauty and of uſe;
On which the Conqu'rors Image now does ſhine,
Not His whom it belong'd to in the Mine;
So in the mild Contentions of the Muſe
(The War which Peace it ſelf loves and purſues)
So have you home to us in triumph brought,
This Cargazon of *Spain* with Treaſures fraught,
You have not baſely gotten it by ſtealth,
Nor by tranſlation borrow'd all its wealth,
But by a pow'rful Spirit made it your own
Metal before, Money by you 'tis grown.
'Tis currant now, by your adorning it
With the fair ſtamp of your victor'ous wit:
But though we praiſe this voyage of your Mind,
And though our ſelves enricht by it we find;
W're not contented yet becauſe we know
What greater ſtores at home within it grow;
W've ſeen how well you forraign Oars refine,
Produce the Gold of your own Nobler Mine.
The World ſhall then our native plenty view,
And fetch materials for their wit from you,
They all ſhall watch the travails of your Pen,
And *Spain* on you ſhall make Repriſals then.

On the Death of Mrs. Katherine Philips.

CRuel diſeaſe! Ah, could not it ſuffice
Thy old and conſtant ſpight to exerciſe
Againſt the gentleſt and the faireſt Sex,
Which ſtill thy Depredations moſt do vex?
Where ſtill thy malice moſt of all
(Thy Malice or thy Luſt) does on the faireſt fall?
And in them moſt aſſault the faireſt place,
The Throne of Empreſs Beauty, ev'n the Face?
There was enough of that here to aſſwage,
(One would have thought) either thy luſt or rage,
Was't not enough, when thou, prophane diſeaſe
Didſt on this Glorious Temple ſeize.
Was't not enough, like wild Zealot, there,
All the rich outward Ornaments to tear,

Deface

Deface the innocent pride of beauteous Images?
Was't not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou muſt quite deſtroy, the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacriledge commit
On th' inward Holieſt Holy of her Wit?
Cruel diſeaſe! There thou miſtook'ſt thy pow'r:
No Mine of death can that devour,
On her embalmed Name it will abide
An everlaſting Pyramide,
As high as Heav'n the top, as Earth, the baſis wide.

2.

All ages paſt, record all Countreys now,
In various kinds ſuch equal Beauties ſhow,
That ev'n Judge *Paris* would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to beſtow,
Though Goddeſſes t' his ſentence did ſubmit
Women and Lovers would appeal from it:
Nor durſt he ſay, Of all the Female race,
This is the Soveraign Face.
And ſome (though theſe be of a kind that's rare,
That's much, ah, much leſs frequent than the Fair)
So equally renown'd for Virtue are,
That it the Mother of the Gods might poſe,
When the beſt Woman for her guide ſhe choſe.
But if *Apollo ſhould* deſign
A Woman *Laureat* to make,
Without diſpute he would *Orinda* take,
Though *Sappho* and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princeſs or a Queen
Is Great; but 'tis a greatneſs always ſeen;
The World did never but two Women know,
Who, one by fraud, th' other by wit did riſe
To the two tops of Spiritual Dignities,
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3

Of Femal Poets, who had names of old
Nothing is ſhown, but only told,
And all we hear of them perhaps may be
Male-Flatt'ry only, and Male-Poetry.
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning waſt,
The Thunder of their voice did longer laſt,
But that too ſoon was paſt.
The certain proofs of our *Orinda*'s wit,
In her own laſting Characters are writ,
And they will long my praiſe of them ſurvive,
Though long perhaps too that may live.

The Trade of Glory manag'd by the Pen
Though great it be, and every where is found
Does bring in but ſmall profit to us Men;
'Tis by the number of the ſharers drown'd
Orinda on the Female coaſts of Fame,
Ingroſſes all the Goods of a Poetick Name.
She does no Partner with her ſee,
Does all the buſineſs there alone, which we
Are forc'd to carry on by a whole Company.

4.

But wit's like a Luxuriant Vine;
Unleſs to Virtue's prop it joyn,
Firm and Erect towards Heaven bound;
Though it with beauteous Leaves and pleaſant Fruit be crown'd,
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.
Now ſhame and bluſhes on us all.
Who our own Sex Superior call!
Orinda does our boaſting Sex out-do,
Not in Wit only, but in Virtue too.
She does above our beſt Examples riſe,
In hate of Vice, and ſcorn of Vanities.
Never did Spirit of the manly make,
And dipt all o'r in Learnings Sacred Lake,
A temper more invulnerable take.
No violent paſſion could an entrance find;
Into the tender goodneſs of her Mind
Through walls of Stone, thoſe furious Bullets may
Force their impetuous way.
When her ſoft Breaſt they hit, pow'rleſs and dead they lay.

5.

The Fame of Friendſhip which ſo long had told
Of three or four illuſtrious Names of old,
Till hoarſe and weary with the tale ſhe grew,
Rejoyces now t' have got a new,
A new, and more ſurpriſing ſtory,
Of fair *Lucaſia's* and *Orinda's* Glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in ſome forreign Countrey he muſt live,
The Language and the Manners he does ſtrive
To underſtand and practice here,
That he may come, no ſtranger there.
So well *Orinda* did her ſelf prepare
In this much different Clime for her remove
To the glad World of Poetry and Love.

Hymn to Light.

1.

FIrſt born of *Chaos*, who ſo fair didſt come
From the old *Negro's* darkſome womb!
Which when it ſaw the lovely Child,
The melancholly Maſs put on kind looks and ſmil'd,

2.

Thou Tide of Glory which no reſt doſt know,
But ever Ebb, and ever Flow!
Thou Golden ſhower of a true *Jove*!
Who does in thee deſcend, and Heav'n to Earth make Love!

3.

Hail active Natures watchful Life and Health!
Her Joy, her Ornament, and Wealth!
Hail to thy Husband Heat, and Thee!
Thou the Worlds beauteous Bride, the luſty Bridegroom He!

4.

Say from what Golden Quivers of the Sky,
Do all thy winged Arrows fly?
Swiftneſs and Power by Birth are thine:
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire the word Divine.

5.

'Tis, I believe, this Archery to ſhow,
That ſo much coſt in Colours thou,
And skill in Painting doſt beſtow,
Upon thy ancient Arms, the Gawdy Heav'nly Bow.

6.

Swift as light Thoughts their empty Carriere rvn,
Thy Race is finiſht when begun,
Let a Poſt-Angel ſtart with Thee,
And thou the Goal of Earth ſhalt reach as ſoon as He:

7.

Thou in the Moons bright Chariot proud and gay,
Doſt thy bright wood of Stars ſurvey;
And all the year doſt with thee bring
Of thouſand flowry Lights thine own Nocturnal Spring.

8.

Thou *Scythian*-like doſt round thy Lands above
The Suns gilt Tent for ever move,
And ſtill as thou in pomp doſt go;
The ſhining Pageants of the World attend thy ſhow.

9.

Nor amidſt all theſe Triumphs doſt thou ſcorn
The humble Glow-worms to adorn,
And with thoſe living ſpangles gild,
(O Greatneſs without Pride!) the Buſhes of the Field.

10.

Night, and her ugly Subjects thou doſt fright.
And ſleep, the lazy Owl of Night;
Aſham'd and fearful to appear
They skreen their horrid ſhapes with the black Hemiſphere.

11.

With 'em their haſtes, and wildly takes the Alarm,
Of painted Dreams, a buſy ſwarm,
At the firſt opening of thine eye,
The various Cluſters break, the antick Atoms fly.

12.

The guilty Serpents, and obſcener Beaſts
Creep, conſcious to their ſecret reſts:
Nature to thee does reverence pay,
Ill Omens, and ill Sights remove out of thy way.

13.

At thy appearance, Grief it ſelf is ſaid,
To ſhake his Wings, and rowſe his Head:
And cloudy care has often took
A gentle beamy Smile reflected from thy Look.

14.

At thy appearance, Fear it ſelf grows bold;
Thy Sun-ſhine melts away his Cold.
Encourag'd at the ſight of Thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmneſs to the knee.

15.

Ev'n Luſt, the Maſter of a hardned Face,
Bluſhes, if thou be'ſt in the place,
To darkneſs Curtains he retires,
In ſympathizing Night he rowls his ſmoaky fires.

16.

When, Goddeſs, thou lift'ſt up thy wak'ned head,
Out of the Mornings Purple Bed,
Thy Quire of Birds about thee play,
And all the joyful World ſalutes the riſing day.

17. The

17.

The Ghoſts, and Monſter-Spirits, that did preſume
A Bodies Priv'ledge to aſſume,
Vaniſh again inviſibly,
And Bodies gain agen their viſibility.

18.

All the Worlds brav'ry that delights our Eies
Is but thy ſev'ral Liveries,
Thou the rich Dy on them beſtow'ſt,
Thy nimble Pencil paints this Landskape as thou go'ſt

19.

A Crimſon Garment in the Roſe thou wear'ſt;
A Crown of ſtudded Gold thou bear'ſt,
The Virgin Lillies in their White,
Are clad but with the Lawn of almoſt naked Light.

20.

The Violet ſprings little Infant ſtands,
Girt in thy purple Swadling-bands:
On the fair Tulip thou doſt dote;
Thou cloath'ſt it in a gay and party-colour'd Coat.

21.

With Flame condens'd thou do'ſt thy Jewels fix,
And ſolid Colours in it mix:
Flora her ſelf envies to ſee
Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as ſhe.

22.

Ah, Goddeſs! would thou could'ſt thy hand withold,
And be leſs lib'ral to Gold;
Didſt thou leſs value to it give,
Of how much care (alaſs) might'ſt thou poor man relieve!

23.

To me the Sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are.
But few, ah wondrous few there be,
Who do not Gold prefer, O Goddeſs, ev'n to Thee.

24.

Though the ſoft ways of Heav'n and Air, and Sea,
Which opens all their Pores to Thee;
Like a clear River thou do'ſt glide,
And with thy living Stream through the cloſe Channels ſlide

25. But

25.

But where firm Bodies thy free courſe oppoſe
Gently thy ſource the Land o'rflows;
Takes there poſſeſſion, and does make,
Of colours mingled, Light, a thick and ſtanding Lake.

26.

But the vaſt Ocean of unbounded Day
In th' Empyræan Heaven does ſtay.
Thy Rivers, Lakes and Springs below
From thence took the firſt their riſe, thither at laſt muſt flow.

To the Royal Society.

1

PHiloſophy the great and only Heir
Of all that Human Knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by Mans rebellious Sin,
Though full of years He do appear,
(Philoſophy, I ſay and call it, He,
For whatſoe'r the Painters fancy be,
It a Male-virtue ſeems to me)
Has ſtill been kept in Nonage till of late,
Nor manag'd or enjoy'd his vaſt Eſtate:
Three or four thouſand years one would have,
To ripeneſs and perfection might have brought
A Science ſo well bred and nurſt,
And of ſuch hopeful parts too at the firſt.
But, oh, the Guardians and the Tutors then,
(Some negligent, and ſome ambitious Men)
Would ne'r conſent to ſet him free,
Or his own Naural Powers to let him ſee,
Leſt that ſhould put an end to their Authority.

2.

That his own bus'neſs he might quite forget,
They amus'd him with the ſports of wanton Wit,
With the Deſerts of Peotry they fed him,
Inſtead of ſolid meats t'ncreaſe his force;
Inſtead of vigorous exerciſe they led him
Into the pleaſant Labyrinths of ever freſh Diſcourſe:
Inſtead of carrying him to ſee
The Riches which do hoorded for him lye
In Natures endleſs Treaſury,
They choſe his Eye to entertain
(His cur'ous, but not cov'tous Eye)
With painted Scenes, and Pageants of the Brain.

Some

Some few exalted Spirits this latter Age has ſhown,
That labour'd to aſſert the Liberty
(From Guardians who were now Uſurpers grown)
Of this old *Minor* ſtill, captiv'd Philoſophy;
But 'twas Rebellion call'd to fight
For ſuch a long oppreſſed Right.
Bacon at laſt, a mighty Man, aroſe,
Whom a wiſe King, and Nature choſe
Lord Chancellor of both their Laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupils cauſe.

3.

Authority, which did a Body boaſt,
Though 'twas but Air condens'd, and ſtalk'd about,
Like ſome old Giant's more Gigantick Ghoſt,
To terrify the Learned Rout
With the plain Magick of true Reaſons light,
He chac'd out of our ſight,
Nor ſuffer'd living *Men* to be miſled
By the vain ſhadows of the Dead;
To Graves, from whence it roſe, the conquer'd Phantome fled
He broke that monſtrous God which ſtood
In midſt of th' Orchard, and the whole did claim,
Which with a uſeleſs Sith of Wood,
And ſomething elſe not worth a name,
(Both vaſt for ſhew, yet neither fit
Or to Defend, or to Beget;
Ridiculous and ſenſeleſs terrors!) made
Children and ſuperſtitious Men afraid,
The Orchard's open now, and free;
Bacon has broke the Scare-crow Deity;
Come, enter, all that will,
Behold the ripen'd Fruit, come gather now your fill.
Yet ſtill, methinks, we fain would be
Catching at the Forbidden Tree,
We would be like the Deity,
When truth and Falſhood, Good and Evil we
Without the Senſes aid within our ſelves would ſee;
For 'tis God only who can find
All Nature in his Mind.

4.

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
(Though we our Thoughts from them perverſely drew)
To things, the Minds right object, he it brought,
Like fooliſh Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He ſought and gather'd for our uſe the True;
And when on heaps the choſen Bunches lay,
He preſt them wiſely the Mechanick way

Till

Till all their juyce did in one Veſſel joyn,
Ferment into a Nouriſhment Divine,
The thirſty Souls refreſhing Wine.
Who to the life an exact Piece would make,
Muſt not from others Work a Copy take;
No, not from *Rubens* or *Vandike*;
Much leſs content himſelf to make it like
Th' Idæas, and the Images which lye
In his own Fancy, or his Memory.
No, he before his ſight muſt place
The Natural and Living Face;
The real object muſt Command
Each Judgement of his Eye, and Motion of his Hand.

5.

From theſe and all long Errors of the way,
In which our wandring Predeceſſors went,
And like th' old *Hebrews* many years did ſtray
In Deſarts but of ſmall extent,
Bacon, like *Moſes*, led us forth at laſt,
The barren Wilderneſs he paſt,
Did on the very Border ſtand
Of the bleſt promis'd Land,
And from the Mountains top of his exalted Wit,
Saw it himſelf, and ſhew'd us it.
But Life did never to one Man allow
Time to diſcover Worlds, and Conquer too;
Nor can ſo ſhort a Line ſufficient be
To fathom the vaſt depths of Natures Sea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And were unjuſt, if we ſhould more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt th' Exceſs
Of low Affliction, and high Happineſs.
For who on things remote can fix his ſight,
That's always in a Triumph or a Fight?

6.

From you great Champions, we expect to get
Theſe ſpacious Countreys but diſcover'd yet;
Countreys where yet inſtead of Nature, we
Her Images and Idols worſhipp'd ſee:
Theſe large and wealthy Regions to ſubdue,
Though Learning has whole Armies at command,
Quarter'd about in every Land,
A better Troop ſhe ne'r together drew,
Methinks like *Gideon*'s little Band,
God with deſign has pickt out you,
To do thoſe noble Wonders by a few:
When the whole Hoſt he ſaw, they are (ſaid he)
Too many to o'rcome for Me;

And

And now he chooſes out his men,
Much in the way that he did then;
Not thoſe many whom he found
Idely 'xtended on the ground,
To drink with their dejected head
The Stream juſt ſo as by their mouths it fled:
No, but thoſe few who took the waters up,
And made of their laborious hands the Cup.

7.

Thus you prepar'd; and in the glorious Fight
Their wondrous pattern too you take:
Their old and empty Pitchers firſt they brake,
And with their hands then lifted up the Light,
Io! Sound too the Thumpets here!
Already your victorious Lights appear;
New Scenes of Heaven already we eſpy,
And Crowds of golden Worlds on high;
Which from the ſpacious Plains of Earth and Sea;
Could never yet diſcover'd be
By Sailers or *Chaldæans* watchful Eye.
Natures great Works no diſtance can obſcure,
No ſmalneſs her near Objects can ſecure;
Y' have taught the curious Sight to preſs
Into the privateſt receſs
Of her interceptible Littleneſs.
Y' have learn'd to read her ſmalleſt hrnd,
And well begun her deepeſt Senſe to underſtand.

8.

Miſchief and true Diſhonor fall on thoſe
Who would to laughter or to ſcorn expoſe
So virtuous, and ſo Noble a Deſigne,
So human for its Uſe, for knowledge ſo Divine.
The things which theſe proud men deſpiſe, and call
Impertinent, and vain, and ſmall,
Thoſe ſmalleſt things of Nature let me know,
Rather than all their greateſt Actions do.
Whoever would depoſed Truth advance
Into the Throne uſurp'd from it,
Muſt feel at firſt the blows of Ignorance.
And the ſharp Points of Envious Wit.
So when by various turns of the Celeſtial Dance,
In many thouſand years
A Star, ſo long unknown appears,,
Though Heaven it ſelf more beauteous by it grow.
It troubles and alarms the World below.
Does to the Wiſe a Star, to fools a Meteor ſhow

9.

With Courage and Succeſs you the bold work begin;
  Your Cradle has not idle bin:
None e'r but *Hercules* and you would be
At five years Age worthy a Hiſtory.
  And ne'r did fortune better yet
  Th' Hiſtorian to the Story fit:
  As you from all Old Errors free
And purge the Body of Philoſophy;
  So from all Modern Follies He
Has vindicated Floquence and Wit.
His candid Stile like a clean Stream does ſlide,
  And his bright Fancy all the way
  Does like the Sun-ſhine in it play;
It does like *Thames*, the beſt of Rivers, glide,
Where the God does not rudely overturn,
  But gently pour the Chryſtal Urn,
And with judicious hand does the whole Current Guide!
'T has all the Beauties Nature can impart,
And all the comely Dreſs without the paint of Art.

Upon the Chair made out of Sir Francis Drakes *Ship, preſented to the Univerſity Library of* Oxford, *by* John Davis *of* Deptford, *Eſquire.*

TO this great Ship, which round the Globe has run,
  And matcht in race the Chariot of the Sun
This *Pythagorian* Ship (for it may claim
Without preſumption ſo deſerv'd a Name,
By knowledge once, and tranſformation now)
In her new ſhape this ſacred Port allow.
Drake and his Ship could not have wiſh'd from fate,
A more bleſt Station, or more bleſt Eſtate.
For (Lo!) a Seat of endleſs reſt is given,
To her in *Oxford*, and to him in Heav'n.

A PROPOSITION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EXPERIMENTAL *PHILOSOPHY.*

The Colledge.

THat the *Philoſophical Colledge* be ſcituated within one, two or (at fartheſt) three miles of *London*, and if it be poſſible to find that convenience, upon the ſide of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this Colledge amount to four thouſand a year.

That the Company received into it be as follows.

1. Twenty Philoſophers or Profeſſers. 2. Sixteen young Scholars, Servants to the Profeſſors. 3. A Chaplain. 4. A Baily for the Revenue. 5. A Manciple or Purveyor for the Proviſions of the Houſe. 6. Two Gardeners. 7. A Maſter-Cook. 8. An Under-Cook. 9. A Butler. 10. An Under-Butler. 11. A Chirurgeon. 12. Two Lungs, or Chimical Servants. 13. A Library-keeper, who is likewiſe to be Apothecary, Druggiſt, and keeper of Inſtruments, Engines, &c. 14. An Officer to feed and take care of all Beaſts, Fowl, &c. kept by the Colledge. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Meſſenger to ſend up and down for all uſes of the Colledge. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the Houſe clean, and ſuch like ſervices.

That the annual allowance for this Company be as follows. 1. To every Profeſſor, and to the Chaplain, One hundred and twenty pounds. 2. To the ſixteen Scholars, Twenty pounds a piece, Ten pounds for their Diet, and Ten pounds for their Entertainment, 3. To the Baily Thirty pounds beſides allowance for his Journeys. 4. To the Purveyor or Manciple, Thirty pounds. 5. To each of the Gardeners, Twenty pounds. 6. To the Maſter-Cook, Twenty pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, Four pounds. 8. To the Butler Ten pounds. 9. To the Under-Butler Four pounds. 10. To the Chirurgeon, Thirty pounds. 11. To the Library-keeper, Thirty pounds. 12. To each of the Lungs Twelve pounds. 13. To the keeper of the Beaſts, Six pounds. 14. To the Groom, Five pounds. 15. To the Meſſenger, Twelve pounds. 16. To the four neceſſary Women, Ten pounds. For the Manciples Table, at which all the Servants

of the Houſe, are to eat, except the Scholars, One hundred ſixty pounds. For three Horſes for the ſervice of the Colledge, Thirty pounds.

All which amounts to Three thouſand two hundred eighty five pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the Houſe and Gardens, and Operatories, and Inſtruments and Animals, and Experiments of all ſorts, and all other expences, Seven hundred and fifteen pounds.

Which were a very inconſiderable ſum for the great uſes to which it is deſigned, but that I conceive the Induſtry of the Colledge will in a ſhort time ſo enrich it ſelf as to get a far better ſtock for the advance and enlargement of the work when it is once begun; neither is the continuance of particular mens liberality to be deſpaired of, when it ſhall be encouraged by the ſight of that publick benefit which will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Nation, by this Foundation. Something likewiſe will ariſe from Leaſes and other Caſualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the Profeſſors, or any other uſe beſides that of the ſearch of Nature, and by it the general good of the World, and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the inſtitution, as likewiſe for the protection and encouragement of the Company it is propoſed,

That ſome perſon of eminent Quality, a lover of ſolid Learning, and no ſtranger in it, be choſen Chancellor or Preſident of the Colledge, and that eight Governors more, men qualified in the like manner, be joyned with him, two of which ſhall yearly be appointed Viſitors of the Colledge, and receive an exact account of all expences even to the ſmalleſt, and of the true eſtate of their publick Treaſure, under the Hands and Oaths of the Profeſſors Reſident.

That the choice of the Profeſſors in any vacancy belong to the Chancellor and the Governors, but that the Profeſſors (who are likelieſt to know what men of the Nation are moſt proper for the duties of their Society) direct their choice by recommending two or three perſons to them at every Election. And that if any learned Perſon within His Majeſties Dominions, diſcover or eminently improve any uſeful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferr'd, if he pretend to the place, before any body elſe.

That the Governors have power to turn out any Profeſſor who ſhall be proved to be either ſcandalous or unprofitable to the Society.

That the Colledge be built after this, or ſome ſuch manner: That it conſiſt of three fair Quadrangular Courts, and three large Grounds, encloſed with good walls behind them. That the firſt Court be built with a fair Cloyſter, and the Profeſſors Lodgings or rather little Houſes, four on each ſide at ſome diſtance from one another, and with little Gardens behind them, juſt after the manner of the *Chartreux* beyond Sea. That the inſide of the Cloyſter be lined with a Gravel-walk, and that Walk with a row of

Trees

Trees, and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, and a Fountain.

That the ſecond Quadrangle juſt behind the firſt, be ſo contrived, as to contain theſe parts. 1. A Chappel. 2. A Hall with two long Tables on each ſide for the Scholars and Officers of the Houſe to eat at, and with a Pulpit and Forms at the end for the publick Lectures. 3. A large and pleaſant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Profeſſors to eat in, and to hold their Aſſemblies and Conferences. 4. A publick School-houſe. 5. A Library. 6. A Gallery to walk in, adorned with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inventors of any thing uſeful to Humane Life; as Printing, Guns, *America*, *&c.* and of late in Anatomy the Circulation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and ſuch like diſcoveries in any Art, with ſhort Elogies under the Portractures: As likewiſe the Figures of all ſorts of Creatures, and the ſtuft skins of as many ſtrange Animals as can be gotten. 7. An Anatomy Chamber adorned with Skeletons and Anatomical Pictures, and prepared with all conveniencies for Diſſection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of Druggs, and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical Chamber furniſht with all ſorts of Mathematical Inſtruments, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for the Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-Keeper and Purveyor, near the Chappel, Anatomy-Chamber, Library and Hall.

That the third Court be on one ſide of theſe, very large, but meanly built, being deſigned only for uſe and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the Kitchin, Butteries, Brew-houſe, Bake-houſe, Dary, Lardry, Stables, &c. and eſpecially great Laboratories for Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Under-ſervants.

That behind the ſecond Court be placed the Garden, containing all ſorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at the end a little Houſe of pleaſure, a Lodge for the Gardiner, and a Grove of Trees cut into Walks.

That the ſecond encloſed Ground be a Garden, deſtined only to the trial of all manner of Experiments concerning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Retardation, Conſervation, Compoſition, Tranſmutation, Coloration, or whatſoever elſe can be produced by Art, either for uſe or curioſity, with a Lodge in it for the Gardiner.

That the third Ground be employed in convenient receptacles for all ſorts of Creatures which the Profeſſors ſhall judge neceſſary for their more exact ſearch into the nature of Animals, and the improvement of their Uſes to us.

That there be likewiſe built in ſome place of the Colledge where it may ſerve moſt for Ornament of the whole, a very high Tower for obſervation of Celeſtial Bodies, adorned with all ſorts of Dyals, and ſuch like Curioſities; and that there be very deep Vaults made underground, for Experiments moſt proper to ſuch places which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the charity or generoſity of this Age to extend to; and we do not deſign this after the Model of *Solomons* Houſe in my Lord *Bacon* (which is a Project for Experiments that can never be Experimented) but propoſe it within ſuch bounds of Expence as have often been exceeded by the Buildings of private Citizens.

Of the Profeſſors, Scholars, Chaplain, and other Officers.

THat of the twenty Profeſſors four be always travelling beyond Seas, and ſixteen always Reſident, unleſs by permiſſion upon extraordinary occaſions, and every one ſo abſent, leaving a Deputy behind him to ſupply his Duties.

That the four Profeſſors Itinerate be aſſigned to the four parts of the World, *Europe*, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*, there to reſide three years at leaſt, and to give a conſtant account of all things that belong to the Learning, and eſpecially, Natural Experimental Philoſophy of thoſe parts.

That the expence of all Diſpatches, and all Books, Simples, Animals, Stones, Metals, Minerals, *&c.* and all Curioſities whatſoever, natural or artificial, ſent by them to the Colledge, ſhall be defrayed out of the Treaſury, and an additional allowance (above the 120 *l.*) made to them as ſoon as the Colledges Revenue ſhall be improved.

That at their going abroad they ſhall take a ſolemn Oath never to write any thing to the Colledge, but what after very diligent Examination, they ſhall fully believe to be true, and to confeſs and recant it as ſoon as they find themſelves in an Error.

That the ſixteen Profeſſors Reſident ſhall be bound to ſtudy and teach all ſorts of Natural, Experimental Philoſophy, to conſiſt of the Mathematicks, Mechanicks, Medicine, Anatomy, Chymiſtry, the Hiſtory of Animals, Plants, Minerals, Elements, &c. Agriculture, Architecture, Art Military, Navigation, Gardening; The Myſteries of all Trades, and improvement of them; the Facture of all Merchandiſes, all Natural Magick, or Divination; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue of Natural Hiſtories annexed to my Lord *Bacon's Organon*.

That once a day from *Eaſter* till *Michaelmas*, and twice a week from *Michaelmas* to *Eaſter*, in the hours in the afternoon moſt convenient for Auditors from *London* according to the time of the year, there ſhall be a Lecture read in the Hall, upon ſuch parts of Natural Experimental Philoſophy, as the Profeſſors ſhall agree on among themſelves, and as each of them ſhall be able to perform uſefully and honorably.

That two of the Profeſſors by daily, Weekly, or Monethly turns

turns ſhall teach the publick Schools according to the Rules hereafter preſcribed.

That all the Profeſſors ſhall be equal in all reſpects (except precedency, choice of Lodging, and ſuch like priviledges, which ſhall belong to Seniority in the Colledge) and that all ſhall be Maſters and Treaſurers by annual turns, which two Officers for the time being, ſhall take place of all the reſt, and ſhall be *Arbitri duarum Menſarum.*

That the Maſter ſhall Command all the Officers of the Colledge, appoint Aſſemblies or Conferences upon occaſion, and preſide in them with a double voice, and in his abſence the Treaſurer, whoſe buſineſs is to receive and disburſe all Moneys by the Maſters order in writing, (if it be an extraordinary) after conſent of the other Profeſſors.

That all the Profeſſors ſhall ſup together in the Parlor within the Hall every night, and ſhall dine there twice a week (to wit *Sundays* and *Thurſdays*) at two round Tables for the convenience of diſcourſe, which ſhall be for the moſt part of ſuch matters as may improve their Studies and Profeſſions, and to keep them from falling into looſe or unprofitable talk, ſhall be the duty of the two *Arbitri Menſarum*, who may likewiſe command any of the Servant-Scholars to read them what they ſhall think fit, whilſt they are at Table: That it ſhall belong likewiſe to the ſaid *Arbitri Menſarum* only, to invite ſtrangers, which they ſhall rarely do, unleſs they be men of Learning or great Parts, and ſhall not invite above two at a time to one Table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous Meetings of Acquaintance.

That the Profeſſors Reſidennt ſhall allow the Colledge Twenty pounds a year for their Diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they ſhall have once a week an Aſſembly or Conference concerning the Affairs of the Colledge and the progreſs of their Experimental Philoſophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of conſequence, he ſhall communicate it to the Aſſembly to be examined, experimented, approved, or rejected.

That if any one be Author of an Invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it ſhall belong to the Inventor, and the two other to the Society; and beſides, if the thing be very conſiderable, his Statue or Picture, with an Elogy under it, ſhall be placed in the Galery, and made a Deniſon of that Corporation of famous Men.

That all the Profeſſors ſhall be always aſſigned to ſome particular Inquiſition (beſides the ordinary courſe of their Studies) of which they ſhall give an account to the Aſſembly, ſo that by this means there may be every day ſome operation or other made in all the Arts, as Chymiſtry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, and that the Colledge ſhall furniſh for the charge of the operation.

That

That there ſhall be kept a Regiſter under Lock and Key, and not to be ſeen but by the Profeſſors, of all the Experiments that ſucceed, ſigned by the perſons who made the tryal.

That the popular and received Errors in Experimental Philoſophy, (with which, like weeds in a neglected Garden, it is now almoſt all over-grown) ſhall be evinced by tryal, and taken notice of in the publick Lectures, that they may no longer abuſe the credulous, and beget new ones by conſequence or ſimilitude.

That every third year (after the full ſettlement of the foundation) the Colledge ſhall give an account in Print, in proper and antient Latine, of the fruits of their triennial Induſtry.

That every Profeſſor Reſident ſhall have his Schollar to wait upon him in his Chamber, and at Table, whom he ſhall be obliged to breed up in Natural Philoſophy, and render an account of his progreſs to the Aſſembly, from whoſe Election he received him, and therefore is reſponſible to it, both for the care of his Education, and the juſt and civil uſage of him.

That the Schollar ſhall underſtand Latine very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek before he be capable of being choſen into the ſervice, and that he ſhall not remain in it above ſeven years.

That his Lodging ſhall be with the profeſſor whom he ſerves.

That no Profeſſor ſhall be a married man, or a Divine, or Lawyer in practice, only Phyſick he may be allowed to preſcribe, becauſe the ſtudy of that Art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is ſo great, that it will not ſuffer him to loſe much time in mercenary practice.

That the Profeſſors ſhall in the Colledge wear the habit of ordinary Maſters of Art in the Univerſities, or of Doctors, if any of them be ſo.

That they ſhall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendſhip with one another, and that the Aſſembly ſhall lay a conſiderable pecuniary mulct upon any one who ſhall be proved to have entred ſo far into a quarrel as to give uncivil language to his Brother-Profeſſor; and that the perſeverance in any enmity ſhall be puniſh'd by the Governors with expulſion.

That the Chaplain ſhall eat at the Maſters Table, (paying his twenty pounds a year as the others do) and that he ſhall read Prayers once a day at leaſt, a little before Supper-time; that he ſhall Preach in the Chappel every Sunday morning, and Catechize in the afternoon, the Scholars and the School-boy, that he ſhall every Moneth Adminiſter the Holy Sacrament; that he ſhall not trouble himſelf and his Auditors with the Controverſies of Divinity, but only teach God in his juſt Commandments, and in his Wonderful Works.

The

The School.

THat the Shool may be built ſo as to contain about two hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Claſſes, not as others are ordinarily into ſix or ſeven, becauſe we ſuppoſe that the Children ſent hither to be initiated in Things as well as Words, ought to have paſt the two or three firſt, and to have attained the age of about thirteen years, being already well advanced in the Latine Grammer, and ſome Authors.

That none, though never ſo rich, ſhall pay any thing for their teaching; and that if any Profeſſor ſhall be convicted to have taken any money in conſideration of his pains in the School, he ſhall be expelled with ignominy by the Governors; but if any perſons of great eſtate and quality, finding their Sons much better Proficients in Learning here, than Boys of the ſame age commonly are at other Schools, ſhall not think fit to receive an obligation of ſo near concernment without returning ſome marks of acknowledgement, they may, if they pleaſe (for nothing is to be demanded) beſtow ſome little rarity or curioſity upon the Society in recompence of their trouble.

And becauſe it is deplorable to conſider the loſs which Children make of their time at moſt Schools, employing, or rather caſting away ſix or ſeven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly.

That a Method be here eſtabliſhed for the infuſing Knowledge and Language at the ſame time into them; and that this may be their Apprenticeſhip in Natural Philoſophy. This we conceive may be done, by breeding them in Authors, or pieces of Authors, who treat of ſome parts of Nature, and who may be underſtood with as much eaſe and pleaſure, as thoſe which are commonly taught; Such are in Latine *Varro*, *Cato*, *Columella*, *Pliny*, part of *Celſus*, and of *Seneca*, *Cicero de Divinatione*, *de Natura Deorum*, and ſeveral ſcattered pieces, *Virgil's Georgicks*, *Grotius*, *Neneſianus*, *Manilius*; and becauſe the truth is, we want good Poets (I mean we have but few) who have purpoſely treated of ſolid and learned, that is, Natural Matters (the moſt part indulging to the weakneſs of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of Love, or with the Fables of Gods and Heroes) we conceive that one Book ought to be compiled of all the ſcattered little parcels among the antient Poets that might ſerve for the advancement of Natural Science, and which would make no ſmall or unuſual or unpleaſant Volume. To this we would have added the Morals and Rhetoricks of *Cicero*, and the Inſtitutions of *Quintilian*; and for the Comedians, from whom almoſt all that neceſſary part of common diſcourſe, and all the moſt intimate proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the boys

may be made Maſters of them, as a part of their Recreation and not of their Task, if once a moneth, or at leaſt once in two, they act one of *Terences* Comedies, and afterwards (the moſt advanced) ſome of *Plautus* his; and this is for many reaſons one of the beſt exerciſes they can be enjoyned, and moſt innocent pleaſures they can be allowed. As for the *Greek* Authors: they may ſtudy *Nicander*, *Oppianus* (whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himſelf, and place next to his adored *Virgil*) *Ariſtotles* Hiſtory of *Animals*, and other parts, *Theophraſtus* and *Dioſcorides* of Plants, and a Collection made out of ſeveral both Poets and other Grecian Writers. For the Moral and Rhetorick *Ariſtotle* may ſuffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the latter; with the Hiſtory of *Animals* they ſhould be ſhewed Anatomy as a Divertiſement, and made to know the Figures and Natures of thoſe Creatures which are not common among us, diſabuſing them at the ſame time of thoſe Errors which are univerſally admitted concerning many. The ſame Method ſhould be uſed to make them acquainted with all Plants, and to this muſt be added a little of the antient and modern Geography, the underſtanding of the Globes, and the Principles of Geometry and Aſtronomy. They ſhould likewiſe uſe to declaim in *Latine* and *Engliſh*, as the *Romans* did in *Greek* and *Latine*; and in all this travel be rather led on by Familiarity, Encouragement, and Emulation, than driven by Severity, Puniſhment, and Terror. Upon Feſtivals and Play-times they ſhould exerciſe themſelves in the Fields by Riding, Leaping, Fencing, Muſtering and Training after the manner of Soldiers, &c. And to prevent all dangers, and all diſorder, there ſhould always be two of the Scholars with them to be as witneſſes and directors of their actions; In foul weather it would not be amiſs for them to learn to Dance, that is, to learn juſt ſo much (for all beyond is ſuperfluous, if not worſe) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon *Sundays*, and all days of Devotion, they are to be a part of the Chaplains Province.

That for all theſe ends the Colledge ſo order it, as that there may be ſome convenient and pleaſant Houſes thereabouts, kept by Religious, Diſcreet, and careful perſons, for the lodging and boarding of young Scholars, that they have a conſtant Eye over them to ſee that they be bred up there Piouſly, Cleanly, and Plentifully, according to the proportion of their Parents expences.

And that the Colledge when it ſhall pleaſe God either by their own induſtry and ſucceſs, or by the benevolence of Patrons, to enrich them ſo far, as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, ſhall at their own charges erect and maintain ſome Houſe or Houſes, for the Entertainment of ſuch poor Mens Sons whoſe good Natural Parts may promiſe either Uſe or Ornament to the Commonwealth, during the time of their abode at School, and ſhall take

care

care that it ſhall be done with the ſame conveniencies as are enjoyed even by rich Mens Children, (though they maintain the fewer for that cauſe) there being nothing of eminent and illuſtrious to be expected from a low, ſordid, and Hoſpital-like Education.

Concluſion.

IF I be not much abuſed by a natural fondneſs to my own Conceptions (that εὕρηκα of the Greeks, which no other Language has a proper word for) there was never any Project thought upon, which deſerves to meet with ſo few Adverſaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppoſe the eſtabliſhment of twenty well ſelected perſons in ſuch a condition of Life, that their whole buſineſs and ſole profeſſion may be to ſtudy the improvement and advantage of all other Profeſſions, from that of the higheſt General even to the loweſt Artiſan? Who ſhall be obliged to imploy their whole time, wit, learning, and induſtry, to theſe four, the moſt uſeful that can be imagined, and to no other ends; Firſt, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former Ages, to detect, explode, and ſtrike a cenſure through all falſe Moneys with which the World has been paid and cheated ſo long, and (as I may ſay) to ſet the mark of the Colledge upon all true Coins that they may paſs hereafter without any farther Tryal. Secondly, to recover the loſt Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And laſtly, to diſcover others, which we yet have not. And who ſhall beſides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the beſt Education in the World (purely *gratis*) to as many mens Children as ſhall think fit to make uſe of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or interfere with any parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good Inſtitutions have done) even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things conſidered, I will ſuppoſe this Propoſition will encounter with no Enemies; the only Queſtion is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Diſcourſe and Deſign to Reality and Effect; the neceſſary Expences of the Beginning (for it will maintain it ſelf well enough afterwards) being ſo great (though I have ſet them as low as is poſſible in order to ſo vaſt a work) that it may ſeem hopeleſs to raiſe ſuch a ſum out of thoſe few dead Reliques of Human Charity and Publick Generoſity which are yet remaining in the World.

A DISCOURSE By way of VISION,

Concerning the Government of *Oliver Cromwel.*

IT was the Funeral day of the late man who made himſelf to be called *Protector.* And though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all publick Pageantry, yet I was forced by the importunity of my company to go along with them, and be a Spectator of that ſolemnity, the expectation of which had been ſo great, that it was ſaid to have brought ſome very curious perſons (and no doubt ſingular Virtuoſo's) as far as from the Mount in *Cornwal,* and from the *Orcades.* I found there had been much more coſt beſtowed than either the dead man, or indeed death it ſelf could deſerve. There was a mighty Train of black aſſiſtants, among which two divers Princes in the Perſons of their Ambaſſadors (being infinitely afflicted for the loſs of their Brother) were pleaſed to attend; the Herſe was magnificent, the Idol Crowned, and (not to mention all other Ceremonies which are practiſed at Royal interments: and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vaſt multitude of Spectators made up, as it uſes to do, no ſmall part of the Spectacle it ſelf. But yet I know not how, the whole was ſo managed, that, methoughts, it ſomewhat repreſented the life of him for whom it was made; much noiſe, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory; briefly, a great ſhow, and yet after all this, but an ill ſight. At laſt, (for it ſeemed long to me, and like his ſhort Reign too, very tedious) the whole Scene paſt by, and I retired back to my Chamber, weary, and I think more melancholly than any of the Mourners. Where I began to reflect on the whole life of this Prodigious Man, and ſometimes I was filled with horror and deteſtation of his actions, and ſometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and ſucceſs; till by theſe different motions and agitations of mind, rocked, as it were, aſleep, I fell at laſt into this Viſion, or if you pleaſe to call it but a Dream, I ſhall not take it ill, becauſe the Father of Poets tells us, Even Dreams too are from God.

But ſure it was no Dream; for I was ſuddainly tranſported afar off (whether in the body or out of the body, like St. *Paul,* I know not) and found my ſelf on the top of that famous Hill in the Iſland *Mona,* which has the proſpect of three Great, and not long ſince moſt happy Kingdoms. As ſoon as ever I look'd on them,

them, the not-long-ſince ſtrook upon my memory, and called forth the ſad repreſentation of all the Sins, and all the Miſeries that had overwhelmed them theſe twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours, and when my preſent ſtock of moiſture was all waſted, I fell a ſighing for an hour more, and as ſoon as I recovered, from my paſſion, the uſe of ſpeech and reaſon, I broke forth, as I remember (looking upon *England*) into this complaint.

1.

Ah, happy Iſle, how art thou chang'd and curſt,
Since I was born, and knew thee firſt!
When Peace which had forſook the World around,
(Frighted with noiſe and the ſhrill Trumpets ſound)
Thee for a private place of reſt,
And a ſecure retirement choſe
Wherein to build her Halcyon Neſt;
No Wind durſt ſtir abroad the Air to diſcompoſe.

2.

When all the riches of the Globe beſide
Flow'd in to Thee with every Tide;
When all that Nature did thy Soil deny,
The growth was of thy fruitful Induſtry,
When all the proud and dreadful Sea,
And all his Tributary-Streams,
A conſtant Tribute paid to Thee,
When all the liquid World was one extended *Thames*.

3.

When Plenty in each Village did appear,
And Bounty was its Steward there;
When Gold walkt free about in open view,
E'r it one conqu'ring parties priſoner grew;
When the Religion of our State
Had Face and Subſtance with her Voice,
E'r ſhe by 'er fooliſh Loves of late,
Like Eccho (once a Nymph) turn'd only into noiſe:

4.

Which Men to Men reſpect, and friendſhip bore,
And God with reverence did adore;
When upon Earth no Kingdom could have ſhown
A happier Monarch to us than our own,
And yet his Subjects by him were
(Which is a Truth will hardly be
Receiv'd by any vulgar Ear,
A ſecret known to few) made happ'er even than He.

5. Thou

5.

Thou do'ſt a *Chaos* and Confuſion now,
A *Babel* and a *Bedlam* grow,
And like a frantick perſon thou do'ſt tear
The Ornaments and Cloaths which thou ſhould'ſt wear,
And cut thy Limbs; and if we ſee
(Juſt as thy Barbarous *Britons* did)
Thy Body with Hypocriſie
Painted all o'r, thou think'ſt, thy naked ſhame is hid.

6.

The Nations, which envied thee e'r while,
Now laugh (too little 'tis to ſmile)
They laugh, and would have pitty'd thee (alaſs!)
But that thy Faults all pity do ſurpaſs.
Art thou the Countrey which didſt hate,
And mock the *French* Inconſtancy?
And have we, have we ſeen of late
Leſs change of Habits there, than Goyernments in Thee?

7.

Unhappy Iſle! No Ship of thine at Sea,
Was ever toſt and torn like thee.
Thy naked Hulk looſe on the Waves does beat,
The Rocks and Banks around her ruine threat;
What did thy fooliſh Pilots ail,
To lay the Compaſs quite aſide?
Without a Law or Rule to ſail,
And rather take the Winds then Heavens to be their Guide?

8.

Yet mighty God, yet, yet, we humbly crave,
This floating Iſle from ſhipwrack ſave;
And though to waſh that blood which does it ſtain,
It well deſerves to ſink into the Main;
Yet for the Royal Martyr's prayer
(The Royal Martyr prays we know)
This guilty periſhing Veſſel ſpare;
Hear but his Soul above, and not his Blood below.

I think, I ſhould have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a ſtrange and terrible Apparition, for there appeared to me (ariſing out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a Gyant, or indeed, than the ſhadow of an Gyant in the Evening. His Body was naked, but that nakedneſs adorn'd, or rather deform'd all over, with ſeveral Figures, after the manner of the antient *Britons*, painted upon it: and I perceived that moſt of them were the repreſentation of the late Battels in our Civil Wars, and (if I be not much miſtaken) it was the Battel of *Naſeby* that

was drawn upon his Breaſt. His Eyes were like burning Braſs, and there were three Crowns of the ſame metal (as I gueſt) and that lookt as red-hot too upon his head. He held in his right hand a Sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheleſs the Motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello*, and in his left hand a thick Book, upon the back of which was written in Letters of Gold, Acts, Ordinances, Proteſtations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonſtrances, *&c.* Though this ſudden, unuſual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet ſo it pleaſed God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a Viſion) that I was not at all daunted, but askt him reſolutely and briefly, What art thou? and he ſaid, I am called The North-weſt Principality, His Highneſs the Protector of the Common-wealth of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, and the Dominions belonging thereunto, for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the Government of thoſe three Kingdoms which thou ſeeſt from this place. And I anſwered and ſaid, If it be ſo, Sir, it ſeems to me that for almoſt theſe twenty years paſt, your Highneſs has been abſent from your Charge: for not only if any Angel, but if any wiſe and honeſt Men had ſince that time been our Governor, we ſhould not have wandred thus long in theſe laborious and endleſs Labyrinths of confuſion, but either not have entred at all into them, or at leaſt have returned back e'r we had abſolutely loſt our way; but inſtead of your Highneſs, we have had ſince ſuch a Protector as was his Predeceſſor *Richard* the Third to the King his Nephew; for he preſently ſlew the Common-wealth, which he pretended to protect, and ſet up himſelf in the place of it: a little leſs guilty indeed in one reſpect, becauſe the other ſlew an innocent, and this Man did but murder a Murderer. Such a Protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an Enemy, and rather received a conſtant Turk, than this every Moneths Apoſtate; ſuch a Protector as Man is to his Flocks, which he ſhears, and ſells, or devours himſelf; and I would fain know, what the Wolf, which he protects them from, could do more. Such a Protector——and as I was proceeding, methought his Highneſs began to put on a diſpleaſed and threatning countenance, as Men uſe to do when their deareſt Friends happen to be traduced in their company which gave me the firſt riſe of jealouſie againſt him, for I did not believe that *Cromwel*, among all his forreign Correſpondences, had ever held any with Angels. However, I was not hardned enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had ſpoken to the Protector himſelf in *Whitehal*) I deſired him that his Highneſs would pleaſe to pardon me, if I had unwittingly ſpoken any thing to the diſparagement of a perſon, whoſe relations to his Highneſs I had not the honor to know. At which he told me, that he had no other concernment for his late Highneſs, than as he took him to be the greateſt man that ever was of the *Engliſh* Nation, if not (ſaid he) of the whole World, which gives me a juſt

Title

title to the defence of his reputation, ſince I now account my ſelf, as it were a naturalized *Engliſh* Angel, by having had ſo long the management of the affairs of that Countrey. And pray Countreyman, (ſaid he, very kindly and very flatteringly) for I would not have you fall into the general error of the World, that deteſts and decries ſo extraordinary a Virtue; What can be more extraordinary than that a perſon of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of Body, which have ſometimes, or of Mind, which have often raiſed Men to the higheſt dignities, ſhould have the courage to attempt, and the happineſs to ſucceed in ſo improbable a deſigne, as the deſtruction of one of the moſt antient, and moſt ſolidly founded Monarchies upon the Earth? that he ſhould have the power or boldneſs to put his Prince and Maſter to an open and infamous death? to baniſh that numerous and ſtrongly-allied Family? to do all this under the name and wages of a Parliament; to trample upon them too as he pleaſed, and ſpurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raiſe up a new and un-heard of Monſter out of their Aſhes; to ſtifle that in the very infancy, and ſet up himſelf above all things that ever were called Sovereign in *England*; to oppreſs all his Enemies by Arms, and all his Friends afterwards by Artifice; to ſerve all parties patiently for a while, and to Command them victoriouſly at laſt; to over-run each corner of the three Nations, and overcome with equal felicity both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North; to be feared and courted by all forreign Princes, and adopted a Brother to the gods of the Earth; to call together Parliaments with a word of his Pen, and ſcatter them again with the breath of his Mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would pleaſe to be hired at the rate of two Millions a year, to be Maſter of thoſe who had hired him before to be their Servant; to have the Eſtates and Lives of three Kingdoms as much at his diſpoſal, as was the little inheritance of his Father, and to be as noble and liberal in the ſpending of them; and laſtly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his Poſterity; to dye with Peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among Kings, and with more than Regal ſolemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguiſht, but with the whole World, which as it is now too little for his Praiſes, ſo might have been too for his Conqueſts, if the ſhort line of his humane life could have been ſtretcht out the extent of his immortal deſigns?

By this ſpeech I began to underſtand perfectly well what kind of Angel his pretended Highneſs was, and having fortified my ſelf privately with a ſhort mental Prayer, and with the ſign of the Croſs (not out of any ſuperſtition to the Sign, but as a recognition of my Baptiſm in Chriſt) I grew a little bolder, and replyed in this manner; I ſhould not venture to oppoſe what you are pleaſed to ſay in commendation of the late great, and I confeſs) extraordinary perſon, but that I remember Chriſt forbids us to give aſſent to any other doctrine but what himſelf has taught

us,

us, even though it ſhould be delivered by an Angel; and if ſuch you be, Sir, it may be you have ſpoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty: For ſure I am, that we muſt renounce or forget all the Laws of the New and Old Teſtament, and thoſe which are the foundation of both, even the Laws of Moral and Natural Honeſty, if we approve of the actions of that man whom I ſuppoſe you commend by Irony. There would be no end to inſtance in the particulars of all his wickedneſs; but to ſum up a part of it briefly; What can be more extraordinarily wicked than for a perſon, ſuch as your ſelf qualify him rightly, to endeavor not only to exalt himſelf above, but to trample upon all his equals and betters? to pretend freedom for all men, and under the help of that pretence to make all men his ſervants? to take Arms againſt Taxes of ſcarce two hundred thouſand pounds a year, and to raiſe them himſelf to above two Millions? to quarrel for the loſs of three or four Ears, and ſtrike off three or four hundred Heads? to fight againſt an imaginary ſuſpition of I know not what, two thouſand Guards to be fetcht for the King, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himſelf no leſs than forty thouſand? to pretend the defence of Parliaments, and violently to diſſolve all even of his own calling, and almoſt chooſing? to undertake the Reformation of Religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expoſe it naked to the rage of all Sects and Hereſies? to ſet up Counſels of Rapine, and Courts of Murder? to fight againſt the King under a Commiſſion for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of thoſe for whom he had Conquer'd him; to draw him into his Net, with proteſtations and vows of fidelity, and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him with as little ſhame as conſcience, or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? to receive a Commiſſion for King and Parliament, to murder (as I ſaid) the one, and deſtroy no leſs impudently the other? to fight againſt Monarchy when he declared for it, and declare againſt it, when he contrived for it in his own perſon? to abaſe perfidiouſly, and ſupplant ingratefully his own general firſt, and afterwards moſt of thoſe Officers, who with the loſs of their Honor, and hazard of their Souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreaſonable ambitions? to break his faith with all Enemies, and with all friends equally? and to make no leſs frequent uſe of the moſt ſolemn Perjuries than the looſer ſort of People do of cuſtomary Oaths? to uſurp three Kingdoms without any ſhadow of the leaſt pretenſions, and to govern them as unjuſtly as he got them? to ſet himſelf up as an Idol (which we know, as *St. Paul* ſays, in it ſelf is nothing) and make the very Streets of *London*, like the Valley of *Hinnon*, by burning the bowels of men as a Sacrifice to his *Molock-ſhip*? to ſeek to entail this uſurpation upon his Poſterity, and with it an endleſs War upon the Nation? and laſtly, by the ſevereſt Judgement of Almighty God, to Dye HARDNED, and MAD, and UNREPENTANT, with the CURSES of the Preſent Age, and the DETESTATION of all to Succeed.

Though I had much more to ſay (for the life of Man is ſo ſhort, that it allows not time enough to ſpeak againſt a Tyrant) yet becauſe I had a mind to hear how my ſtrange Adverſary would behave himſelf upon this ſubject, and to give even the Devil (as they ſay) his right, and fair play in Diſputation, I ſtopt here, and expected (not without the frailty of a little fear) that he ſhould have broke into a violent paſſion in behalf of his Favourite; but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the Dove-like innocency of a Serpent that was not yet warm'd enough to ſting, thus reply'd to me;

It is not ſo much out of my affection to that perſon whom we diſcourſe of, (whoſe greatneſs is too ſolid to be ſhaken by the breath of any Oratory) as for your own ſake (honeſt Countryman) whom I conceive to err, rather by miſtake than out of malice, that I ſhall endeavor to reform your uncharitable and unjuſt opinion. And in the firſt place I muſt needs put you in mind of a Sentence of the moſt antient of the Heathen Divines, that you men are acquainted withall.

Αἰσχρὸν ὄστοις κλαυστοῖσιν ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἰὺν βεβάμεν,

'Tis wicked with inſulting feet to tread
Upon the Monuments of the Dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no leſs proper for this Subject; for it was ſpoken to a perſon who was proud and inſolent againſt thoſe dead Men to whom he had been humble and obedient whilſt they lived. Your Highneſs may pleaſe (ſaid I) to add the Verſe that follows, as no leſs proper for this Subject,

Whom God's juſt doom, and their own ſins have ſent
Already to their puniſhment.

But I take this to be the rule in the caſe, that when we fix any infamy upon deceaſed perſons, it ſhould not be done out of hatred to the Dead, but out of love and charity to the Living, that the Curſes which only remain in mens thoughts, and dare not come forth againſt Tyrants (becauſe they are Tyrants) whilſt they are ſo, may at leaſt be for ever ſetled and engraven upon their Memories, to deter all others from the like wickedneſs, which elſe in the time of their fooliſh proſperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other mens Tongues, would not ſuffer them to perceive. Ambition is ſo ſubtil a Tempter, and the corruption of humane nature ſo ſuſceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly reſiſt it, be he never ſo much forwarn'd of the evil conſequences, much leſs if he find not only the concurrence of the preſent, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The miſchief of Tyranny is too great, even in the ſhorteſt time that it can continue, it is endleſs and inſupportable, if the example be to reign too,

too, and if a *Lambert* muſt be invited to follow the ſteps of a *Cromwel*, as well by the voice of Honor, as by the ſight of power and Riches. Though it may ſeem to ſome fantaſtically, yet was it wiſely done of the *Syracuſians*, to implead with the forms of their ordinary juſtice, to condemn and deſtroy even the Statues of all their Tyrants; If it were poſſible to cut them out of all Hiſtory, and to extinguiſh their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but ſince they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever cloſed up without a Scar, at leaſt let us ſet ſuch a mark upon their memory, that men of the ſame wicked inclinations may be no leſs affrighted with their laſting Ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And that your Highneſs may perceive that I ſpeak not all this out of any private animoſity againſt the perſon of the late *Protector*, I aſſure you upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of *Marius* or *Sylla*, who never did me or any friend of mine the leaſt injury; and with that tranſported by a holy fury, I fell into this ſudden rapture.

1.

Curſt be the Man (What do I wiſh? as though
The wretch already were not ſo;
But curſt on let him be) who thinks it brave
And great his Countrey to enſlave,
Who ſeeks to overpoiſe alone
The Balance of a Nation;
Againſt the whole but naked State,
Who in his own light Scale makes up with Arms the weight.

2.

Who of his Nation loves to be the firſt,
Though at the rate of being worſt.
Who would be rather a great Monſter, than
A well-proportion'd Man.
The Son of Earth with hundred hands
Upon his three-pil'd Mountain ſtands,
Till Thunder ſtrikes him from the Sky;
The Son of Earth again in his Earths womb does lie.

3.

What Blood, Confuſion, Ruine, to obtain
A ſhort and miſerable Reign?
In what oblique and humble creeping wiſe
Does the miſchievous Serpent riſe?
But ev'n his forked Tongue ſtrikes dead,
When h'as rear'd up his wicked Head,
He murders with his mortal frown,
A *Baſilisk* he grows if once he gets a Crown.

4.

But no Guards can oppoſe aſſaulting Ears,
Or undermining Tears.
No more than doors, or cloſe-drawn Curtains keep
The ſwarming Dreams out when we ſleep.
That bloody Conſcience too of his
(For, oh, a Rebel Red-coat 'tis)
Does here his early Hell begin,
He ſees his Slaves without, his Tyrant feels within,

5.

Let, Gracious God, let never more thine hand
Lift up this Rod againſt our Land.
A Tyrant is a Rod and Serpent too,
And brings worſe Plagues than *Egypt* knew.
What Rivers ſtain'd with blood have been?
What Storm and Hail-ſhot have we ſeen?
What Sores deform'd the Ulcerous State?
What darkneſs to be felt has buried us of late?

6.

How has it ſnatcht our Flocks and Herds away?
And made ev'n our Sons a prey?
What croaking Sects and Vermin has it ſent
The reſtleſs Nation to torment?
What greedy Troops, what armed power
Of Flies and Locuſts to devour
The Land which every where they fill?
Nor fly they, Lord, away; no, they devour it ſtill.

7.

Come the eleventh Plague, rather than this ſhould be;
Come ſink us rather in the Sea.
Come rather Peſtilence and reap us down;
Come Gods ſword rather than our owne.
Let rather *Roman* come again,
Or *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane*,
In all the bonds we ever bore,
We griev'd, we ſigh'd, we wept; we never bluſht before.

8.

If by our ſins the Divine Juſtice be
Call'd to this laſt extremity,
Let ſome denouncing *Jonas* firſt be ſent,
To try if *England* can repent.
Methinks at leaſt ſome Prodigy,
Some dreadful Comet from on high,
Should terribly forewarn the Earth,
As of good Princes Deaths, ſo of a Tyrants Birth.

Here

Here the ſpirit of a Verſe beginning a little to fail, I ſtopt, and his Highneſs ſmiling, ſaid, I was glad to ſee you engaged in the Encloſures of *Meeter*; for if you had ſtaid in the open plain of Declaiming againſt the word Tyrant, I muſt have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired your ſelf as well as me. But pray, Countrey-man, to avoid this ſciomachy, or imaginary Combat with words, let me know, Sir, what you mean by the name of Tyrant, for I remember that among your antient Authors, not only all Kings, but even *Jupiter* himſelf (your *Juvans Pater*) is ſo termed, and perhaps as it was uſed formerly in a good ſence, ſo we ſhall find it upon better conſideration to be ſtill a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind, at leaſt it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be juſtly applyed to the perſon who is now the ſubject of our Diſcourſe. I call him (ſaid I) a Tyrant, who either intrudes himſelf forcibly into the Government of his fellow Citizens without any legal Authority over them, or who having a juſt Title to the Government of a people, abuſes it to the deſtruction, or tormenting of them. So that all Tyrants are at the ſame time Uſurpers, either of the whole, or at leaſt of a part of that power which they aſſume to themſelves, and no leſs are they to be accounted Rebels, ſince no man can uſurp Authority over others, but by Rebelling againſt them who had it before, or at leaſt againſt thoſe Laws which were his Superiors; and in all theſe ſenſes no Hiſtory can afford us a more evident example of Tyranny, or more out of all poſſibility of excuſe, or palliation, than that of the perſon whom you are pleaſed to defend, whether we conſider his reiterated rebellions againſt all his Superiors, or his uſurpation of the Supreme power to himſelf, or his Tyranny in the exerciſe of it; and if lawful Princes have been eſteemed Tyrants by not containing themſelves within the bounds of thoſe Laws which have been left them as the ſphere of their Authority by their forefathers, what ſhall we ſay of that man, who having by right no power at all in this Nation, could not content himſelf with that which had ſatisfied the moſt ambitious of our Princes? nay, not with thoſe vaſtly extended limits of Soveraignty, which he (diſdaining all that had been preſcribed and obſerved before) was pleaſed (but of great modeſty) to ſet to himſelf? not abſtaining from Rebellion and Uſurpation even againſt his own Laws as well as thoſe of the Nation?

Hold friend, ſaid his Highneſs, pulling me by my Arm (for I ſee your zeal is tranſporting you again) whether the Protector were a Tyrant in the exorbitant exerciſe of his power we ſhall ſee anon, it is requiſite to examine firſt whether he were ſo in the uſurpation of it. And I ſay, that not only He, but no man elſe ever was, or can be ſo; And that for theſe reaſons. Firſt, becauſe all power belongs only to God, who is the ſource and fountain of it, as Kings are of all Honors in their Dominions. Princes are but his Viceroys in the little Provinces of this World, and to ſome he gives their places for a few years, to ſome for their lives

lives, and to others (upon ends or deſerts beſt known to himſelf, or meerly for his undiſputable good pleaſure) he beſtows as it were Leaſes upon them, and their poſterity, for ſuch a date of time as is prefixt in that Patent of their Deſtiny, which is not legible to you Men below. Neither is it more unlawful for *Oliver* to ſucceed *Charles* in the Kingdom of *England*, when God ſo diſpoſes of it, than it had been for him to have ſucceeded the Lord *Strafford* in the Lieutenancy of *Ireland*, if he had been appointed to it by the King then reigning. Men are in both the caſes obliged to obey him whom they ſee actually inveſted with the Authority by that Sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without diſputing or examining the cauſes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, becauſe all power is attained either by the Election and Conſent of the People, and that takes away your objection of forcible intruſion; or elſe by a Conqueſt of them, and that gives ſuch a legal Authority as you mention to be wanting in the Uſurpation of a Tyrant; ſo that either this Title is right, and then there are no Uſurpers, or elſe it is a wrong one, and then there are none elſe but Uſurpers, if you examine the Original pretences of the Princes of the World. Thirdly, (which quitting the diſpute in general, is a particular juſtification of his Highneſs) the Government of *England* was totally broken and diſſolved, and extinguiſht by the confuſions of a Civil War, ſo that his Highneſs could not be accuſed to have poſſeſt himſelf violently of the antient building of the Common-wealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruines and aſhes of the former; and he who after a deplorable ſhipwrack can with extraordinary Induſtry gather together the diſperſt and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no leſs wonderful Art and Felicity ſo rejoyn them as to make a new Veſſel more right and beautiful than the old one, deſerves, no doubt, to have the command of her (even as his Highneſs had by the deſire of the Seamen and Paſſengers themſelves. And do but conſider laſtly (for I omit a multitude of weighty things, that might be ſpoken upon this noble argument) do but conſider ſeriouſly and impartially with your ſelf, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage muſt of neceſſity have concurred in the perſon of that man who from ſo contemptible beginnings (as I obſerve before) and through ſo many thouſand difficulties, was able not only to make himſelf the greateſt and moſt abſolute Monarch of this Nation, but to add to it the entire Conqueſt of *Ireland* and *Scotland* (which the whole force of the World joyned with the *Roman* virtue could never attain to) and to Crown all this with illuſtrious and Heroical undertakings, and ſucceſſes upon all our forreign Enemies, do but (I ſay again) conſider this, and you will confeſs, that his prodigious merits were a better Title to Imperial Dignity, than the Blood of an hundred Royal Progenitors; and will rather lament that he lived not to overcome more Nations,

than

than envy him the Conqueſt and Dominion of theſe. Who ever you are (ſaid I, my indignation making me ſomewhat bolder) your diſcourſe (methinks) becomes as little the perſon of a Tutelar Angel, as *Cromwels* actions did that of a Protector. It is upon theſe Principals, that all the great Crimes of the world have been committed, and moſt particularly thoſe which I have had the misfortune to ſee in my own time, and in my own Country. If theſe be to be allowed, we muſt break by humane Society, retire into the Woods, and equally there ſtand upon our Guards againſt our Brethren Mankind, and our Rebels the Wild Beaſts. For if there can be no Uſurpation upon the rights of a whole Nation, there can be none moſt certainly upon thoſe of a private perſon; and if the Robbers of Countries be Gods Vicegerents, there is no doubt but the Thieves and Bandito's, and Murderers are his under Officers. It is true which you ſay, that God is the ſource and Fountain of all power, and it is no leſs true that he is the Creator of Serpents as well as Angels; nor does his goodneſs fail of its ends even in the malice of his own Creatures. What power he ſuffers the Devil to exerciſe in this world, is too apparent by your daily experience, and by nothing more than the late monſtrous iniquities which you diſpute for, and patronize in *England*; but would you inferr from thence, that the power of the Devil is a juſt and lawfull one, and that all men ought as well as moſt men do, obey him? God is the fountain of all powers; but ſome flow from the right hand (as it were) of his Goodneſs, and others from the left hand of his Juſtice; and the World, like an Iſland between theſe two Rivers, is ſometimes refreſht and nouriſht by the one, and ſometimes over run and ruin'd by the other; and (to continue a little farther the Allegory) we are never over-whelm'd by the latter, till either by our malice or negligence we have ſtopt and damm'd up the former. But to come up a little cloſer to your argument, or rather the Image of an Argument, your ſimilitude; If *Cromwel* had come to Command in *Ireland* in the place of the late Lord *Stafford*, I ſhould have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the ſtrength, and the Guards which he brought with him, but for the Commiſſion which he ſhould firſt have ſhewed me from our common Sovereign which ſent him; and if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in *England*; but that he was ſo far from being able to do, that on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even publick Proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him; your ſecond Argument is, that he had the ſame right from his Authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of Conqueſt. Are we then ſo unhappy as to be conquer'd by the perſon, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furniſh him with Arms, only to draw and try upon our Eenemies (as we, it ſeems, falſely thought them) and keep them for ever ſheath'd in the bowels of his Friends? Did we fight for Liberty againſt our Prince, that we might become Slaves to our Servant?

this

this is ſuch an impudent pretence, as neither He nor any of his flatterers for him had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be ſpoken or thought of without paſſion, yet I ſhall, if you pleaſe, argue it more calmly than the caſe deſerves. The right certainly of Conqueſt can only be exerciſed upon thoſe againſt whom the War is declared, and the Victory obtained. So that no whole Nation can be ſaid to be conquered but by foreign force. In all Civil Wars men are ſo far from ſtating the quarrel againſt their Countrey, that they do it only againſt a perſon or party which they really believe, or at leaſt pretend to be pernicious to it, neither can there be any juſt cauſe for the deſtruction of a part of the Body, but when it is done for the preſervation and ſafety of the whole. 'Tis our Countrey that raiſes men in the quarrel, our Countrey that arms, our Countrey that pays them, our Countrey that authoriſes the undertaking, and by that diſtinguiſhes it from Rapine and Murder; Laſtly, 'tis our Countrey that directs and commands the Army, and is indeed their General. So that to ſay in Civil Wars, that the prevailing party conquers their Countrey, is to ſay, the Countrey conquers it ſelf. And if the General only of that party be the Conqueror, the Army by which he is made ſo, is no leſs conquered than the Army which is beaten, and have as little reaſon to triumph in that victory, by which they loſe both their Honor and Liberty. So that if *Cromwel* conquerd any party, it was only that againſt which he was ſent, and what that was, muſt appear by his Commiſſion. It was (ſays that) againſt a company of evil Counſellors, and diſaffected perſons, who kept the King from a good intelligence and conjunction with his People. It was not then againſt the People: it is ſo far from being ſo, that even of that party which was beaten, the Conqueſt did not belong to *Cromwel*, but to the Parliament which employed him in their Service, or rather indeed to the King and Parliament; for whoſe ſervice (if there had been any faith in mens Vows and Proteſtations (the Wars were undertaken. Merciful God! did the right of this miſerable Conqueſt remain then in His Majeſty, and didſt thou ſuffer him to be deſtroyed with more barbarity than if he had been Conquer'd even by Savages and Canibals? Was it for King and Parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them juſt as with the Army which we fought againſt, the one part being ſlain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that *Cromwell* was not a Conqueror, but a Thief and a Robber of the Rights of the King and Parliament, and an Uſurper upon thoſe of the People. I do not here deny Conqueſt to be ſometimes (though it be very rarely) a true Title, but I deny this to be a true Conqueſt. Sure I am, that the race of our Princes came not in by ſuch a one. One Nation may conquer another ſometimes juſtly, and if it be unjuſtly, yet ſtill it is a true Conqueſt, and they are to anſwer for the injuſtice only to God Almighty (having nothing elſe in authority above them) and not as particular Rebels to their Countrey, which is, and ought always to be their Superior and their Lord.

If

If perhaps we find Uſurpation inſtead of Conqueſt in the Original Titles of ſome Royal Families abroad (as no doubt there have been many Uſurpers before ours, though none in ſo impudent and execrable a manner) all I can ſay for them is, That their Title was very weak, till by length of time, and the death of all juſter pretenders, it became to be the true, becauſe it was the only one. Your third defence of his Highneſs (as your Highneſs pleaſes to call him) enters in moſt ſeaſonably after his pretence of Conqueſt, for then a man may ſay any thing. The Government was broken; Who broke it? It was diſſolved; Who diſſolved it? It was extinguiſht; Who was it but *Cromwell*, who not only put out the Light, but caſt away even the very ſnuff of it? As if a man ſhould murder a whole Family, and then poſſeſs himſelf of the Houſe, becauſe 'tis better that he, than that only Rats ſhould live there. Jeſus God! (ſaid I, and at that word I perceived my pretended Angel to give a ſtart, and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on) this were a wicked pretenſion even though the whole Family were deſtroyed, but the Heirs (bleſſed be God) are yet ſurviving, and likely to outlive all Heirs of their diſpoſſeſſors, beſides their Infamy. *Rode Caper vitem*, &c. There will be yet Wine enough left for the Sacrifice of thoſe wild Beaſts that have made ſo much ſpoil in the Vinyard. But did *Cromwel* think, like *Nero*, to ſet the City on Fire, only that he might have the honor of being Founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have ſuch a ſhadow of virtue in his wickedneſs; he meant only to rob more ſecurely and more richly in midſt of the combuſtion; he little thought then that he ſhould ever have been able to make himſelf Maſter of the Palace, as well as plunder the Goods of the Common-wealth. He was glad to ſee the publick Veſſel (the Sovereign of the Seas) in as deſperate a condition as his own little Canon, and thought only with ſome ſcattered planks of that great Shipwrack to make a better Fiſher-boat for himſelf. But when he ſaw that by the drowning of the Maſter (whom he himſelf treacherouſly knockt on the head as he was ſwimming for his life) by the flight and diſperſion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleaſure, with the old Hulk and new miſhapen and diſagreeing pieces of his own, he made up with much ado that Pyratical Veſſel which we have ſeen him Command, and which, how tight indeed it was, may beſt be judged by its perpetual leaking. Firſt then (much more wicked than thoſe fooliſh daughters in the Fable, who cut their old Father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and luſty again) this man endeavoured to deſtroy the Building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what Workmen, or what Architect it was to be rebuilt. Secondly, if he had dreamt himſelf to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the inſupportable inſolence of an ignorant Mountebank; And Thirdly (which concerns us neareſt) that very new thing

which he made out of the ruines of the old, is no more like the Original, either for beauty, uſe, or duration, than an artificial Plant raiſed by the fire of a Chymiſt is comparable to the true and natural one which he firſt burnt, that out of the aſhes of it he might produce an imperfect ſimilitude of his own making. Your laſt argument is ſuch (when reduced to Syllogiſm) that the Major Propoſition of it would make ſtrange work in the World, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the beſt parts in a Nation, has the right of being King over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the ſame Family, What would become of us when every man in *England* ſhould lay his claim to the Government? and truly if *Cromwel* ſhould have commenced his plea when he ſeems to have begun his ambition, there were few perſons beſides that might not at the ſame time have put in theirs too. But his Deſerts I ſuppoſe you will date from the ſame term that I do his great Demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities, (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wiſh (and that with as much charity to him as to the publick) that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for thoſe of his latter dayes) and therefore we muſt begin the conſideration of his greatneſs from the unlucky *Æra* of our own misfortunes; which puts me in mind of what was ſaid leſs truly of *Pompey* the Great, *Noſtra Miſeria Magnus es.* But becauſe the general ground of your argumentation conſiſts in this, That all men who are the effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, muſt needs have extraordinary forces of Nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they pleaſe, ſo great a Wheel, I ſhall ſpeak firſt a few words upon this univerſal Propoſition, which ſeems ſo reaſonable, and is ſo popular, before I deſcend to the particular examination of the eminencies of that perſon which is in queſtion.

I have often obſerved (with all ſubmiſſion and reſignation of ſpirit to the inſcrutable myſteries of Eternal Providence) that when the fulneſs and maturity of time is come that produces the great confuſions and changes in the World, it uſually pleaſes God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of humane force or policy, but of the Divine Juſtice and Predeſtination; and though we ſee a man like that which we call Jack of the Clock-houſe, ſtriking as it were, the hour of that fulneſs of time, yet our reaſon muſt needs be convinced, that his hand is moved by ſome ſecret, and to us that ſtand without, inviſible direction; And the ſtream of the Current is then ſo violent, that the ſtrongeſt Men in the World cannot draw up againſt it, and none are ſo weak, but they may ſail down with it. Theſe are the Spring-Tides of publick affairs which we ſee often happen, but ſeek in vain to diſcover any certain cauſes,

Omnia

——Omnia fluminis
Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo.
Cum pace delabentis Hetruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos *Hor. Car.*
Stirpeſque raptas, & pecus & domos *3. 29.*
Volventis una, non ſine montium
Clamore, vicinæque ſylvæ;
Cum fera Diluvies quietos
Irritat amnes,——

and one man then, by maliciouſly opening all the Sluces that he can come at, can never be the ſole Author of all this (though he may be as guilty, as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be ſo) but it is God that breaks up the Flood-Gates of ſo general a Deluge, and all the Art then and Induſtry of Mankind is not ſufficient to raiſe up Dikes and Ramparts againſt it. In ſuch a time it was as this, that not all the Wiſdom and Power of the Roman Senate, nor the Wit and Eloquence of *Cicero*, nor the Courage and Virtue of *Brutus* was able to defend their Countrey or themſelves againſt the unexperienced raſhneſs of a Beardleſs Boy, and the looſe rage of a voluptuous Mad man. The valour and prudent Counſels on the one ſide are made fruitleſs, and the errors and cowardiſe on the other harmleſs, by unexpected accidents. The one General ſaves his life, and gains the whole World, by a very dream; and the other loſes both at once by a little miſtake of the ſhortneſs of his ſight. And though this be not always ſo, for we ſee that in the tranſlation of the great Monarchies from one to another, it pleaſed God to make choice of the moſt eminent Men in Nature, as *Cyrus*, *Alexander*, *Scipio* and his contemporaries, for his chief inſtruments and actors in ſo admirable a work (the end of this being not only to deſtroy or puniſh one Nation, which may be done by the worſt of mankind, but to exalt and bleſs another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous perſons) yet when God only intends the temporary chaſtiſement of a people, he does not raiſe up his ſervant *Cyrus* (as he himſelf is pleaſed to call him) or an *Alexander* (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm) but he makes the *Maſſenelloes*, and the *Johns* of *Leyden* the inſtruments of his vengeance, that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakneſs of the means which he chooſes to demonſtrate it. He did not aſſemble the Serpents and the Monſters of *Afrique* to correct the pride of the *Ægyptians*, but called for his Armies of Locuſts out of *Æthiopia*, and formed new ones of Vermin out of the very duſt; and becauſe you ſee a whole Countrey deſtroyed by theſe, will you argue from thence they muſt needs have had both the craft of the Foxes, and the courage of Lions? It is eaſie to apply this general obſervation to the particular caſe of our troubles in *England*, and that they ſeem only to be meant for a temporary chaſtiſement of our ſins, and

not for a total aboliſhment of the old, and introduction of a new Government, appears probably to me from theſe conſiderations, as far as we may be bold to make a Judgement of the Will of God in future events. Firſt, becauſe he has ſuffered nothing to ſettle or take root in the place of that which hath been ſo unwiſely and unjuſtly removed, that none of theſe untempered Mortars can hold out againſt the next blaſt of wind, nor any ſtone ſtick to a ſtone, till that which theſe fooliſh Builders have refuſed, be made again the Head of the Corner. For when the indiſpoſed and long tormented Commonwealth hath wearied and ſpent it ſelf almoſt to nothing with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of ſeveral Mountebanks, it is to be ſuppoſed, it will have the wit at laſt to ſend for a true Phyſician, eſpecially when it ſees (which is the ſecond conſideration) moſt evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long ſince) that no uſurpation (under what name or pretext ſoever) can be kept up without open force, nor force without the continuance of thoſe oppreſſions upon the people, which will at laſt tire out their patience, though it be great, even to ſtupidity. They cannot be ſo dull (when poverty and hunger begins to whet their underſtanding) as not to find out this no extraordinary myſtery, that it is madneſs in a Nation to pay Three Millions a year for the maintaining of their ſervitude under Tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their Princes. This, I ſay, will not always lye hid, even to the ſloweſt capacities, and the next truth they will diſcover afterwards, is, That a whole people can never have the will, without having at the ſame time the power to redeem themſelves. Thirdly, it does not look (methinks) as if God had forſaken the Family of that man, from whom he hath raiſed up Five Children, of as eminent vertue, and all other commendable Qualities, as ever lived perhaps (for ſo many together, and ſo young) in any other Family in the whole World; eſpecially, if we add hereto this conſideration, That by protecting and preſerving ſome of them already through as great dangers as ever were paſt with ſafety, either by Prince or private perſon, he hath given them already (as we may reaſonably hope to be meant) a promiſe and earneſt of his future favors. And laſtly, (to return cloſely to the diſcourſe from which I have a little digreſt) becauſe I ſee nothing of thoſe excellent parts of nature, and mixture of Merit with their Vices in the late Diſturbers of our Peace and Happineſs, that uſes to be found in the perſons of thoſe who are born for the erection of new Empires. And I confeſs I find nothing of that kind, no nor any ſhadow (taking away the falſe light of ſome proſperity) in the man whom you extol for the firſt example of it. And certainly all Vertues being rightly divided into Moral and Intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former, than by mens actions, or of the latter than by their Writings or Speeches. As for theſe latter (which are leaſt in merit, or rather which are only the inſtruments of miſchief where the other are wanting) I think

you

you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called *Great*, beſides him we are now ſpeaking of, who never left the memory behind him, of one wiſe or witty Apothegm, even amongſt his domeſtick Servants or greateſt Flatterers. That little in print which remains upon a ſad record for him, is ſuch, as a Satyr againſt him, would not have made ſay, for fear of tranſgreſſing too much the Rules of Probability. I know not what you can produce for the juſtification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive ſo many particular perſons, and ſo many whole parties; which, if you pleaſe, to take notice of for the advantage of his Intellectuals, I deſire you to allow me the liberty to do ſo too, when I am to ſpeak of his Morals. The Truth of the thing is this, That if Craft be Wiſdom and Diſſimulation Wit, (aſſiſted both and improved with Hypocriſies and Perjuries) I muſt not deny him to have been ſingular in both; but ſo groſs was the manner in which he made uſe of them, that as wiſemen ought not to have believed him at firſt, ſo no man was fool enough to believe him at laſt; neither did any man ſeem to do it, but thoſe who thought they gained as much by that diſſembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godlineſs grew at laſt as ridiculous, as if a Player, by putting on a Gown, ſhould think he repreſented excellently a Woman, though his Beard at the ſame time were ſeen by all the Spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiſs, and explode him off the Stage, I can only anſwer, that they durſt not do ſo, becauſe the Actors and the Door-keepers were too ſtrong for the company. I muſt confeſs, that by theſe Arts (how groſly ſoever managed, as by hypocritical praying, and ſilly preaching by unmanly tears and whinings, by falſhoods and perjuries, even diabolical) he had at firſt the good fortune (as men call it, that is, the ill-fortune) to attain his ends; but it was becauſe his ends were ſo unreaſonable, that no human reaſon could foreſee them; which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well-meaning and deluding Bigot, than a crafty and malicious Impoſter, that theſe Arts were helpt by an Indefatigable induſtry (as you term it) I am ſo far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence as the worſt of his crimes. It makes me almoſt mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedneſs. If I were his Son, I ſhould wiſh to God he had been a more lazy perſon, and that we might have found him ſleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for thoſe ends of his when other men were ordinarily aſleep; how diligent the wicked are the Scripture often tell us, *Their feet run to evil, and they make haſte to ſhed innocent blood*, Iſa. 59. 7. *He travels with iniquity*, Pſal. 7. 14. *He deviſeth miſchief upon his bed*, Pſal. 34. 4. *They ſearch out iniquity, they accompliſh a diligent ſearch*, Pſal, 64. 6. And in a multitude of other places. And would it not ſeem ridiculous to praiſe a Wolf for his watchfulneſs, and for his indefatigable induſtry in ranging all night about the Countrey, whilſt the Sheep, and perhaps the Shepherd, and perhaps the very Dogs too are all aſleep?

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The *Chartreux* wants the warning of a Bell
To call him to the duties of his Cell;
There needs no noiſe at all t' awaken ſin,
Th' Adulterer and the Thief his Larum has within.

And if the diligence of wicked perſons be ſo much to be blamed, as that it is only an Emphaſis and Exaggeration of their wickedneſs, I ſee not how their courage can avoid the ſame cenſure. If the undertaking bold, and vaſt, and unreaſonable deſigns can deſerve that honourable name, I am ſure *Faux* and his fellow Gunpowder-Fiends will have cauſe to pretend, though not an equal, yet at leaſt the next place of Honor; neither can I doubt, but if they too had ſucceeded, they would have found their Applauders and Admirers. It was bold unqueſtionably for a man in defiance of all Human and Divine Laws (and with ſo little probability of a long impunity) ſo publickly and ſo outragiouſly to murder his Maſter; It was bold with ſo much inſolence and affront, to expel and diſperſe all the chief Partners of his guilt, and Creators of his power; It was bold to violate ſo openly and ſo ſcornfully all Acts and Conſtitutions of a Nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to Aſſume the Authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking ſo many Parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his, and provoke that of all neighboring Countreys; It was bold, I ſay, above all boldneſſes, to Uſurp the Tyranny to himſelf, and impudent above all impudences to endeavour to tranſmit it to his poſterity. But all this boldneſs is ſo far from being a ſign of manly courage, which dares not tranſgreſs the rules of any other Virtue, that it is only a Demonſtration of Brutiſh Madneſs or Diabolical poſſeſſion. In both which laſt caſes, there uſes frequent examples to appear of ſuch extraordinary force, as may juſtly ſeem more wonderful and aſtoniſhing than the actions of *Cromwel*; neither is it ſtranger to believe that a whole Nation ſhould not be able to govern Him and a Mad Army, than that five or ſix Men ſhould not be ſtrong enough to bind a diſtracted Girl. There is no man ever ſucceeds in one wickedneſs, but it gives him the boldneſs to atttempt a greater; 'Twas boldly done of *Nero* to kill his Mother, and all the chief Nobility of the Empire; 'twas boldly done to ſet the Metropolis of the whole World on fire, and undauntedly play upon his Harp, whilſt he ſaw it burning; I could reckon up five hundred boldneſſes of that great perſon (for, Why ſhould not He too be called ſo?) who wanted when he was to dye, that courage, which could hardly have failed any Woman in the like neceſſity. It would look, (I muſt confeſs) like Envy, or too much partiality, if I ſhould ſay that perſonal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we ſpeak of; I am confident it was not, and yet I may venture I think to affirm, that no man ever bore the honor of ſo many Victories,

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at the rate of fewer wounds or dangers of his own body, and though his valor might perhaps have given him a juſt pretenſion to one of the firſt charges in an Army, it could not certainly be a ſufficient ground for a Title to the command of three Nations? What then ſhall we ſay, that he did all this by Witchcraft? He did ſo indeed in a great meaſure by a ſin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truly and unpaſſionately reflecting upon the advantages of his perſon which might be thought to have produced thoſe of his fortune, I can eſpy no other but extraordinary Diligence and infinite Diſſimulation; and believe he was exalted above his Nation, partly by his own faults, but chiefly for Ours. We have brought him thus briefly (not through all his Labyrinths) to the Supreme Uſurpt Authority, and becauſe you ſay it was great pity he did not live to command more Kingdoms, be pleaſed to let me repreſent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed theſe. And we will divide the conſideration into that of his forreign and domeſtique Actions. The firſt of his forreign was a peace with our Brethren of *Holland* (who were the firſt of our neighbors that God chaſtiſed for having had ſo great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home) who would not imagine at firſt glympſe that this had been the moſt virtuous and laudable deed that his whole life could have made any parade of? but no man can look upon all the circumſtances without perceiving, that it was purely the ſale and ſacrificing of the greateſt advantages that this Countrey could ever hope, and was ready to reap from a foreign War, to the private Intereſts of his Covetouſneſs and Ambition, and the ſecurity of his new and unſetled Uſurpation. No ſooner is that danger paſt, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a fire in the Northern World, and carrying a War two thouſand miles off Weſtwards. Two millions a year (beſides all the Vails of his Protectorſhip) is as little capable to ſuffice now either his Avarice or Prodigality, as the two hundred pounds were that he was born to. He muſt have his prey of the whole *Indies* both by Sea and Land, this great Aligator. To ſatisfy our *Anti-Solomon* (who has made Silver almoſt as rare as Gold, and Gold as precious Stones in his new *Jeruſalem*) we muſt go, ten thouſand of his ſlaves to fetch him riches from his fantaſtical *Ophir*. And becauſe his flatterers brag of him as the moſt fortunate Prince (the *Fauſtus* as well as *Sylla* of our Nation, whom God never forſook in any of his undertakings) I deſire them to conſider, how ſince the *Engliſh* name was ever heard of, it never received ſo great and ſo infamous a blow as under the imprudent Conduct of this unlucky *Fauſtus*; and herein let me admire the juſtice of God in this circumſtance, that they who had enſlaved their Countrey (though a great Army, which I wiſh may be obſerved by ours with trembling) ſhould be ſo ſhamefully defeated by the hands of forty Slaves. It was very ridiculous to ſee how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the Conqueſt of *Jamaica*, as if a defeated Army ſhould have

have the impudence to brag afterwards of the Victory, becauſe though they had fled out of the Field of Battel, yet they quartered that night in a Village of the Enemies. The War with *Spain* was a neceſſary conſequence of this folly, and how much we have gotten by it, let the *Cuſtom-houſe* and *Exchange* inform you; and if he pleaſe to boaſt of the taking a part of the Silver Fleet, (which indeed no body elſe but he, who was the ſole gainer, hath cauſe to do) at leaſt, let him give leave to the reſt of the Nation (which is the only loſer) to complain of the loſs of twelve hundred of her Ships. But becauſe it may here perhaps be anſwered, that his ſucceſſes nearer home have extinguiſht the diſgrace of ſo remote miſcariages, and that *Dunkirk* ought more to be remembred for his glory, than *S. Domingo* for his diſadvantage; I muſt confeſs, as to the honor of the *Engliſh* courage, that they were not wanting upon that occaſion (excepting onely the fault of ſerving, at leaſt, indirectly againſt their Maſter) to the upholding of the renown of their Warlike Anceſtors. But for his particular ſhare of it, who ſate ſtill at home, and expoſed them ſo frankly abroad, I can only ſay, that for leſs Money than he in the ſhort time of his Reign exacted from his fellow Subjects, ſome of our former Princes (with the daily hazard of their own perſons) have added to the Dominion of *England*, not only one Town, but even a greater Kingdom than it ſelf. And this being all conſiderable as concerning his enterpriſes abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for his Juſtice and good Government at home. And firſt, he found the Commonwealth (as then they called it) in a ready ſtock of about 800000*l.* he left the Commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery ſtill to call it) ſome two millions and a half in debt. He found our Trade very much decayed indeed, in compariſon of the Golden times of our late Princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it; and yet not onely no Prince in *England*, but no Tyrant in the World ever ſought out more baſe or infamous means to raiſe moneys. I ſhall only inſtance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frighted from the execution (even he) by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was Decimation; which was the moſt impudent breach of all publick Faith that the whole Nation had given, and all private capitulations which himſelf had made, as the Nations General and Servant, that can be found out (I believe) in all Hiſtory, from any of the moſt barbarous Generals of the moſt barbarous People. Which becauſe it hath been moſt excellently, and moſt largely laid open by a whole Book written upon that ſubject, I ſhall only deſire you here to remember the thing in general, and be pleaſed to look upon that Author when you would recollect all the particulars and circumſtances of the iniquity. The other deſign of raiſing a preſent ſum of Money, which he violently purſued, but durſt not put in execution, was by the calling in and eſtabliſhment of the *Jews* at *London*; from which he was rebuted by the univerſal out-cry of the Divines, and even of the

the Citizens too, who took it ill that a conſiderable number, at leaſt among themſelves, were not thought *Jews* enough by their own *Herod*, and for this deſigne, they ſaw he invented (Oh Antichriſt! Πόνηρε and Πόρνῳ) to ſell *S. Pauls* to them for a Synagogue, if their purſes and devotions could have reacht to the purchaſe. And this indeed if he had done only to reward that Nation, which had given the firſt noble example of crucifying their King, it might have had ſome appearance of Gratitude, but he did it only for love to their Mammon; and would have ſold afterwards for as much more *S. Peters* (even at his own *Weſtminſter*) to the *Turks* for a *Moſquito*. Such was his extraordinary Piety to God, that he deſired he might be worſhipped in all manners, excepting only that Heatheniſh Way of the Common-Prayer-Book. But, what do I ſpeak of his wicked inventions for getting Money? when every penny that for almoſt five years he took every day from every man living in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, was as much robbery as if it had been taken by a Thief upon the High-ways. Was it not ſo? or, Can any man think that *Cromwel*, with the aſſiſtance of his Forces and Moſs-Troopers, had more right to the command of all mens purſes than he might have had to any ones whom he had met and been too ſtrong for upon a Road? and yet when this came in this caſe of Mr. *Coney*, to be diſputed by a legal tryal, he (which was the higheſt act of Tyranny that ever was ſeen in *England*) not only diſcouraged and threatened, but violently impriſoned the Council of the Plaintiff; that is he ſhut up the Law it ſelf cloſe priſoner, that no man might have relief from, or acceſs to it. And it ought to be remembred, that this was done by thoſe Men, who a few years before had ſo bitterly decried, and openly oppoſed the Kings regular and formal way of proceeding in the trial of a little Ship-money. But though we loſt the benefit of our old Courts of Juſtice, it cannot be denied that he ſet up new ones; and ſuch they were, that as no virtuous Prince before would, ſo no ill one durſt erect. What, have we lived ſo many hundred years under ſuch a form of Juſtice as has been able regularly to puniſh all men that offended againſt it, and is it ſo deficient juſt now, that we muſt ſeek out new ways how to proceed againſt offenders? The reaſon which can only be given in nature for a neceſſity of this, is, Becauſe thoſe things are now made Crimes, which were never eſteemed ſo in former ages; and there muſt needs be a new Court ſet up to puniſh that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am ſo far from declaiming (as you call it) againſt theſe wickedneſſes (which if I ſhould undertake to do, I ſhould never get to the Peroration) that you ſee I only give a hint of ſome few, and paſs over the reſt as things that are too many to be numbred, and muſt only be weighed in groſs. Let any man ſhew me (for though I pretend not to much reading, I will defie him in all Hiſtory) let any man ſhew me (I ſay) an Example of any Nation in the World (though much greater than ours) where there have in the ſpace of four years been made ſo

many Priſoners onely out of the endleſs jealouſies of one Tyrants guilty imagination. I grant you that *Marius* and *Sylla*, and the curſed Triumvirate after them, put more People to death, but the reaſon I think partly was, becauſe in thoſe times that had a mixture of ſome honor with their madneſs, they thought it a more civil revenge againſt a *Roman* to take away his life, than to take away his Liberty. But truly in the point of murder too, we have little reaſon to think that our late Tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been ſet it in other Countreys. Our Judges and our Courts of Juſtice have not been idle; And to omit the whole Reign of our late King (till the beginning of the War) in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three Ears, I think the longeſt time of our worſt Princes ſcarce ſaw many more Executions than the ſhort one of our bleſt Reformer. And we ſaw, and ſmelt in our open Streets, (as I markt to you at firſt) the broyling of human bowels as a burnt-Offering of a ſweet Savour to our Idol; but all murdering, and all torturing (though after the ſubtileſt invention of his Predeceſſors of *Silicie*) is more Humane and more Supportable, than his ſelling of Chriſtians, Engliſhmen, Gentlemen; his ſelling of them, (oh monſtrous! oh incredible!) to be ſlaves in *America*. If his whole life could be reproacht with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of Crimes in any one of our Tyrants; and I dare only touch, without ſtopping or inſiſting upon ſo inſolent and ſo execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into ſo violent (though a juſt) paſſion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation which I reſolve to obſerve in this Diſcourſe with you. Theſe are great calamities; but even theſe are not the moſt inſupportable that we have indured; for ſo it is, that the ſcorn and mockery and inſultings of an Enemy are more painful then the deepeſt wounds of his ſerious fury. This Man was wanton and merry (unwittily and ungracefully merry) with our ſufferings; He loved to ſay and do ſenceleſs and fantaſtical things, onely to ſhew his power of doing or ſaying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil Mouth, to repeat thoſe words which he ſpoke concerning the moſt ſacred of our *Engliſh* Laws, the Petition of Right, and *Magna Charta*. To day you ſhould ſee him ranting ſo wildly, that no body durſt come near him, the morrow flinging of cuſhions, and playing at Snow-balls with his Servants. This moneth he aſſembles a Parliament, and profeſſes himſelf with HUMBLE TEARS to be onely their Servant and their Miniſter; the next Moneth he ſwears by the *LIVING GOD*, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does ſo, in his Princely way of threatning, bidding them, Turn the buckles of their Girdles behind them. The repreſentative of a whole, nay of three whole Nations, was in his eſteem ſo contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of ſo little conſequence, as not to deſerve that he ſhould adviſe with any mortal man about it. What ſhall we call this? Boldneſs, or Brutiſhneſs?

Brutiſhneſs? raſhneſs, or Phrenſie? there is no name can come up to it, and therefore we muſt leave it without one. Now a Parliament muſt be choſen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all caſhiered ſtill after the neweſt mode. Now he will Govern by Major Generals now by One Houſe, now by another Houſe, now by No Houſe; now the freak takes him, and he makes ſeventy Peers of the Land at one clap (*Extempore*, and *ſtans pede in uno*) and to manifeſt the abſolute power of the Potter, he chooſes not onely the worſt Clay he could find, but picks up even the Dirt and Mire, to form out of it his Veſſels of Honor. It was antiently ſaid of Fortune, that when ſhe had a mind to be merry and divert her ſelf, ſhe was wont to raiſe up ſuch kind of people to the higheſt Dignities. This Son of Fortune, *Cromwel* (who was himſelf one of the primeſt of her Jeſts) found out the true haut-gouſt of this pleaſure, and rejoyced in the extravagance of his ways as the fulleſt demonſtration of his uncontroulable Soveraignty. Good God! What have we ſeen? and, What have we ſuffered? What do all theſe actions ſignify? What do they ſay aloud to the whole Nation, but this, even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by Heralds through the Streets of *London*) You are Slaves and Fools, and ſo I'le uſe you? Theſe are briefly a part of thoſe merits which you lament to have wanted the reward of more Kingdoms, and ſuppoſe that if he had lived longer he might have had them; Which I am ſo far from concurring to, that I believe his ſeaſonable dying to have been a greater good fortune to him then all the victories and proſperities of his Life. For he ſeemed evidently (methinks) to be near the end of his deceitful Glories; his own Army grew at laſt as weary of him as the reſt of the People; and I never paſt of late before his Palace (His, do I call it? I ask God and the King pardon) but I never paſt of late before *Whitehal* without reading upon the Gate of it, *Mene*, *Mene*, *Tekel*, *Upharſin*. But it pleaſed God to take him from the ordinary Courts of men, and Juries of his Peers, to his own High Court of Juſtice, which being more merciful than Ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but ſmall materials for the work of Charity, eſpecially if he deſigned even then to Entail his own injuſtice upon his Children, and by it inextricable confuſions and Civil Wars upon the Nation. But here's at laſt an end of him; And where's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity which his ambition has coſt the World? Where is it? Why, his Son (you'l ſay) has the whole Crop; I doubt he will find it quickly Blaſted; I have nothing to ſay againſt the Gentleman, or any living of his Family, on the contrary, I wiſh him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet poſſeſſion of his Maſters inheritance. Whatſoever I have ſpoken againſt his Father, is that which I would have thought (though Decency perhaps might have hindred me from ſaying it) even againſt mine Own,

if I had been ſo unhappy, as that Mine by the ſame ways ſhould have left me three Kingdoms.

Here I ſtopt: and my pretended Protector, who, I expected, ſhould have been very angry, fell a laughing; it ſeems at the ſimplicity of my diſcourſe, for thus he replyed: You ſeem to pretend extreamly to the old obſolete rules of Virtue and Conſcience, which makes me doubt very much whether from the vaſt proſpect of three Kingdoms, you can ſhow me any acres of your own. But theſe are ſo far from making you a Prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to ſee you ſo much as a Juſtice of Peace in your own Countrey: For this I perceive which you call *Vertue*, is nothing elſe, but either the frowardneſs of a Cynick, or the lazineſs of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me, at leaſt, Artful Diſſimulation, and unwearied Diligence in my *Heroe*; and I aſſure you, That he whoſe life is conſtantly drawn by thoſe two, ſhall never be miſſed out of the way of Greatneſs. But I ſee you are a Pedant, and Platonical Stateſman, a Theorical Commonwealths-man, an Utopian Dreamer. Was ever riches gotten by your Golden Mediocrities? or the Supream place attained to by Vertues that muſt not ſtir out of the middle? Do you ſtudy *Ariſtotles* Politiques, and write, if you pleaſe, Comments upon them, and let another but practice *Machiavil*, and let us ſee then which of you two will come to the greateſt preferments. If the deſire of Rule and Superiority be a Vertue (as, ſure I am, it is more imprinted in Humane Nature than any of your Lethargical Morals; and what is the Vertue of any Creature, but the exerciſe of thoſe Powers and Inclinations which God hath infuſed into it?) If that (I ſay) be Vertue, we ought not to eſteem any thing Vice, which is the moſt proper, if not the only means of attaining of it.

It is a Truth ſo certain and ſo clear,
That to the firſt-born Man it did appear;
Did not, the mighty Heir, the noble *Cain*,
By the freſh Laws of Nature taught, diſdain
That (though a Brother) any one ſhould be
A greater Favorite to God than He?
He ſtrook him down; and, ſo, (ſaid He) ſo fell
The Sheep which thou didſt Sacrifice ſo well.
Since all the fulleſt Sheaves which I could bring,
Since all were blaſted in the Offering,
Leſt God ſhould my next Victim too deſpiſe,
The acceptable Prieſt I'll Sacrifice.
Hence Coward Fears; for the firſt blood ſo ſpilt,
As a Reward, He the firſt City built.
'Twas a beginning generous and high,
Fit for a Grand-child of the Deity.
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he ſtaid;
One ſtep of Glory more he ſhould have made,

And

And to the utmoſt bounds of Greatneſs gone;
Had *Adam* too been kill'd, he might have Reign'd alone.
One Brothers death, What do I mean to name,
A ſmall Oblation to Revenge and Fame:
The mighty-ſoul'd *Abimilech* to ſhew
What for high place a higher Spirit can do,
A Hecatomb almoſt of Brethren ſlew,
And ſeventy times in neareſt blood he dy'd
(To make it hold) his Royal Purple-pride.
Why do I name the Lordly Creature Man?
The weak, the mild, the Coward Woman can,
When to a Crown ſhe cuts her ſacred way,
All that oppoſe with Manlike Courage ſlay.
So *Athaliah*, when ſhe ſaw her Son,
And with his Life her dearer Greatneſs gone,
With a Majeſtique fury ſlaughter'd all
Whom high birth might to high pretences call.
Since he was dead who all her power ſuſtain'd,
Reſolv'd to Reign alone; Reſolv'd, and Reign'd.
In vain her Sex, in vain the Laws withſtood,
In vain the ſacred plea of *David*'s Blood,
A noble, and a bold contention, She,
(One Woman) undertook with deſtiny,
She to pluck down, Deſtiny to uphold,
(Oblig'd by holy Oracles of old)
The great *Jeſſæan* Race on *Juda*'s Throne;
Till 'twas at laſt an equal Wager grown,
Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by One.
Tell me not ſhe her ſelf at laſt was ſlain;
Did ſhe not firſt ſeven years (a Life time) reign?
Seven royal years t'a publick ſpirit will ſeem
More then the private Life of a *Methuſalem*.
'Tis Godlike to be Great; and as they ſay
A thouſand years to God are but a day:
So to a Man when once a Crown he wears,
The Coronation day's more than a thouſand years.

He would have gone on I pereiv'd in his blaſphemies, but that by Gods Grace I became ſo bold as thus to interrupt him. I underſtand now perfectly (which I gueſt at long before) what kind of Angel and Protector you are; and though your ſtile in Verſe be very much mended ſince you were wont to deliver Oracles, yet your Doctrine is much worſe than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publiſh; whether your long practice with mankind has increas'd and improv'd your malice, or whether you think Us in this age to be grown ſo impudently wicked, that there needs no more Art or Diſguiſes to draw us to your Party. My Dominion (ſaid he, haſtily, and with a dreadful furious look) is ſo great in this World, and I am ſo powerful a Monarch of it, that I need not be aſhamed that you ſhould

ſhould know me; and that you may ſee I know you too, I know you to be an obſtinate and inveterate Malignant; and for that reaſon I ſhall take you along with me to the next Garriſon of Ours; from whence you ſhall go to the *Tower*, and from thence to the Court of Juſtice, and from thence you know whither. I was almoſt in the very pounces of the great Bird of prey,

When, Lo, e're the laſt words were fully ſpoke,
From a fair Cloud, which rather ope'd, than broke,
A flaſh of Light rather then Lightning came,
So ſwift, and yet ſo gentle was the Flame.
Upon it rode, and in his full Career.
Seem'd to my Eyes no ſooner There then Here,
The comlieſt Youth of all th' Angelick Race;
Lovely his ſhape, ineffable his Face.
The Frowns with which he ſtroke the trembling Fiend,
All ſmiles of Humane Beauty did tranſcend,
His Beams of Locks fell part diſhevel'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral Crown,
Such as the *Britiſh* Monarchs us'd to wear,
If Gold may be compar'd with Angels Hair.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were ſo bright,
They ſeem'd both made of woven Silver Light:
Acroſs his Breaſt an azure Ribon went,
At which a Medal hung that did preſent
In wondrous living Figures to the ſight,
The myſtick Champions, and old Dragon's fight,
And from his Mantles ſide there ſhone afar,
A fixt, and, I believe, a real Star.
In his fair hand (what need was there of more?
No Arms but th' *Engliſh* bloody Croſs he bore,
Which when he towards th' affrighted Tyrant bent,
And ſome few words pronounc'd (but what they meant,
Or were, could not, alaſs, by me be known,
Only I well perceiv'd Jeſus was one)
He trembled and he roar'd, and fled away;
Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.
Such Rage inflames the Wolves wild Heart and Eies
(Rob'd as he thinks unjuſtly of his prize)
Whom unawares the Shepheard ſpies, and draws
The bleating Lamb from out his ravenous jaws.
The Shepheard fain himſelf would he aſſail,
But Fear above his Hunger does prevail,
He knows his Foe too ſtrong, and muſt be gone;
He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

Several Diſcourſes by way of Eſſays, in Verſe and Proſe.

1. *Of Liberty.*

THe Liberty of a people conſiſts in being governed by Laws which they have made themſelves, under whatſoever form it be of Government. The Liberty of a private man in being Maſter of his own Time and Actions, as far as may conſiſt with the Laws of God and of his Countrey. Of this latter only we are here to diſcourſe, and to enquire what eſtate of life does beſt ſeat us in the poſſeſſion of it. This liberty of our own actions is ſuch a Fundamental Priviledge of humane Nature, that God himſelf, notwithſtanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes ſo much care for the entire preſervation of it to us, that he ſuffers neither his Providence nor Eternal Decree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the ſame God to whom we are but Tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the ſeventh part to be paid to him as a ſmall Quit-Rent in acknowledgement of his Title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can reſtore it, nor is able to pay any conſiderable value for the leaſt part of it. This Birth-right of mankind above all other Creatures, ſome are forced by hunger to ſell, like *Eſau*, for Bread and Broth, but the greateſt part of men make ſuch a Bargain for the delivery up of themſelves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, inſtead of a Kid, the neceſſary Proviſions of humane life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great dealers in this World may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous, and that all theſe Men ſell themſelves to be ſlaves, though to the vulgar it may ſee a Stoical Parodox, will appear to the wiſe ſo plain and obvious, that they will ſcarce think it deſerves the labour of Argumentation. Let us firſt conſider the Ambitious, and thoſe both in their progreſs to Greatneſs, and after the attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Saluſt* ſays, *Dominationis in alios ſervitium ſuam Mercedem dam*, They are content to pay ſo great a price as their own Servitude, to purchaſe the domination over others. The firſt thing they muſt reſolve to ſacrifice, is their whole time, they muſt never ſtop, nor ever turn aſide whilſt they are in the race of Glory, no not like to *Atalanta* for Golden Apples. Neither indeed can a man ſtop himſelf if he would when he's in this Career. *Fertur equis Auriga neque audit Currus habenas.*

Pray

Pray let us but conſider a little, what mean ſervile things men do for this imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater example of it, then from the chief Men of that Nation which boaſted moſt of Liberty. To what pitiful baſeneſs did the nobleſt *Romans* ſubmit themſelves for the obtaining of a Prætorſhip, or the Conſular dignity: they put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about on foot, and in durt, through all the Tribes to beg voices, they flattered the pooreſt Artiſans, and carried a *Nomenclator* with them, to whiſper in their ear every mans name, leſt they ſhould miſtake it in their ſalutations: they ſhook the hand, and kiſt the cheek of every popular Tradeſman: they ſtood all day at every Market in the publick places to ſhew and ingratiate themſelves to the rout; they imploy'd all their friends to ſolicite for them, they kept open Tables in every ſtreet, they diſtributed Wine and Bread and Money, even to the vileſt of the people. *En Romanos rerum dominos! Behold the Maſters of the World begging from door to door.* This particular humble way to greatneſs is now out of faſhion, but yet every Ambitious perſon is ſtill in ſome ſort a *Roman* Candidate. He muſt feaſt and bribe, and attend, and flatter, and adore many Beaſts, though not the Beaſt with many heads. *Catiline*, who was ſo proud that he could not content himſelf with a leſs power than *Sylla*'s, was yet ſo humble for the attaining of it, as to make himſelf the moſt contemptible of all ſervants, to be a publick Bawd, to provide Whores, and ſomething worſe, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whoſe hot luſts and courages, and heads, he thought he might make uſe of. And ſince I happen here to propoſe *Cateline* for my inſtance (though there be thouſand of examples for the ſame thing) give me leave to tranſcribe the Character which *Cicero* gives of this noble Slave, becauſe it is a general deſcription of all ambitious men, and which *Machiavil* perhaps would ſay ought to be the rule of their life and actions. This man (ſays he, as moſt of you may well remember) had many artificial touches and ſtrokes that look'd like the beauty of great Virtues, his intimate converſation was with the worſt of Men, and yet he ſeem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the beſt; he was furniſhed with all the nets of Luſt and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labor and Induſtry: neither do I believe that there was ever any Monſter in Nature, compoſed out of ſo many different and diſagreeing parts. Who more acceptable, ſometimes, to the moſt honourable perſons? Who more a favourite to the moſt Infamous? Who, ſometimes, appear'd a braver Champion, who at other times, a bolder enemy to his Countrey? Who more diſſolute in his pleaſures? Who more patient in his toils? Who more rapacious in robbing? who more profuſe in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, The Arts he had to acquire the good opinion and kindneſs of all ſorts of men, to retain it with great complaiſance, to communicate all things to them, watch and ſerve all the occaſions of their fortune, both with his money and his intereſt, and his induſtry; and if need were

were not by ſticking at any wickedneſs whatſoever that might be uſeful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature, and laveer with every wind, to live ſeverely with the melancholly, merrily with the pleaſant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, deſperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: with this variety and multiplicity of his nature, as he had made a collection of friendſhips with all the moſt wicked and reckleſs of all Nations, ſo by the artificial ſimulation of ſome virtues, he made a ſhift to enſnare ſome honeſt and eminent perſons into his familiarity; neither could ſo vaſt a deſign as the deſtruction of this Empire have been undertaken by him, if the immanity of ſo many vices had not been covered and diſguiſed by the appearances of ſome excellent qualities.

Pſee, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all things to all Men, that he might deſtroy all; who only wanted the aſſiſtance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cæſar* was a little after him. And the ways of *Cæſar* to compaſs the ſame ends (I mean to the Civil War, which was but another manner of ſetting his Countrey on Fire) were not unlike theſe, though he uſed afterward his unjuſt Dominion with more moderation than I think the other would have done. *Saluſt* therefore who was well acquainted with them both, and with many ſuch like Gentlemen of his time, ſays, That it is the nature of Ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falſos fieri coegit*, &c.) to make men Lyars and Cheaters, to hide the truth in their breaſt, and ſhew like juglers, another thing in their Mouths, to cut all friendſhips and enmities to the meaſure of their own Intereſt, and to make a good Countenance without the help of good will. And can there be freedom with this perpetual conſtraint? What is it but a kind of Rack that forces men to ſay what they have no mind to? I have wondred at the extravagant and barbarous ſtratagem of *Zopirus*, and more at the praiſes which I find of ſo deformed an action; who, though he was one of the ſeven Grandees of *Perſia*, and the Son of *Megabiſes*, who had freed before his Countrey from an ignoble Servitude, Slit his own Noſe and Lips, cut off his own Ears, ſcourged and wounded his whole body, that he might, under pretence of having been mangled ſo inhumanly by *Darius*, be received into *Babylon* (then beſieged by the *Perſians*) and get into the command of it by the recommendation of ſo cruel a ſufferance, and their hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the *Babilonians* ſuſpected not his falſhood, that they might have cut off his hands too, and whipt him back again. But the deſign ſucceeded, he betrayed the City, and was made Governor of it. What bruti ſh Maſter ever puniſhed his offending Slave with ſo little mercy as Ambition did this *Zopirus*? and yet how many are there in all Nations who imitate him in ſome degree for a leſs reward? who though they indure not ſo much corporal pain for a ſmall preferment or ſome honour (as they call it) yet ſtick not to com-

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mit actions, by which they are more ſhamefully and more laſtingly ſtigmatized? But you may ſay, Though theſe be the moſt ordinary and open wayes to greatneſs, yet there are narrow, thorney, and little trodden paths too, through which ſome men find a paſſage by virtuous induſtry. I grant, ſometimes they may; but then that Induſtry muſt be ſuch, as cannot conſiſt with Liberty, though it may with Honeſty.

Thou'rt careful, frugal, painful; we commend a Servant ſo, but not a Friend.

Well then, we muſt acknowledge the toil and drudgery which we are forced to endure in this Aſcent, but we are Epicures and Lords when once we are gotten up into the High Places. This is but a ſhort Apprentiſhip after which we are made free of a Royal Company. If we fall in love with any beauteous women, we muſt be content that they would be our Miſtreſſes whilſt we woo them, as ſoon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we ſhall be the Maſters.

I am willing to ſtick to this ſimilitude in the caſe of Greatneſs; we enter into the Bonds of it like thoſe of Matrimony; we are bewitcht with the outward and printed Beauty, and take it for better or worſe, before we know its true nature and interior Inconveniences. A great Fortune (ſays *Seneca*) is a great ſervitude. But many are of that opinion which *Brutus* imputes (I hope untruly) even to that Patron of Liberty, his Friend *Cicero*. We fear (ſays he to *Atticus*) Death, and Baniſhment, and Poverty, a great deal too much. *Cicero* I am afraid, thinks theſe to be the worſt of evils, and if he have but ſome perſons, from whom he can obtain what he has amind to, and others who will flatter and worſhip him, ſeems to be well enough contented with an honourable ſervitude, if any thing indeed ought to be called honourable, in ſo baſe and contumelious a condition. This was ſpoken as became the braveſt man who was ever born in the braveſt Common-wealth: but with us generally, no condition paſſes for ſervitude, that is accompanied with great riches, and honors, and with the ſervice of many Inferiors. This is but a deception of the ſight through a falſe medium. For if a Groom ſerve a Gentleman in his Chamber, that Gentleman a Lord, and that Lord a Prince; the Groom, the Gentleman, and the Lord, are as much Servants one as the other: the circumſtantial difference of the one getting only his Bread and Wages, the ſecond a plentiful, and the third a ſuperfluous eſtate, is no more intrinſical to this matter than the difference between a plain, a rich and gaudy Livery. I do not ſay, That he who ſells his whole time, and his own will for one hundred thouſand, is not a wiſer Merchant then he who does it for one hundred pounds, but I will ſwear they are both Merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without ſelling that eſtate to which he was born. But this Dependance upon Superiors is but one chain of the Lovers of Power, *Armatorum Trecenta Perithoam cohibent catenæ.* Let's begin with him by break of day: For by that time he's beſieged by

by two or three hundred Suitors; and the Hall and Antichambers (all the Outworks) poſſeſt by the Enemy as ſoon as his Chamber opens, they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the Guards, for entrance. This is ſo eſſential a part of Greatneſs, that whoſoever is without it, looks like a fallen Favorite like a perſon diſgraced, and condemned to what he pleaſe all the morning. There are ſome who rather then want this, are contented to have their rooms fill'd up every day with murmuring and curſing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get their Coach. Now I would fain know which is the worſt duty, that of any one particular perſon who waits to ſpeak with the Great man, or the Great mans, who waits every day to ſpeak with all the company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput & circum ſaliunt latus*, A hundred buſineſſes of other men (many unjuſt and moſt impertinent) fly continually about his Head and Ears, and ſtrike him in the Face like Doors; Let's contemplate him a little at another ſpecial Scene of Glory, and that is, his Table. Here he ſeems to be the Lord of all Nature: The Earth affords him her beſt Metals for his diſhes, her beſt Vegetables and Animals for his Food; the Air and Sea ſupply him with their choiceſt Birds and Fiſhes: and a great many men who look like Maſters, attend upon him, and yet when all this is done, even all this is but Tabl'd Hoſt, 'Tis crowded with people for whom he cares not, with many Paraſites, and ſome Spies, with the moſt burdenſome ſort of Gueſts, the Endeavorers to be witty.

But every body pays him great reſpect, every body commends his Meat, that is his Money; every body admires the exquiſite dreſſing and ordering of it, that is, his Clark of the Kitchen or his Cook, every body loves his hoſpitality, that is, his Vanity. But I deſire to know why the honeſt Inn-keeper who provides a publick Table for his Profit, ſhould be but of a mean Profeſſion; and he who does it for his Honor, a munificent Prince, You'l ſay, becauſe one ſels and the other gives: Nay, both ſell, though for different things, the one for plain Money, the other for I know not what Jewels, whoſe value is in Cuſtome and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture ſpeaks) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom. There is always and every where ſome reſtraint upon him. He's guarded with Crowds, and ſhackled with Formalities. The half Hat, the whole Hat, the half Smile, the whole Smile, the Nod, the Embrace, the poſitive parting with a little Bow, the Comparative at the middle of the room, the Superlative at the door; and if the Perſon be *Pan huper ſepaſtus*, there's a *Huper-ſuperlative* ceremony then of conducting him to the bottom of the ſtairs, or to the very Gate: as if there were ſuch Rules ſet to theſe *Leviathans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto ſhalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hæc inter miſeros Lux*, Thus wretchedly the precious day is loſt.

How many impertinent Letters and Viſits muſt he receive, and ſometimes anſwer both too as impertinently? he never ſets his

foot beyond his Threſhold, unleſs, like a Funeral, he have a train to follow him, as if, like the dead Corps, he would not ſtir, till the Bearers were all ready. My life, (ſays *Horace*) ſpeaking to one of theſe *Magnifico's* is a great deal more eaſie and commodious than thine. In that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I pleaſe without being wondred at; and take my Horſe and ride as far as *Tarentum*, without being miſt. 'Tis an unpleaſant conſtraint to be always under the ſight and obſervation, and cenſure of others; as there may be Vanity in it, ſo methinks, there ſhould be vexation too of Spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred men ſtand gazing upon them whileſt they are at dinner, and take notice of every bit they eat. Nothing ſeems greater and more Lordly then the multitude of Domeſtick Servants; but, even this too, if weighed ſeriouſly, is a piece of Servitude; unleſs you will be a Servant to them (as many men are) the trouble and care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more then that of every one of them in their obſervance of you. I take the Profeſſion of a Schoolmaſter to be one of the moſt uſeful, and which ought to be of the moſt honourable in a Commonwealth, yet certainly all his Faces, and Tyrannical Authority over ſo many Boys, take away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but ſlightly touch upon all theſe particulars of the ſlavery of Greatneſs: I ſhake but a few of their outward Chains: their Anger, Hatred, Jealouſie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Et cætera* of their paſſions, which are the ſecret, but conſtant Tyrants and Tortures of their life, I omit here, becauſe though they be ſymptomes moſt frequent and violent in this Diſeaſe, yet they are common too in ſome degree to the Epidemical Diſeaſe of Life it ſelf. But the Ambitious man, though he be ſo many ways a Slave (*O toties ſervas!*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically; he ſtruts and looks big upon the Stage; he thinks himſelf a real Prince in his Masking Habit, and deceives too all the fooliſh part of his Spectators: He's a ſlave in *Saturnalibus*. The Covetous Man is a down-right Servant, a Draught-Horſe without Bells or Feathers; *ad Metella damnatus*, a man condemned to work in Mines, which is the loweſt and hardeſt condition of ſervitude; and, to increaſe his Miſery, a worker there for he knows not whom. He heapeth up Riches and knows not who ſhall enjoy them. 'Tis onely ſure that he himſelf neither ſhall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy ſlave, he will hardly allow himſelf Cloaths, and Board-wages; *Uncitim vix demenſo de ſuo ſumm defraudans Genium comparcit miſer*; He defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius; He cheats himſelf for Money. But the ſervile and miſerable condition of this wretch is ſo apparent, that I leave it as evident to every mans ſight, as well as judgement. It ſeems a more difficult work to prove that the Voluptuous Man too is but a ſervant: What can be more the life of a Freeman, or as we ſay ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own pleaſures? Why, I'll tell you who

Phorm. Act. 1. ſcen. 2.

who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman: Not he who blindly follows all his pleaſures (the very name of Follower is ſervile) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hindred by outward impediments in the conduct and enjoyment of them. If I want skill or force to reſtrain the Beaſt that I ride upon, though I bought it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his Man, then he my Horſe. The Voluptuous men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the Luſtful and Luxurious, who are both ſervants of the Belly; the other whom we ſpoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were κακὰ θηρία, Evil wild Beaſts, theſe are Γαστέρες ἀργαὶ, ſlow bellies, as our Tranſlation renders it; but the word Ἀργαὶ (which is a fantaſtical word, with two directly oppoſite ſignifications) will bear as well the tr nſlation of Quick or Diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be applyed to theſe men. *Metrodorus* ſaid, That he had learnt Πλεὺν ἀληθῶς γαστρὶ χαρίζεσθαι, to give his Belly juſt thanks for all his pleaſures. This by the Calumniators of *Epicurus* his Philoſophy was objected as one of the moſt ſcandalous of all their ſayings; which, according to my Charitable underſtanding may admit a very vertuous ſence, which is, that he thanked his own Belly for that moderation in the cuſtomary appetites of it, which can only give a Man Liberty and Happineſs in this World. Let this ſuffice at preſent to be ſpoken of thoſe great Triumviri of the World; the Covetous Man, who is a mean villain, like *Lepidus*; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius*; and the Voluptuous, who is a looſe and debauched one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quiſquam igitur Liber? Sapiens, ſibi qui Imperioſus*: Not *Oenomaus*, who commits himſelf wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck, but the Man, *Hor. L. 2. Serm. Sat. 4.*

> Who governs his own courſe with ſteady hand,
> Who does Himſelf with Sovereign Pow'r Command;
> Whom neither Death nor Poverty does fright,
> Who ſtands not aukwardly in his his own light
> Againſt the Truth: who can when Pleaſures knock
> Loud at his door, keep from the Bolt and Lock.
> Who can, though Honour at his Gate ſhould ſtay
> In all her Masking Cloaths, ſend her away,
> And cry, be gone, I have no mind to Play.

This I confeſs is a Freeman: but it may be ſaid, That many perſons are ſo ſhackled by their Fortune, that they are hindred from enjoyment of that Manumiſſion which they have obtained from Virtue. I do both underſtand, and in part feel the weight of this objection: All I can anſwer to it, is, That we muſt get as much Liberty as we can, we muſt uſe our utmoſt endeavours, and when all that is done, be contented with the Length of that Line which is allow'd us. If you ask me in what condition of Life I think the moſt allow'd; I ſhould pitch upon that ſort

sort of People whom King *James* was wont to call the Happiest of our Nation, the Men placed in the Countrey by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate plenty, without any just argument for the desire of increasing it by the care of many relations, and with so much knowledge and love of Piety and Philosophy (that is of the study of Gods Laws, and of his Creatures) as may afford him matter enough never to be Idle though without Business; and never to be Melancholly though without Sin or Vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Prayer of mine in a Copy of Latine Verses, of which I remember no other part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other Verses upon the same Subject.

Magne Deus, quod ad has vitæ brevis attinet horas,
Da mihi, da Panem Libertatemque, nec ultra
Sollicitas effundo preces, si quid datur ultra
Accipiam gratus; si non contentus abibo.

For the few Hours of Life allotted me,
Give me (Great God) but Bread and Liberty,
I'le beg no more; if more thou art pleas'd to give,
I'le thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent,
I'le thank for this, and go away content.

Martial Lib. 2.

Vota tui breviter, &c.

WEll then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
The Prayers and Hopes of your Poetick Friend,
He does not Palaces nor Manors crave,
Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have.
The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
He quarels not with Heaven because 'tis small:
Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,
He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.
Can any Man in guilded Rooms attend,
And his dear hours in humble visits spend;
When in the fresh and beauteous Fields he may
With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
If there be man (ye Gods) I ought to Hate
Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.
Still let him busie be, and in a crowd,
And very much a Slave, and very Proud:

Thus

Thus he perhaps Pow'rful and Rich may grow;
No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow.
But let him Peace and Freedom never ſee;
Let him not love this Life, who loves not Me.

Martial. L.

Vis fieri Liber? &c.

WOuld you be Free? 'Tis your chief wiſh, you ſay,
Come on; Ill ſhew thee, Friend, the certain way,
If to no Feaſts abroad thou lov'ſt to go,
Whilſt bount'ous God does Bread at home beſtow,
If thou the goodneſs of thy Cloaths doſt prize
By thine own Uſe, and not by others Eies.
(If only ſafe from weathers) thou canſt dwell,
In a ſmall Houſe, but a convenient Shell,
If thou without a Sigh, or Golden wiſh,
Canſt look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Diſh,
If in thy Mind ſuch power and greatneſs be,
The *Perſian* King's a Slave compar'd with Thee.

Mart. L. 2.

Quod te nomine? &c.

THat I do with humble Bowes no more,
And danger of my naked Head adore.
That I who Lord and Maſter cry'd e'r while,
Salute you in a new and diff'rent Stile,
By your own Name, a ſcandal to you now,
Think not that I forget my ſelf and you,
By loſs of all things by all others ſought
This Freedom, and the Freemans Hat is bought.
A Lord and Maſter no man wants but He
Who o'r Himſelf has no Authority.
Who does for Honors and for Riches ſtrive,
And Follies, without which Lords cannot live.
If thou from Fortune doſt no Servant crave,
Believe it, thou no Maſter need'ſt to have.

ODE.

ODE.

Upon Liberty.

1.

FReedom with Virtue takes her seat,
Her proper place, her only Scene,
Is in the Golden Mean,
She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great,
The wings of those Necessity has clipt,
And they'r in *Fortunes Bridewel* whipt,
To the laborious task of Bread;
These are by various Tyrants captive led,
Now wild Ambition with imperious force
Rides, Rains, and Spurs them like th' unruly Horse.
And servile Avarice yokes them now
Like toilsom Oxen to the Plow.
And sometimes Lust, like the misguided Light,
Draws them through all the Labyrinths of night.
If any few among the Great there be
From these insulting Passions free,
Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see
By Custom, Business, Crowds, and formal Decency:
And whereso'er they stay, and whereso'r they go,
Impertinencies round them flow:
These are the small uneasie things
Which about Greatness still are found,
And rather it Molest than Wound:
Like Gnats which too much heat of Summer brings;
But Cares do swarm there too, and those have stings;
As when the Honey does too open lie,
A thousand Wasps about it flie:
Nor will the Master ev'n to share admit;
The Master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

2.

'Tis Morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on;
You cannot now; you must be gone
To Court, or to the noisie Hall:
Besides, the Rooms are crowded all;
The stream of Business does begin,
And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.
Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Prisoner keep!
Will they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an Escape; out at the Postern fleet,
And get some blessed Hours of Liberty,

With

With a few Friends, and a few Diſhes Dine,
And much of Mirth, and moderate Wine.
To thy bent mind ſome relaxation give,
And ſteal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh happy man (he cries) to whom kind Heaven
Has ſuch a Freedom always given!
Why, Mighty Madam, What ſhould hinder thee
From being every day as free?

3.

In all the freeborn Nations of the Air
Never did Bird a ſpirit ſo mean and ſordid bear,
As to exchange a Native Liberty
Of ſoaring boldly up into the Sky,
His liberty to ſing, to Perch, or Fly,
When, and wherever he thought good,
And all the innocent pleaſures of the Wood,
For a more plentiful or conſtant Food.
Nor ever did ambitious Rage
Make him into a painted Cage,
Or the falſe Foreſt of a well-hung Room.
For Honor and Preferment come;
Now, Bleſſings on you all, ye Heroick Race,
Who keep their Primitive Powers and Rights ſo well
Though Men and Angels fell.
Of all material Lives the higheſt place,
To you is juſtly given;
And Ways and walks the neareſt Heaven.
Whilſt wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boaſt that we look up to it.
Ev'n to the univerſal Tyrant Love,
You Homage pay but once a year:
None ſo degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear,
None but a few unhappy Houſhold Fowl,
Whom human Lordſhip does controul;
Who from the birth corrupted were
By Bondage and by Mans Example here.

4.

He's no ſmall Prince, who every day
Thus to himſelf can ſay,
Now will I ſleep, now eat, now ſit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk,
This I will do, here I will ſtay,
Or if my fancy calleth me away,
My Man and I will preſently go ride;
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after are to render an account)
To *Dover*, *Berwick*, or the *Corniſh* Mount.

If thou but a ſhort journey take,
As if thy laſt thou wert to make,
Buſineſs muſt be diſpatch'd e'r thou canſt part
Nor canſt thou ſtir unleſs there be
A hundred Horſe and Men to wait on thee,
And many a Mule, and many a Cart;
What an unwieldy Man thou art?
The *Rhodian Coloſſus* ſo
A Journey too might go.

5.

Where Honor, or where Conſcience does not bind
No other Law ſhall ſhackle me,
Slave to my ſelf I will not be,
Nor ſhall my future Actions be confin'd
By my own preſent Mind
Who by Reſolves and Vows engag'd does ſtand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does like an unthrift morgage his Eſtate
Before it falls into his Hand,
The Bondman of the Cloiſter ſo
All that he does receive does always owe.
And ſtill as Time comes in, it goes away
Not to Enjoy but Debts to pay.
Unhappy Slave, and Pupil to a Bell!
Which his hours work as well as hours does tell!
Unhappy till the laſt, the kind releaſing Knell.

6.

If Life ſhould a well order'd Poem be
(In which he only hits the white
Who joyns true Profit with the beſt Delight)
The more Heroick ſtrain let others take,
Mine the Pindaric way I'll make.
The Matter ſhall be grave, the Numbers looſe and free.
It ſhall not keep one ſetled pace of Time,
In the ſame Tune it ſhall not always chime,
Nor ſhall each day juſt to his neighbor Rhime,
A thouſand Liberties it ſhall diſpenſe,
And yet ſhall manage all without offence;
Or to the ſweetneſs of the Sound, or greatneſs of the Senſe,
Nor ſhall it never from one Subject ſtart,
Nor ſeek Tranſitions to depart,
Nor its ſet way o'r Stiles and Bridges make,
Nor through Lanes a Compaſs take,
As if it fear'd ſome treſpaſs to commit,
When the wide Air's a Road for it.
So the Imperial Eagle does not ſtay
Till the whole Carkaſs he devour,
That's fallen into its power.

As

As if his generous Hunger underſtood
That he can never want plenty of Food,
He only ſucks the taſtful Blood.
And to freſh Game flies cheerfully away;
To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled Prey.

Of Solitude.

NUnquam minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus, is now become a very vulgar ſaying. Every Man, and almoſt every Boy for theſe ſeventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth. But it was at firſt ſpoken by the Excellent *Scipio*, who was without queſtion a moſt Eloquent and Witty perſon, as well as the moſt Wiſe moſt Worthy, moſt Happy, and the Greateſt of all Mankind. His meaning no doubt was this, That he found more ſatisfaction to his mind, and more improvement of it by Solitude than by Company, and to ſhew that he ſpoke not this looſly, or out of vanity, after he had made *Rome* Miſtreſs of almoſt the whole World, he retired himſelf from it by a voluntary exile, and at a private houſe in the middle of a Wood near *Linternum*, paſſed the remainder of his Glorious life no leſs Glorioufly. This Houſe *Seneca* went to ſee ſo long after with great veneration, and among other things deſcribes his Baths to have been of ſo mean a ſtructure, that now, ſays he, the baſeſt of the people would deſpiſe them, and cry out, poor *Scipio* underſtood not how to live. What an Authority is here for the credit of Retreat? and happy had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adverſity could have taught him as much wiſdom as was learnt by *Scipio* from the higheſt proſperities. This would be no wonder if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily ſaid by Monſieur *de Montague*. That Ambition it ſelf might teach us to love Solitude, there's nothing that does ſo much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its Elbows free, it deteſts to have a Company on either ſide, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, I, and uſhers too before it. But the greateſt part of Men are ſo far from the opinion of that Noble *Roman*, that if they chance at any time to be without company, they'r like a becalmed Ship, they never move but by the Wind of other Mens breath, and have no Oars of their own to ſteer withal. It is very fantaſtical and contradictory in humane Nature, that Men ſhould love themſelves above all the reſt of the World, and yet never endure to be with themſelves. When they are in love with a Miſtreſs, all other perſons are importunate and burdenſome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and die with her alone. *Epiſt.* 86.

Sic ego ſecretis poſſum bene vivere ſilvis
Qua nulla humano ſit via trita pede,
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atra
Lumen, & in ſolis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in Woods could reſt
Where never human foot the ground has preſt,
Thou from all ſhades the darkneſs canſt exclude,
And from a Deſart baniſh ſolitude.

And yet our Dear Self is ſo wearisome, to us, that we can ſcarcely ſupport its converſation for an hour together. This is ſuch an odd temper of mind as *Catullus* expreſſes towards one of his Miſtreſſes, whom we may ſuppoſe to have been of a very unſociable humour,

Odi & Amo, quanam id faciam ratione requiris?
Neſcio, ſed fieri ſentio, & excrucior.

I Hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that ſo it is I know,
And feel with Torment that 'tis ſo.

It is a deplorable condition, this, and drives a man ſometimes to pittiful ſhifts in ſeeking how to avoid himſelf.

The truth of the matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the world, is a fit man to be alone; nor he who has ſet his heart much upon the world, though he have never ſo much underſtanding; ſo that Solitude can be well fitted and ſet right, but upon a very few perſons. They muſt have enough knowledge of the World to ſee the vanity of it, and enough Virtue to deſpiſe all Vanity; if the Mind be poſſeſt with any Luſt or Paſſions, a man had better be in a Fair, then in a Wood alone. They may like petty Thieves cheat us perhaps, and pick our pockets in the midſt of company, but like Robbers they uſe to ſtrip and bind, or murder us when they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the hands of Devils. 'Tis like the puniſhment of Parricides among the *Romans*, to be ſow'd into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The firſt work therefore that a man muſt do to make himſelf capable of the good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Luſts, for how is it poſſible for a man to enjoy himſelf while his Affections are tyed to things without Himſelf? In the ſecond place, he muſt learn the Art, and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no leſs than well ſpeaking, depends upon much practice, and Cogitation is the thing which diſtinguiſhes the Solitude of a God from a wilde Beaſt. Now becauſe the ſoul of Man is not by its own Nature or obſervation furniſht with ſufficient Materials to work upon; it is neceſſary for it to have continual recourſe to Learning and Books for freſh ſupplies, ſo that the ſolitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to ſtarve without them; but if once we be throughly engaged in the Love of Letters, inſtead of being wearied with the length of any day, we ſhall only complain of the ſhortneſs of our whole Life.

O vita, ſtulto longa, ſapienti brevis!
O Life long to the Fool, ſhort to the Wiſe!

The firſt Miniſter of State has not ſo much buſineſs in publick, as a wiſe man has in private; if the one have little leaſure to be alone, the other has leſs leaſure to be in company; the one has but part of the affairs of one Nation, the other all the works of God and Nature under his conſideration. There is no ſaying ſhocks me ſo much as that which I hear very often. That a man does not know how to paſs his Time. 'Twould have been but ill ſpoken by *Methuſalem* in the Nine hundred ſixty ninth year of his Life, ſo far it is from us, who have not time enough to attain to the utmoſt perfection of any part of any Science, to have cauſe to complain that we are forced to be idle for want of work. But this you'l ſay is work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the imployments or divertiſements that arrive from Letters, I know they are not; and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a man totally illiterate. But if any man be ſo unlearned as to want entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almoſt all conditions (except the very meaneſt of the Peop'e, who have buſineſs enough in the neceſſary Proviſions for Life) it is truly a great ſhame both to his Parents and Himſelf, for a very ſmall portion of any Ingenious Art will ſtop up all thoſe gaps of our Time, either Muſick, or Painting, or Deſigning, or Chymiſtry, or Hiſtory, or Gardening, or twenty other things will do it uſefully and pleaſantly; and if he happen to ſet his affections upon Poetry (which I do not adviſe him too immoderately) that will over do it, no Wood will be thick enough to hide him from the importunities of company or buſineſs, which would abſtract him from his Beloved.

——O quis me gelidis ſub montibus Æmi *Virg.*
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbra? *Georg.*

I.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, ſo great and good!
Hail ye *Plebian* under-wood!
Where the Poetick Birds rejoyce,
And for their quiet neſts and plenteous Food,
Pay with their grateful voice.

2.

Hail, the poor Muſes richeſt Mannor Seat!
Ye Countrey Houſes and Retreat,
Which all the happy Gods ſo Love,
That for you ought they quit their Bright and Great
Metropolis above.

3. Here

3.

Here Nature does a Houſe for me erect,
Nature the wiſeſt Architect
Who thoſe fond Artiſts does deſpiſe
That can the fair and living Trees neglect;
Yet the dead Timber prize.

4.

Here let me careleſs and unthoughtful lying,
Here the ſoft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton Boughs diſpute,
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying
Nor be my ſelf too Mute.

5.

A ſilver ſtream ſhall roul his waters near,
Guilt with Sun-beams here and there
On whoſe enamel'd Bank I'll walk,
And ſee how prettily they ſmile, and hear
How prettily they talk.

6.

Ah wretched, and too Solitary He
Who loves not his own Company!
He'l feel the weight of't many a day
Unleſs he call in Sin or Vanity
To help to bear't away.

7.

Oh Solitude, firſt ſtate of Human-kind!
Which bleſt remain'd till man did find
Even his own helpers Company.
As ſoon as two (Alaſs!) together joyn'd,
The Serpent made up Three.

8.

Though God himſelf, through Countleſs Ages Thee
His ſole Companion choſe to be,
Thee, Sacred Solitude alone,
Before the branchy Head of Numbers Tree
Sprang from the Trunk of one.

9.

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Doſt break and tame th'unruly heart,
Which elſe would know no ſetled pace
Making it move, well manag'd by thy Art,
With Swiftneſs and with Grace.

10.

Thou the faint beams of Reaſons ſcatter'd Light,
Doſt like a Burning-glaſs unite,
Doſt Multiply the feeble Heat,
And fortify the ſtrength till thou doſt bright
And noble fires beget.

11.

Whilſt this hard Truth I teach, methinks, I ſee
The Monſter *London* laugh at me,
I ſhould at thee too, fooliſh City,
If it were fit to laugh at Miſery,
But thy Eſtate I pity.

12.

Let but thy wicked Men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee ſo,
Even thou who do thy Millions boaſt,
A Village leſs than *Iſlington* wilt grow,
A Solitude almoſt.

3. *Of Obſcurity.*

Nam neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia ſolis,
Nec vixit male, qui natus morienſque Fefellit. *Hor. Epi. l. 1. 18.*

God made not pleaſures only for the Rich,
Nor hav. thoſe Men without their ſhare too liv'd,
Who both in Life and Death the World deceiv'd.

This ſeems a ſtrange Sentence thus litterally Tranſlated, and looks as if it were in vindication of the Men of buſineſs (for who elſe can deceive the World?) whereas it is in commendation of thoſe who live and die ſo obſcurely, that the World, takes no notice of them. This *Horace* calls deceiving the World, and in another place uſes the ſame phraſe.

Secretum iter & Fallentis ſemita vitæ. *Ep. 18.*
The ſecret Tracks of the deceiving Life.

It is very elegant in *Latine*, but our *Engliſh* word will hardly bear up to that ſenſe, and therefore Mr. *Broom* Tranſlates it very well.

Or from a Life, led as it were by ſtealth.

Yet we ſay in our Language, a thing deceives our ſight, when it paſſes

paſſes beforeus unperceived, and we may ſay well enough out of the ſame Author.

Declam. de Apib:

Sometimes with Sleep, ſometimes with Wine we ſtrive,
The cares of Life and Troubles to deceive.

But that is not to deceive the world, but to deceive our ſelves, as *Quintillian* ſays, *Vitam fallere*, To draw on ſtill, and amuſe, and deceive our Life till it be advanced inſenſibly to the fatal Period, and fall into that Pit which Nature hath prepared for it. The meaning of all this is no more than that moſt vulgar ſaying, *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit*, He has lived well, who has lain well hidden. Which if it be a truth, the world (I'll ſwear) is ſufficiently deceived: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleſanteſt condition of life is, *in incognito*. What a brave priviledge is it to be free from all Contentions, from all Envying or being Envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is in my mind a very delightful paſtime, for two good and agreeable friends to travail up and down together, in places where they are by no body known, nor know any body. It was the caſe of *Æneas* and his *Achates*, when they walkt inviſibly about the fields and ſtreets of *Carthage*, *Venus* her ſelf

Virg. 1. Æn.

A vail of thickned Air around them caſt,
That none might know, or ſee them as they paſt.

The common ſtory of *Demoſthenes*'s confeſſion that he had taken great pleaſure in hearing of a Tanker-woman ſay as he paſt, This is that *Demoſthenes*, is wonderful ridiculous from ſo ſolid an Orator. I my ſelf have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any) but I am ſo far from finding it any pleaſure, that it only makes me run faſter from the place, till I get, as it were out of ſight-ſhot. *Democritus* relates, and in ſuch manner, as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens* no body there did ſo much as take notice of him; and *Epicurus* lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his Gardens, ſo famous ſince that time, with his friend *Metrodorus*: after whoſe death, making in one of his Letters a kind of commemoration of the happineſs which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at laſt, that he thought it no diſparagement to thoſe great felicities of their life, that in the midſt of the moſt talk'd of and talking Countrey in the World, they had lived ſo long, not only without Fame, but almoſt without being heard of. And yet within a very few years afterward, there were no two Names of Men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and various familiarities, we ſet open our gates to the Invaders of moſt of our time: we expoſe our life to a *Quotidian Ague* of frigid impertinencies, which would make a wiſe man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by ſight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor

that

that lies in that: Whatſoever it be, every Mountebank has it more than the beſt Doctor, and the Hangman more than the Lord Chief Juſtice of a City. Every Creature has it both of Nature and Art if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often ſaid, This is that *Bucephalus*, or This is that *Incitatus*, when they were led prancing through the ſtreets, as, This is that *Alexander*, or, This is that *Domitian*; and truly for the latter, I take *Incitatus* to have been a much more Honourable Beaſt than his Maſter, and more deſerving the Conſulſhip, than he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, becauſe it is the ſhadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious ſhadow, and like that of *S. Peter* cures the Diſeaſes of others. The beſt kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from Honeſty, ſuch as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Ariſtides*, but it was harmful to them both, and is ſeldom beneficial to any man whilſt he lives, what it is to him after his death, I cannot ſay, becauſe I love not *Philoſophy* meerly notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the Experiment has been ſo kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a perſon who has a moderate Mind and Fortune, and lives in the converſation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world beſides, who is eſteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and ſo after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more ſilently out of it than he came in, for I would not have him ſo much as cry in the *Exit.*) This innocent Deceiver of the World; as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta perſona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, than the greateſt Actors that fill the Stage with ſhow and noiſe, nay, even than *Auguſtus* himſelf, who aſkt with his laſt breath, whether he had not played his *Farce* very well.

Seneca, ex Thyeſte,
Act. 2. Cor.

Stet quicunque volet, potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Upon the ſlippery tops of humane State,
The guilded Pinnacles of Fate,
Let others proudly ſtand, and for a while
The giddy danger to beguile,
With Joy and with diſdain look down on all,
Till their Heads turn, and down they fall.
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or elſe ſo near
That I no fall to Earth may fear,
And, O ye Gods, at a good diſtance ſeat
From the long Ruines of the Great,
Here wrapt in th' Arms of Quiet let me lye;
Quiet, Companion of Obſcurity.

Here let my life, with as much silence slide,
As Time that measures it does glide.
Nor let the Breath of Infamy or Fame,
From Town to Town eccho about my Name.
Nor let my homely Death embroidered be
With Scutcheon or with Elogy.
An old *Plebean* let me die,
Alas, all then are such as well as I.
To him, alas, to him, I fear,
The face of Death will terrible appear:
Who in his life flattering his senceless pride
By being known to all the world beside,
Does not himself, when he is Dying know
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

4. *Of Agriculture.*

THe first wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses) was to be a good Philosopher; The second a good Husbandman; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better than most of the most learned Heathens) dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon*; because he prayed for Wisdom in the first place; he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd. He made him one of the best Philosophers, and the best Husbandmen, and to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best Poet: He made him besides all this a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer. *O fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit*: To be a Husbandman, is but a retreat from the City; to be a Philosopher, from the World, or rather, a Retreat from the World, as it is mans; into the World, as it is Gods. But since Nature denies to most men the capacity or appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the opportunities or possibility of applying themselves wholly to Philosophy, the best mixture of humane affairs that we can make, are the employments of a Countrey life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine dubitatione proxima, & quasi Consanguinea Sapientiæ*, The neareſt neighbor, or rather next in Kindred to Philosophy. *Varro* says, the Principles of it are the same which *Ennius* made to be the Principles of all Nature: Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more parts of Philosophy than any one Profession, Art, or Science in the world besides: and therefore *Cicero* says, the pleasures of a Husbandman, *Mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere* come very nigh to those of a Philosopher. There is no other sort of life that affords so many branches of praise to a Panegyrist: The Utility of it to a mans self: The Usefulness or rather Necessity of it to all the rest of Mankind: The Innocence, the Pleasure, the Antiquity, the Dignity. The

Lib. 1. *c.* 1.

De se-nect.

Utility

Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it) is not ſo great now in our Nation as ariſes from Merchandiſe and the Trading of the City, from whence many of the beſt Eſtates and chief Honors of the Kingdom are derived: we have no Men now fetcht from the Plow to be made Lords, as they were in *Rome*, to be made Conſuls and Dictators, the reaſon of which I conceive to be from an evil Cuſtom, now grown as ſtrong among us, as if if it were a Law, which is, That no Men put their Children to be bred up Apprentices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but ſuch who are ſo poor, that when they come to be Men, they have not wherewithal to ſet up in it, and ſo can only farm ſome ſmall parcel of ground, the Rent of which devours all but the bare Subſiſtance of the Tenant: whilſt they who are Proprietors of the Land, are either too proud, or, for want of that kind of Education, too ignorant to improve their Eſtates, though the meanes of doing it be as eaſie and certain in this as in any other track of Commerce: If there were always two or three thouſand youths, for ſeven or eight years bound to this Profeſſion, that they might learn the whole Art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be Maſters in it, by a moderate ſtock: I cannot doubt but that we ſhould ſee as many Aldermens Eſtates made in the Countrey, as now we do out of all kind of Merchandizing in the City. There are as many ways to be Rich, and which is better, there is no poſſibility to be poor, without ſuch negligence as can neither have excuſe, nor pity; for a little ground will without queſtion feed a little Family and the ſuperfluities of Life (which are now in ſome caſes by Cuſtom made almoſt neceſſary) muſt be ſupplied out of the ſuperabundance of Art and Induſtry, or contemned by as great a Degree of Philoſophy. As for the Neceſſity of this Art, it is evident enough, ſince this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of Men cannot be preſerved; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech which ſerve only to adorn it. Many Nations have lived, and ſome do ſtill without any Art but this; not ſo Elegantly, I confeſs, but ſtill they live, and almoſt all the other Arts which are here practiſed, are beholding to this for moſt of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbandmen preſerve not that, they are much too blame, for no Men are ſo free from the temptations of Iniquity. They live by what they can get by Induſtry from the Earth, and others by what they can catch by Craft from Men. They live upon an Eſtate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Eſtate cheated from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine by the allowances of Nature, and others like Wolves and Foxes by the Acquiſitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm without any offence to the Great) that Sheep and Kine are very uſeful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious creatures. They are without diſpute, of all men the moſt quiet and leaſt apt to be inflamed to the diſturbance of the Common-wealth: their manner of Life inclines them,

and Intereſt binds them to love peace: In our late mad and miſerable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meaneſt, ſet forth whole Troops, and raiſed up ſome great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the miſchiefs they had done; But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had ſo conſiderable a ſhare in the twenty years ruine of his Countrey, as to deſerve the Curſes of his Countrey-men: And if great delights be joyn'd with ſo much innocence, I think it is ill done of men not to take them here where they are ſo tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and Cities where they are ſo wild, and the chaſe ſo troubleſome and dangerous.

We are here among the vaſt and Noble Scenes of Nature; we are there among the pitiful ſhifts of Policy: We walk here in the light and open ways of the Divine Bounty; we grope there in the dark and confuſed Labyrinths of humane Malice: Our Senſes are here feaſted with the clear and genuine taſte of their Objects; which are all ſophiſticated there, and for the moſt part overwhelmed with their contraries. Here pleaſure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, conſtant, and modeſt Wife; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmleſs and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expenceful Luxury.

I ſhall only inſtance in one Delight more, the moſt natural and beſt natur'd of all others, a perpetual companion of the Husbandman, and that is the ſatisfaction of looking round about him, and ſeeing nothing but the effects and improvements of his own Art and Diligence to be always gathering of ſome fruits of it, and at the ſame time to behold others ripening, and others budding; to ſee all his Fields and Gardens covered with the beauteous Creatures of his own Induſtry, and to ſee, like God, that all his Works are good.

——Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Orcades; ipſi
Agricolæ tacitum portentant gaudia pectus.

On his heart-ſtring a ſecret Joy does ſtrike;

The Antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be conteſted by any other. The three firſt men in the World, were a Gardner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier, and if any man object, That the ſecond of theſe was a Murtherer, I deſire he would conſider, that as ſoon as he was ſo, he quitted our Profeſſion and turn'd Builder. It is for this reaſon, I ſuppoſe, that *Eccleſiaſticus* forbids us to hate Husbandry; *Becauſe* (ſays he) *the Moſt High has created it.* We were all born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nouriſh our Bodies by the ſame Earth out of which they were made, and to which they muſt return, and pay at laſt for their ſuſtenance. *cap. 7.*

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all theſe great Perſons, who are too proud now, not only to till the Ground, but almoſt to tread upon it. We may talk what we pleaſe of Lillies, and Lions Rampant, and Spread Eagles In Fields *d' Or*, or *d' Argent*;

gent, but if Heraldry were guided by reaſon, a Plough in a Field Arable, would be the moſt Noble and Antient Arms.

All theſe conſiderations make me fall into the wonder and complaint of *Columella*. How it ſhould come to paſs that all Arts or Sciences, (for the diſpute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the curioſity of us Husbandmen) *Metaphyſick*, *Phyſick*, *Morality*, *Mathematicks*, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, &c. which are all, I grant, good and uſeful faculties, (except only *Metaphyſick*, which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even *Vaulting*, *Fencing*, *Dancing*, *Attiring*, *Cookery*, *Carving*, and ſuch like Vanities, ſhould all have publick Schools and Maſters, and yet that we ſhould never ſee or hear of any man who took upon him the Profeſſion of teaching this ſo pleaſant, ſo virtuous, ſo profitable, ſo honourable, ſo neceſſary Art.

A man would think, when he's in ſerious humour, that it were but a vain irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great company of Men and Women to run up and down in a room together, in a hundred ſeveral poſtures and figures to no purpoſe, and with no deſign; and therefore Dancing was invented firſt, and onely practiſed antiently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which conſiſted all in Mommery and Madneſs; the latter being the chief glory of the Worſhip, and accounted Divine Inſpiration: This, I ſay, a ſevere Man would think, though I dare not determine ſo far againſt ſo cuſtomary a part now of good breeding. And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing-Maſter for his Children as ſoon as they are able to walk? But, did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to inſtruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him? That is at leaſt a ſuperfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education; and therefore I could wiſh (but cannot in theſe times much hope to ſee it) that one Colledge in each Univerſity were erected and appropriated to this ſtudy as well as there are to Medicine, and the Civil Law: There would be no need of making a body of Scholars and Fellows, with certain endowments, as in other Colledges; it would ſuffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Profeſſors conſtituted (for it would be too much work for onely one Maſter, or Principal, as they call him there) to teach theſe four parts of it. Firſt, *Aration*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Paſturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens*, *Orchards*, *Vineyards*, and *Woods*. Fourthly, All parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees*, *Swine*, *Poultry*, *Decoys*, *Ponds*, &c. and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Paſtiones*, together with the ſports of the Field (which ought to be looked upon not only as Pleaſures, but as parts of Houſe-keeping) and the Domeſtical conſervation and uſes of all that is brought in by Induſtry abroad. The buſineſs of theſe Profeſſors ſhould not be, as is commonly practiſed in other Arts, only to read Pompous and Superficial Lectures out of *Virgil's Georgicks*, *Pliny*, *Varro*, or *Columella*, but to inſtruct their Pupils in the whole Method

Method and courſe of this ſtudy, which might be run through perhaps with diligence in a year or two; and the continual ſucceſſion of Scholars upon a moderate taxation for their Diet, Lodging and Learning, would be a ſufficient conſtant Revenue for maintenance of the Houſe and the Profeſſors, who ſhould be men not choſen for the Oſtentation of Critical Literature, but for ſolid and experimental knowledge of the things they teach ſuch Men; ſo induſtrious and publick-ſpirited as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be, if the Gentleman be yet alive: but it is needleſs to ſpeak farther of my thoughts of this Deſign, unleſs the preſent Diſpoſition of the Age allowed more probability of bringing it into execution. What I have farther to ſay of the Countrey life, ſhall be borrowed from the Poets, who were always the moſt faithful and affectionate friends to it. Poetry was born among the Shepherds.

Neſcio qua Natale ſolum dulcedine Muſas
Ducit, & immemores non ſinit eſſe ſui.

The Muſes ſtill love their own Native place,
'T has ſecret Charms which nothing can deface.

The truth is, no other place is proper for their work; one might as well undertake to dance in a Crowd, as to make good Verſes in the midſt of Noiſe and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verſe in Cities grow;
In vain the thankleſs Glebe we Plow and Sow,
Againſt th' unnatural Soil in vain we ſtrive;
'Tis not a Ground in which theſe Plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thorns of *Satyre*, which grow moſt naturally in the worſt Earth; And therefore almoſt all Poets, except thoſe who were not able to eat Bread without the bounty of Great Men, that is, without what they could get by Flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themſelves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World (*Pariter vitiiſque Jociſque Altius humanis exeruere caput*) into the innocent happineſs of a retired Life; but have commended and adorned nothing ſo much by their ever-living Poems. *Heſiod* was the firſt or ſecond Poet in the World, that remains yet extant (if *Homer*, as ſome think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were Contemporaries) and he is the firſt Writer too of the Art of Husbandry: He has contributed (ſays *Columella*) not a little to our Profeſſion; I ſuppoſe he means not a little Honor, for the matter of his Inſtructions is not very important: His great Antiquity is viſible through the Gravity and Simplicity of his Stile. The moſt Acute of all his ſayings concerns our purpoſe very much, and is couched in the reverend obſcurity

obſcurity of an Oracle. Πλεὸν ἥμισυ παντὸς. The halfe is more then the whole. The occaſion of the ſpeech is this; His Brother *Perſes* had by corrupting ſome great Men (Βασιλῆας δωροφάγους Great Bribe-eaters he calls them) gotten from him the half of his Eſtate. It is no Matter (ſays he) they have not done me ſo much prejudice, as they imagine.

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' ὅσσον πλέον ἥμισυ παντός,
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μεγ' ὄνειαρ,
Κρύπτασκον γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to whom God has not reveal'd
By a ſtrong Light which muſt their ſence controul,
That halfe a great Eſtate's more than the whole:
Unhappy, from whom ſtill conceal'd does lye
Of Roots and Herbs, the wholſom Luxury.

This I conceive to have been honeſt *Heſiods* meaning. From *Homer* we muſt not expect much concerning our affairs. He was blind and could neither work in the Countrey, nor enjoy the pleaſures of it, his helpleſs poverty was likelieſt to be ſuſtained in the richeſt places, he was to delight the *Grecians* with fine tales of the Wars, and Adventures of their Anceſtors; his Subject removed him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a ſhift to ſhow his good will a little. For though he could do us no Honor in the perſon of his Hero *Ulyſſes* (much leſs of *Achilles*) becauſe his whole time was conſumed in Wars and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gardener all that while, and ſeeking his Conſolation for the abſence of his Son in the pleaſure of planting and even Dunging his own grounds. Ye ſee he did not contemn us Peaſants, nay, ſo far was he from that inſolence, that he always ſtiles *Eumæus*, who kept the Hogs with wonderful reſpect Δῖον ὑφορβὸν The Divine Swine-herd; he could ha' done no more for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*. And *Theocritus* (a very antient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe, for he wrote nothing but Paſtorals) gave the ſame Epithete to an Husbandman Ἐκ δὲ βέλο Διὸς ἀγρώτης. The Divine Husbandman replyed to *Hercules*, who was but Διὸς Himſelf. Theſe were Civil *Greeks*! and who underſtood the Dignity of our calling! among the *Romans* we have in the firſt place our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the favour of *Mecænas* and *Auguſtus*, he might have been one of the chief men of *Rome*, yet choſe rather to employ much of his time in the exerciſe, and much of his immortal wit in the praiſe and inſtructions of a Ruſtique Life, who though he had written before whole Books of Paſtorals and *Georgic*'s could not abſtain in his great and Imperial Poem from deſcribing *Evander*, one of his beſt Princes, as living juſt after the homely manner of an ordinary Countrey-man. He ſeats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bears

skin

skin, the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court-yard, the Birds under the Eeves of his Window call him up in the morning, and when he goes abroad, only two Dogs go along with him for his guard: at laſt when he brings *Æneas* into his Royal Cottage, he makes him ſay this memorable complement, greater than ever yet was ſpoken at the *Eſcurial*, the *Louvre*, or our *Whitehal*.

——Hæc (iniquit) limina victor
Alcides ſubiit, hæc illum Regia cepit,
Aude, Hoſpes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebuſque veni non aſper egenis.

This humble Roof, this ruſtique Court (ſaid He)
Receiv'd *Alcides* crown'd with victory.
Scorn not (Great Gueſt) the ſteps where he has trode,
But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man whom we are much obliged to both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next beſt Poet in the world to *Virgil*; his dear friend *Horace*, who when *Auguſtus* had deſired *Mecœnas* to perſwade him to come and live domeſtically, and at the ſame Table with him, and to the Secretary of State of the whole World under him, or rather joyntly with him, for he ſays, *ut nos in Epiſtolis ſcribendis adjuvet*, could not be tempted to forſake his *Sabin*, or *Tiburtin* Mannor, for ſo rich and ſo glorious a trouble. There was never, I think, ſuch an example as this in the world, that he ſhould have ſo much moderation and courage as to refuſe an offer of ſuch greatneſs, and the Emperor ſo much generoſity and good Nature as not to be at all offended with his refuſal, but to retain ſtill the ſame kindneſs, and expreſs it often to him in moſt friendly and familiar Letters, part of which are ſtill extant. If I ſhould produce all the paſſages of this excellent Author upon the ſeveral Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I muſt be obliged to tranſlate halfe his Works; of which I may ſay more truly than in my opinion he did of *Homer*, *Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non plenius, & melius Chryſippo, & Crantore dicit.* I ſhall content my ſelf upon this particular Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the Third out of his *Epiſtles*, and ſhall forbear to collect the ſuffrages of all other Poets, which may be found ſcattered up and down through all their writings, and eſpecially in *Martials*. But I muſt not omit to make ſome excuſe for the bold undertaking of my own unskilful Pencil upon the beauties of a Face that has been drawn before by ſo many great Maſters, eſpecially, that I ſhould dare to do it in *Latine* verſes (though of another kind) and have the confidence to tranſlate them. I can only ſay that I love the matter, and that ought to cover many faults; and that I run not to contend with thoſe before me, but follow to applaud them.

Virg. Georg.

O fortunatus nimium, &c.

A Tranſlation out of *Virgil.*

OH happy, (if his happineſs he knows)
The Countrey Swain on whom kind Heav'n beſtows
At home all Riches that wiſe Nature needs;
Whom the juſt Earth with eaſie plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fils the painted Channels of his rooms.
Adoring the rich Figures as they paſs,
In Tap'ſtry wrought, or cut in living Braſs;
Nor is his Wooll ſuperfluouſly dy'd
With the dear Poyſon of *Aſſyrian* pride:
Nor do *Arabian* Perfumes vainly ſpoil
The Native Uſe and Sweetneſs of his Oil.
Inſtead of theſe, his calm and harmleſs life
Flee from th' alarms of fear, and ſtorms of ſtrife,
Does with ſubſtantial bleſſedneſs abound,
And the ſoft wings of Peace cover him round:
Through Artleſs Grots the murm'ring waters glide;
Thick Trees both againſt Heat and Cold provide,
From whence the Birds ſalute him; and his ground
With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep does ſound;
And all the Rivers and the Foreſts nigh,
Both Food and Game, and Exerciſe ſupply.
Here a well hard'ned active youth we ſee,
Taught the great Art of chearful Poverty.
Here, in this place alone, there ſtill do ſhine
Some ſtreaks of Love both Humane and Divine;
From hence *Aſtræa* took her flight, and here
Still her laſt Footſteps upon Earth appear.
'Tis true, the firſt deſire which does controul
All the inferior wheels that move thy Soul,
Is, that the Muſe me her high-Prieſt would make;
Into her holieſt Scenes of Myſt'ry take.
And open there to my minds purged eye
Thoſe wonders which to Senſe the Gods deny;
How in the Moon ſuch change of ſhapes is found:
The Moon, the changing Worlds eternal bound.
What ſhakes the ſolid Earth, what ſtrong diſeaſe
Dares trouble the firm Centre's antient eaſe;
What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:
Varieties too regular for chance.
What drives the Chariot on of Winters light,
And ſtops the lazy Waggon of the night.
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,
To ſend forth the Sp'rits that raiſe a Soul ſo high;

In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, though unglorious deſtiny.
In Life's cool vale let my low Scene be laid;
Cover me, Gods, with *Tempe's* thickeſt ſhade.
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he,
Who can through groſs effects their cauſes ſee:
Whoſe courage from the deeps of knowledge ſprings,
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,
Through all the Allarms of Death and Hell below.
Happy! but next ſuch Conqu'rors, happy they,
Whoſe humble life lies not in fortunes way.
They unconcern'd from their ſafe diſtant ſeat.
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the great.
The quarrels of the Mighty without fear,
And the deſcent of forreign Troops they hear.
Nor can ev'n *Rome* their ſteady courſe miſguide,
With all the luſtre of her per'ſhing pride.
Them never yet did ſtrife or av'rice draw,
Into the noiſy Markets of the Law,
The Camps of Gowned War, nor do they live,
By rules or forms that many mad-men give.
Duty for Natures Bounty they repay,
And her ſole Laws religiouſly obey.
Some with bold labor plough the faithleſs main,
Some rougher ſtorms in Princes Courts ſuſtain.
Some ſwell up their ſlight Sails with pop'lar fame,
Charm'd with the fooliſh whiſtlings of a Name.
Some their vain Wealth to Earth again commit;
With endleſs cares, ſome brooding o'r it ſit.
Countrey and Friends are by ſome Wretches ſold,
To lye on *Tyrian* Beds, and drink in Gold;
No price too high for profit can be ſhown;
Not Brothers blood, nor hazards of their own.
Around the World in ſearch of it they roam,
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their home;
Mean while the prudent Husbandman is found,
In mutual duties ſtriving with his ground,
And half the year he care of that does take,
That half the year grateful returns does make.
Each fertile month does ſome new gifts preſent,
And with new work his induſtry content.
This, the young Lamb, that the ſoft Fleece doth yield,
This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn, the Field:
All ſorts of Fruit crown the rich *Autumns* pride:
And on a ſwelling Hill's warm ſtony ſide,
The pow'rful Princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does ſhine
In th' evening to a fair enſuing day,
With joy he ſees his Flocks and Kids to play;

And

And loaded Kyne about his Cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound the Milkers hand;
And when from wholſome labor he doth come,
With wiſhes to be there, and wiſht for home,
He meets at door the ſofteſt humane bliſſes,
His chaſte wives welcome, and dear Childrens kiſſes.
When any Rural Holy days invite
His Genius forth to innocent delight,
On Earths fair bed beneath ſome ſacred ſhade,
Amidſt his equal friends careleſly laid,
He ſings thee *Bacchus* Patron of the Vine,
The Beechen Bowl foams with a flood of Wine,
Not to the loſs of reaſon or of ſtrength:
To active games and manly ſport at length:
Their mirth aſcends, and with fill'd veins they ſee,
Who can the beſt at better Tryals be.
Such was the life the prudent *Sabins* choſe,
From ſuch the old *Hetrurian* virtue roſe.
Such, *Remus* and the God his Brother led,
From ſuch firm footing *Rome* grew the World's head.
Such was the Life that ev'n till now does raiſe
The honor of poor *Saturns* Golden days:
Before Men born of Earth and buried there,
Let in the Sea their mortal fate to ſhare.
Before new ways of periſhing were ſought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought.
Before thoſe Beaſts which humane life ſuſtain
By Men, unleſs to the Gods uſe were ſlain.

Horat. Epodon.

Beatus ille qui procul, &c.

HAppy the Man whom bount'ous Gods allow
With his own hands Paternal Grounds to plough!
Like the firſt golden Mortals happy he
From Bus'neſs and the cares of Money free!
No humane ſtorms break off at Land his ſleep.
No loud Alarms of Nature on the deep,
From all the cheats of Law he lives ſecure,
Nor does th' affronts of Palaces endure,
Sometimes the beaut'ous Marriageable Vine
He to the luſty Bridegroom Elm does joyn;
Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,
And grafts new life into the fruitful wound;
Sometimes he ſheers his Flock, and ſometimes he
Stores up the Golden Treaſures of the Bee.
He ſees the lowing Herds walk o'r the Plain,
Whilſt neighb'ring Hills low back to them again:

And when the Seaſon Rich as well as Gay,
All her Autumnal Bounty does diſplay.
How is he pleas'd th' encreaſing Uſe to ſee,
Of his well truſted Labors bend the Tree?
Of which large ſhares, on the glad ſacred days
He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.
With how much joy does he beneath ſome ſhade
By aged Trees rev'rend embraces made,
His careleſs head on the freſh Green recline,
His head uncharg'd with Fear or with Deſign
By him a River conſtantly complains,
The Birds above rejoyce with var'ous ſtrains
And in the ſolemn Scene their *Orgies* keep
Like Dreams mixt With the Gravity of ſleep,
Sleep which does always there for entrance wait
And nought within againſt it ſhuts the Gate.
Nor does the rougheſt ſeaſon of the Sky,
Or ſullen *Jove* all ſports to him deny,
He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,
His well-mouth'd Dogs glad concert rends the Air,
Or with game bolder, and rewarded more
He drives into a Toil, the foaming Bore.
Here flies the Hawk t' aſſault, and there the Net
To intercept the trav'ling Foul is ſet.
And all his malice, all his craft is ſhown
In innocent Wars, on Beaſts and Birds alone.
This is the life from all misfortunes free,
From thee the Great one, Tyrant Love, from Thee;
And if a chaſt, and clean, though homely wife
Be added to the bleſſings of this life,
Such as the antient Sun-burnt *Sabins* were,
Such as *Apulia*, frugal ſtill, does bear,
Who make her Children and the houſe her care,
And joyfully the work of Life does ſhare,
Nor thinks her ſelf too noble or too fine
To pin the Sheepfold or to milk the Kine,
Who waits at door againſt her Husband come
From rural duties, late, and wearied home,
Where ſhe receives him with a kind embrace,
A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face:
And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,
And with domeſtique plenty loads the Board.
Not all the luſtful Shel-fiſh of the Sea,
Dreſt by the wanton hand of Luxury,
Nor *Ortalans*, nor *Godwits*, nor the reſt
Of coſtly names that glorify a Feaſt,
Are at the Prineely Tables better cheer,
Then Lamb and Kid, Lettice and Olives here.

The

The Countrey-Mouſe.

A Paraphraſe upon Horace 2 *Book*, Satyr 6.

AT the large foot of a fair hollow Tree,
Cloſe to plow'd ground, ſeated commodiouſly,
His antient and Hereditary Houſe,
There dwelt a good ſubſtantial Countrey-Mouſe:
Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main.
Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain
A City Mouſe well coated, ſleek, and gay,
A Mouſe of high degree, which loſt his way,
Wantonly walking forth to take the air;
And arriv'd early, and belighted there,
For a days lodging: the good hearty Hoaſt,
(The antient plenty of his Hall to boaſt)
Did all the ſtore produce, that might excite,
With var'ous taſtes, the Courtiers appetite.
Fitches, and Beans, Peaſon, Oats, and Wheat,
And a large Cheſnut the delicious Meat
Which *Jove* himſelf, were he a Mouſe, would eat:
And for a *Hautgouſt* there was mixt with theſe
The Swerd of Bacon, and the Coat of Cheeſe.
The precious Reliques, which at Harveſt, he
Had gathered from the Reapers Luxury.
Freely (ſaid he) fall on and never ſpare,
The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.
Aud thus at eaſe on beds of ſtraw they lay,
And to their Genius ſacrific'd the day.
Yet the nice gueſt's Epicurian mind,
(Though breeding made him civil ſeem, and kind)
Deſpis'd this Countrey feaſt, and ſtill his thought
Upon the Cakes and Pies of *London* wrought.
Your bounty and civility (ſaid he)
Which I'm ſurpriz'd in theſe rude parts to ſee,
Shews that the Gods have given you a mind,
Too noble for the fate which here you find.
Why ſhould a Soul, ſo virt'ous, and ſo great,
Loſe it ſelf thus in an obſcure retreat?
Let ſavage Beaſts lodge in a Countrey Den,
You ſhould ſee Towns, and Manners know, and Men:
And taſte the gen'rous Lux'ry of the Court,
Where all the Mice of quality reſort;
Where thouſand beaut'ous ſhees about you move,
And by high fate, are plyant made to love.
We all e'r long muſt render up our breath,
No cave or hole can ſhelter us from death.

Since

Since Life is so uncertain, and so short,
Let's spend it all in feasting and in sport.
Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake,
All the great things that Mortals happy make.
Alas, what virtue hath sufficient Arms,
T' oppose bright Honor, and soft Pleasures charms?
What wisdom can their magick force repel?
It draws this rev'rend Hermit from his Cel.
It was the time when witty Poets tell,
That Phœbus *into* Thetis *bosome fell:*
She blusht at first, and then put out the light,
And drew the modest Curtains of the night.
Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was set.
When to the Town our wearied Trav'lers get,
To a Lords house as Lordly as can be
Made for the use of Pride and Luxury,
They come; the gentle Courtier at the door
Stops, and will hardly enter in before.
But 'tis, Sir, your command, and being so,
I'm sworn t' obedience, and so in they go.
Behind a Hanging in a spacious room,
(The richest work of *Mortclakes* noble Loom)
They wait a while their wearied limbs to rest,
Till silence should invite them to their feast.
About the hour that Cynthia's *silver light,*
Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the night;
At last the var'ous Supper being done,
It happened that the Company was gone
Into a Room remote, Servants and all,
To please their noble fancies with a Ball.
Our Host leads forth his stranger, and does find,
All fitted to the bounties of his mind.
Still on the Table half-fill'd dishes stood,
And with delic'ous bits the floor was strow'd.
The curt'ous Mouse presents him with the best,
And both with fat varieties are blest,
Th' industr'ous Peasant every where does range,
And thanks the gods for his Life's happy change.
Loe, in the midst of a well fraited Pye,
They both at last glutted and wanton lye.
When see the sad Reverse of prosp'rous fate,
And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait.
With hid'ous noise, down the rude servants come,
Six dogs before run barking into th' room;
The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright.
And hate the fulness which retards their flight.
Our trembling Peasant wishes now in vain,
That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.
Oh how the change of his poor life he curst!
This, of all lives (said he (is sure the worst.

Give

Give me again, *ye Gods*, my Cave and Wood;
With peace, let Tares and Acorns be my food.

A Paraphraſe upon the 10th. *Epiſtle of the firſt Book of* Horace.

Horace *to* Fuſcus Ariſtius.

HEalth from the lover of the Countrey me,
Health, to the lover of the City thee,
A diff'rence in our ſouls this only proves,
In all things elſe we agree like married Doves.
But the warm Neſt, and crowded Dove-houſe thou
Doſt like; I looſly fly from bough to bough,
And Rivers drink, and all the ſhining day,
Upon fair Trees, or moſſy Rocks I play;
In fine, I live and reign when I retire
From all that you equal with Heav'n admire.
Like one at laſt from the Prieſts ſervice fled,
Loathing the hony'd-Cakes, I long for Bread.
Would I a houſe for happineſs erect,
Nature alone ſhould be the Architect.
She'd build it more convenient, than great,
And doubtleſs in the Countrey chuſe her ſeat.
Is there a place doth better helps ſupply,
Againſt the wounds of Winters cruelty?
Is there an Ayr, that gentler does aſſwage
The mad Celeſtial Dogs, or Lyons rage?
Is it not there that ſleep (and only there)
Nor noiſe without, nor cares within doors fear?
Does Art through Pipes a purer Water bring,
Then that which Nature ſtrains into a ſpring?
Can all your Tap'ſtries or your Pictures ſhow
More beauties then in Herbs and Flow'rs do grow?
Fountains and Trees our weari'd Pride do pleaſe,
Ev'n in the midſt of gilded Palaces.
And in your Towns that proſpect gives delight,
Which opens round the Countrey to our ſight.
Men to the good, from which they raſhly fly,
Return at laſt, and their wild Luxury
Does but in vain with thoſe true joys contend,
Which Nature did to mankind recommend.
The man who changes Gold for burniſh Braſs,
Or ſmall right Gems larger ones of Glaſs:
Is not, at length, more certain to be made
Ridiculous, and wretched by the Trade,

Than

Than he, who ſels a ſolid good, to buy
The painted goods of pride and Vanity.
If thou be wiſe, no glor'ous fortune chooſe,
Which 'tis but vain to keep, yet grief to looſe.
For, when we place ev'n trifles, in the heart,
With trifles too, unwillingly we part.
An humble Roof, plain Bed, and homely board,
More clear, untainted pleaſures do afford,
Than all the tumult of vain greatneſs brings
To Kings, or to the Favorites of Kings.
The horned Deer by Nature arm'd ſo well,
Did with the Horſe in common paſture dwell;
And when they fought, the Field it always wan,
Till the ambitious Horſe begg'd help of Man,
And took the Bridle, and thenceforth did reign
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the Plain:
But never after could the Rider get
From off his Back, or from his Mouth the Bit.
So they, who poverty too much do fear,
T'avoid that weight, a greater burden bear;
That they might Pow'r above their equals have,
To cruel Maſters they themſelves enſlave.
For Gold, their Liberty exchang'd we ſee.
That faireſt flow'r, which crowns Humanity.
And all this miſchief does upon them light,
Only, becauſe they know not how, aright,
That great, but ſecret, happineſs to prize,
That's laid up in a little, for the Wiſe:
That is the beſt, and eaſieſt Eſtate,
Which to a man ſits cloſe, but not too ſtrait;
'Tis like a Shooe, it pinches, and it burns,
Too narrow, and too large it overturns.
My deareſt friend ſtop thy deſires at laſt,
And chearfully enjoy the wealth thou haſt.
And, if we ſtill ſeeking for more you ſee,
Chide, and reproach, deſpiſe and laugh at me.
Money was made, not to Command our will,
But all our lawful pleaſures to fulfil.
Shame and woe to us, if w' our wealth obey;
The Horſe doth with the Horſeman run away.

The Countrey Life.

Libr. 4. *Plantarum.*

BLeſt be the man (and bleſt he is) whom e're
(Plac'd out of the roads of Hope or Fear)
A little Field, and little Garden feeds;
The Field gives all that frugal Nature needs,
The wealthy Garden lib'rally beſtows
All ſhe can ask, when ſhe luxurious grows.
The ſpecious inconveniences that wait
Upon a life of Buſineſs, and of State,
He ſees (nor does the ſight diſturb his reſt)
By fools deſir'd, by wicked Men poſſeſt.
Thus, thus (and this deſerv'd great *Virgil*'s praiſe)
The old *Corycian* Yeoman paſt his days,
Thus his wiſe life *Abdolonimus* ſpent:
Th' Ambaſſadors which the great Emp'ror ſent
To offer him a Crown, with wonder found
The rev'rend Gard'ner howing of his Ground,
Unwillingly and ſlow, and diſcontent,
From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went?
And oft he ſtopt in his triumphant way,
And oft look back, and oft was heard to ſay
Not without ſighs, Alaſs, I there forſake
A happier Kingdom than I go to take.
Thus *Aglaus* (a Man unknown to Men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him Then)
Thus liv'd obſcurely then without a Name,
Aglaus now conſign'd t' eternal Fame.
For *Gyges*, the rich King, wicked and great,
Preſum'd at wiſe *Apollo*'s *Delphick* ſeat
Preſum'd to ask, oh thou, the whole Worlds eye,
See'ſt thou a Man, that happier is than I?
The God, who ſcorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,
Aglaus happier is. But *Gyges* cry'd,
In a proud rage, who can that *Aglaus* be?
W' have heard as yet of no ſuch King as He.
And true it was through the whole Earth around
No King of ſuch a name was to be found.
Is ſome old *Hero* of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the Gods derive?
Is it ſome mighty Gen'ral that has done
Wonders in fight, and God-like honours won?
Is it ſome man of endleſs wealth, ſaid he?
None, none of theſe; who can this *Aglaus* be?

After long search, and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last,
Th' *Arcadian* life has always shady been.
Near *Sopho*'s Town (which he but once had seen)
This *Aglaus* who Monarchs envy drew,
Whose Hapiness the Gods stood witness to,
This mighty *Aglaus* was labouring found,
With his own hands in his own little ground.
So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish Gods to mention Thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet Port let my tost Vessel gain,
Of Heavenly rest, this Earnest to me lend,
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

The Garden.

To J. Evelyn *Esquire.*

I Never had any other desire so strong, and so like to Covetousness as that one which I have had always, that I might be Master at last of a small house and large Garden, with very moderate conveniences joyned to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of Nature,

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and entire to lye,
In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, Shorter and Better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own) but several accidents of my ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this World, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of Human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our Own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not yet arrived at my little *Zoar*. *O let me escape thither*, (*is it not a little one?*) *and my Soul shall live.* I do not look back yet; but I have been forced to stop, and make too many halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for *Prose*) what I mean

mean by all this Preface; It is to let you know, That though I have miſt, like a Chymiſt, my great End, yet I account my affections and indeavors well rewarded by ſomething that I have met with by the By; which is, that they have procured to me ſome part in your kindneſs and eſteem; and thereby the honour of having my Name ſo advantagiouſly recommended to Poſterity, by the *Epiſtle* you are pleaſed to prefix to the moſt uſeful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to laſt as long as Moneths and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favorite of mine the moſt predominant, That you chooſe this for your Wife, though you have hundreds of other Arts for your Concubines; though you know them, and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the iſſue of this ſeems to be deſigned by you to the main of the Eſtate; you have taken moſt pleaſure in it, and beſtow'd moſt charges upon its Education: and I doubt not to ſee that Book, which you are pleaſed to promiſe to the World, and of which you have given us a large earneſt in your Calendar, as accompliſht, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no body that poſſeſſes more private happineſs then you do in your Garden; and yet no man who makes his happineſs more publick, by a free communication of the Art and Knowledge of it to others. All that I my ſelf am able yet to do, is onely to recommend to Mankind the ſearch of that Felicity, which you inſtruct them how to Find and to Enjoy.

1.

Happy art thou whom God does bleſs
With the full choice of thine own Happineſs;
And happier yet, becauſe thou'rt bleſt
With prudence how to chooſe the beſt:
In Books and Gardens thou haſt plac'd aright
(Things well which thou doſt underſtand;
And both doſt make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble innocent delight:
And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again doſt meet
Both pleaſures more refined and ſweet:
The faireſt Garden in her Looks,
And in her Mind the wiſeſt Books.
Oh, Who would change theſe ſoft, yet ſolid joys,
For empty ſhows and ſenceleſs noiſe;
And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which ſeem ſuch beauteous Flowers, and are ſuch poiſonous
(Weeds?

2.

When God did Man to his own Likeneſs make,
As much as Clay, though of the pureſt kind,

By the great Potters are refin'd:
Could the Divine Impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of Heaven too did appear,
As far as Earth could such a likeness bear:
That Man no happiness might want,
Which Earth to her first Master could afford;
He did a Garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his Omipotent Word.
As the chief Help and Joy of Human Life,
He gave him the first Gift; first, ev'n before a Wife.

3.

For God, the universal Architect,
'T had been as easie to erect
A Louvre, or Escurial, or a Tower
That might with Heav'n communication hold,
As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power,
In the World's Fabrick those were shown,
And the Materials were all his own.
But well he knew what place would best agree
With Innocence, and with Felicity:
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain;
If any part of either we expect,
This may our Judgement in the search direct;
God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Cain*.

4.

Oh blessed shades! O gentle cool retreat
From all th' immoderate Heat,
In which the frantick World does burn and sweat!
This does the Lion-Star, Ambitions rage;
This Avarice, the Dog-Stars Thirst asswage;
Every where else their fatal power we see,
They make and rule Mans wretched Destiny:
They neither Set, nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'r all the Year;
Whilst we ne'r feel Flame or Influence here.
The Birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in every Tree,
Are not from Fears and Cares more free,
Then we who Lie, or Walk below,
And should by right be Singers too.
What Princes Quire of Musick can excel
That which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing Pay or Give,
They like all other Poets live,
Without reward, or thanks for their obliging parts;

'Tis

'Tis well if they become not Prey:
The whiſtling winds add their leſs artful ſtrains,
And a grave Baſe the murmuring Fountains play;
Nature does all this Harmony beſtow,
But to our Plants, Arts Muſick too,
The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitar we owe;
The Lute it ſelf, which once was Green and Mute,
When *Orpheus* ſtruck th' inſpired Lute,
The Trees danc'd round, and underſtood
By Sympathy the voice of wood.

5.

Theſe are the Spels that to kind Sleep invite,
And nothing does within reſiſtance make,
Which yet we moderately take;
Who would not chooſe to be awake,
While he's incompaſs'd round with ſuch delight:
To th' Ear, the Noſe, the Touch, the Taſte, and Sight?
When *Venus* would her dear *Aſcanius* keep
A Priſoner in the Downy Bands of Sleep,
She Od'rous Herbs and Flowers beneath him ſpread
As the moſt ſoft and ſweeteſt Bed;
Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.
Who, that has Reaſon, and his Smell,
Would not among Roſes and Jaſmin dwell,
Rather then all his Spirits choak
With exhalations of Dirt and Smoak?
And all th' uncleaneſs which does drown
In peſtilential Clouds a populous Town?
The Earth it ſelf breaths better Perfumes here,
Then all to Female Men or Women there,
Not without cauſe about them bear.

6.

When *Epicurus* to the World had taught,
That pleaſure was the chiefeſt good,
(And was perhaps i'th' right, if rightly underſtood)
His life he to his Doctrine brought,
And in a Gardens ſhade that Sovereign Pleaſure ſought:
Whoever a true Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous Luxury.
Vitellius his Table, which did hold
As many Creatures as the Ark of old:
That Fiſcal Table, to which every day
All Countreys did a conſtant Tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford,
Then Natures Liberality,
Helpt with a little Art and Induſtry,
Allows the meaneſt Gard'ners board.

The

The wanton Taſt no Fiſh or Fowl can chooſe,
For which the Grape or Melon ſhe would looſe,
Though all th' Inhabitants of Sea and Air
Be liſted in the Gluttons Bill of Fare;
Yet ſtill the Fruits of Earth we ſee
Plac'd the third Story high in all her Luxury.

7.

But with no Sence the Garden does comply;
None courts or flatters, as it does the Eye:
When the great *Hebrew* King did almoſt ſtrain
The wond'rous Treaſures of his Wealth and Brain,
His Royal Southern Gueſt to entertain;
Though ſhe on Silver Floors did tread,
With bright *Aſſyrian* Carpets on them ſpread,
To hide the Metals Poverty.
Though ſhe look'd up to Roofs of Gold,
And nought around her could behold
But Silk and rich Embroidery,
And *Babylonian* Tapeſtry,
And wealthy *Hirams* Princely Dy:
Though *Ophirs* Starry Stones met every where her Eye;
Though ſhe her ſelf, and her gay Hoſt were dreſt
With all the ſhining glories of the Eaſt;
When laviſh Art her coſtly work had done,
The honour and the prize of Bravery
Was by the Garden from the Palace won;
And every Roſe and Lilly there did ſtand
Better attir'd by Natures hand:
The caſe thus judg'd againſt the King we ſee,
By one that would not be ſo Rich, though wiſer far than he.

8.

Nor does this happy place onely diſpenſe
Such various pleaſures to the Sence,
Here Health it ſelf does live,
That Salt of Life which does to all a reliſh give
Its ſtanding Pleaſure, and Intrinſick Wealth,
The Bodies Virtue, and the Souls good Fortune, Health.
The Tree of Life when it in *Eden* ſtood,
Did its immortal head to Heaven rear;
It laſted a tall Cedar till the Flood;
Now a ſmall thorny ſhrub it does appear;
Nor will it thrive too every where:
It always here is freſheſt ſeen;
'Tis onely here an Ever-green.
If through the ſtrong and beauteous Fence
Of Temperance and Innocence,
And wholeſome Labors and a quiet Mind,
And Diſeaſes paſſage find,

They

They must not think here to assail
A Land unarmed, or without a Guard;
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any Plant is growing here
Which against Death some Weapon does not bear.
Let Cities boast, that they provide
For Life the Ornaments of Pride;
But 'tis the Countrey and the Field,
That furnish it with Staff and Shield.

9.

Where does the Wisdom and the Power Divine
In a more bright and sweet Reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creators real Poetry,
Then when we with attention look
Upon the third days Volume of the Book?
If we could open and intend our Eye,
We all like *Moses* should espy
Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Deity.
But we despise these his Inferior ways,
(Though no less full of Miracle and Praise)
Upon the Flowers of Heaven we gaze;
The Stars of Earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these perhaps do more then they,
The life of Mankind sway.
Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stor'd with Beauty, Power, and Mystery;
Yet to encourage humane Industry,
God has so ordered, that no other part
Such Space, and such Dominion leaves for Art.

10.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it Grafts or Buds the Tree:
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a Docile Schollar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It over-rules, and is her Master here.
It imitates her Makers Power Divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine?
It does, like Grace, the fallen Tree restore
To its blest state of Paradise before:
Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
O'r all the vegetable World command?
And the wild Giants of the Wood receive
What Law he's pleas'd to give?
He bids th' ill-natur'd Crab produce
The gentle Apples Winy Juice;

The

The golden Fruit that worthy is
Of *Galate'as* purple kiſs;
He does the ſavage Hawthorn teach
To bear the Medlar and the Pear,
He bids the ruſtick Plum to rear
A noble Trunk, and be a Peach,
Ev'n *Daphnes* coyneſs he does mock,
And weds the Cherry to her ſtock,
Though ſhe refus'd *Apollo*'s ſuit;
Ev'n ſhe, that chaſt and Virgin-Tree
Now wonders at her ſelf, to ſee
That ſhe's a Mother made, and bluſhes in her fruit:

II.

Methinks I ſee great *Diocleſian* walk
In the *Salonian* Gardens noble ſhade,
Which by his own Imperial hands was made:
I ſee him ſmile methinks, as he does talk
With the Ambaſſadors who come in vain,
T' entice him to a Throne again,
If I, my Friends (ſaid he,) ſhould to you ſhow
All the delights, which in theſe Gardens grow;
'Tis likelier much, that you ſhould with me ſtay,
Than 'tis that you ſhould carry me away:
And truſt me not, my Friends, if every day,
I walk not here with more delight,
Than ever after the moſt happy fight,
In Triumph to the Capitol, I rod,
To thank the gods, and to be thought my ſelf almoſt a god.

6. *Of Greatneſs.*

SInce we cannot attain to Greatneſs, (ſays the *Sieur de Montagne*) let's have our revenge by railing at it: this he ſpoke but in jeſt. I believe he deſired it no more than I do, and had leſs reaſon, for he enjoyed ſo plentiful and honourable a fortune in a moſt excellent Countrey, as allowed him all the real conveniences of it, ſeparated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his condition, I ſhould think it hard meaſure, without being convinced of any crime, to be ſequeſtred from it, and made one of the Principal Officers of State. But the Reader may think that what I now ſay, is of ſmall authority, becauſe I never was, nor ever ſhall be put to the trial: I can therefore only make my Proteſtation,

If ever I more Riches did deſire
Than Cleanlineſs and Quiet do require

If e'r Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any wish, so mean as to be great,
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove
The Humble Blessings of that Life I love.

I know very many men will despise, and some pity me, for this humor, as a poor spirited fellow; but I'm content, and like *Horace*, thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt inopis me quodque pusilli, Finxerunt animi.* I confess I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in love again (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistris, nor my Fortune, should be a *Bona Roba*, nor as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the statelineſs and largeness of her person, but as *Lucretius* says,

Parvula, pumilio, Χαριτων μια, *tota merum sal.*

Where there is one man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Senecio*'s mind, whose ridiculous affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder describes to this effect. *Senecio* was a man of a turbid and confused wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty words and sentences, till this humor grew at last into so notorious a Habit, or rather Disease, as became the sport of the whole Town: he would have no servants, but huge massy fellows; no Plate or Houshold-stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: you may believe me, for I speak it without Railery, his extravagancy came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shooes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet: he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any Fruit but Horse-plums and Pound-pears: he kept a Concubine that was a very Gyantess, and made her walk too always in *Chiopins*, till at last, he got the Surname of *Senecio Grandio*, which *Messala* said, was not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum*: when he declaimed for the three hundred *Lacedemonians*, who alone opposed *Xerxes* his Army, of above three hundred thousand, he stretch'd out his Arms, and stood on tiptoes, that he might appear the taller, and cryed out, in a very loud voice; I rejoyce, I rejoyce—We wondred, I remember, what new great fortune had befaln his Eminence. *Xerxes* (says he) is All mine own. He who took away the sight of the Sea with Canvas Vails of so many Ships ——and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the fault of the Edition, or the Orators own burly way of Nonsence.

This is the character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hiperbolical* Fop, whom we stand amazed at, and yet there are few men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio's*. Is any thing more common, than to see our Ladies of quality wear such high shooes, as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them?

and a Gown as long again as their Body, so that they cannot stir to the next Room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, That all the ostentation of our Grandees is just like a Train of no use in the World, but horribly cumbersome and incommodious. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? how tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather be deposed, than endure every day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly often from these Majestique pleasures (which is, methinks, no small disparagement to them) as it were for refuge, to the most contemptible divertisements, and meanest recreations of the vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Princes of the world, of late, could find out no delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperors of the whole world? If ever any Men had the free and full enjoyment of all humane Greatness (nay that would not suffice, for they would be gods too) they certainly possest it: and yet, one of them who stiled himself Lord and God of the Earth, could not tell how to pass his whole day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors, *Nero* (who never put any bounds, nor met with any stop to his Appetite) could divert himself with no pastime more agreeable, than to run about the streets all night in a disguise, and abuse the women and affront the men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them: This was one of his Imperial nocturnal pleasures. His chiefest in the day, was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the habit of a Minstrel, upon the publick stage: he was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine voice (as they called it then) in those kind of prizes, than all his Forefathers were, of their Triumphs over Nations: He did not at his death complain, that so mighty an Emperor and the last of all the *Cesarian* Race of *Deities*, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an end, but onely cryed out, Alas, what pity 'tis that so excellent a Musitian should perish in this manner! His Unkle *Claudius* spent half his time at playing at Dice, that was the main fruit of his Soveraignty. I omit the madness of *Caligula*'s delights, and the execrable sordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of mankind, a person endowed too with many excellent parts of Nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding stones, with little *Syrian* and *Moorish* Boys, whose company he took delight in, for their prating and their wantonness?

Was it for this, that *Rome*'s best blood he spilt,
With so much Falshood, so much guilt?

Was

Was it for this that his Ambition ſtrove,
To equal *Cæſar* firſt and after *Jove*?
Greatneſs is barren ſure of ſolid joys;
Her Merchandize (I fear) is all in toys,
She could not elſe ſure ſo uncivil be,
To treat his univerſal Majeſty,
His new-created Deity,
With Nuts, and Bounding-ſtones, and Boys.

But we muſt excuſe her for this meager entertainment, ſhe has not really wherewithal to make ſuch Feaſts as we imagine, her gueſts muſt be contented ſometimes but with ſlender Cates, and with the ſame cold meats ſerved over and over again, even till they became Nauſeous. When you have pared away all the Vanity, what ſolid and natural contentment does there remain which may not be had with Five hundred pounds a year? not ſo many ſervants or horſes, but a few good ones, which will do all the buſineſs as well: not ſo many choice diſhes at every meal, but at ſeveral meals, all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleaſant: not ſo rich garments, nor ſo frequent changes, but as warm and as comely, and ſo frequent change too, as is every jot as good for the Maſter, though not for the Tailor, or *Valet de chambre:* not ſuch a ſtately Palace, nor guilt rooms, or the coſtlieſt ſorts of Tapeſtry; but a convenient brick-houſe, with decent Wainſcot, and pretty Foreſt-work Hangings. Laſtly, (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love moſt in both conditions) not whole Woods cut in Walks, nor vaſt Parks, nor Fountain, or Caſcade-Gardens; but Herb, and Flower, and Fruit-Gardens which are more uſeful, and the water every whit as clear and wholeſome as if it darted from the breaſts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the ſubſtance of that former eſtate of Life, do but conſider the inſeparable accidents of both: Servitude, Diſquiet, Danger, and moſt commonly Guilt, Inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquility, Security and Innocence, and when you have thought upon this, you will confeſs that to be a Truth which appeared to you before, but a ridiculous *Paradox*, that a low Fortune is better gurrded and attended than an high one, if indeed we look only upon the flouriſhing Head of the Tree, it appears a more beautiful object:

Sed quantum vertice ad auras
Æthereas tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.

As far as upt'wards Heav'n the Branches grow,
So far the Root ſinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible diſgrace to greatneſs is, that it is for the moſt part in pitiful want and diſtreſs: What a wonderful thing is this? unleſs it degenerate into Avarice, and ſo ceaſe to be Greatneſs:

It falls perpetually into ſuch neceſſities, as drive it into all the meaneſt and moſt ſordid ways of Borrowing, Couſenage, and Robbery, *Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the caſe of almoſt all Great Men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with ſlaves, but are indigent of Money. The ancient Roman Emperors, who had the Riches of the whole World for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at eaſe, and to have been exempt from the preſſures of extream Poverty. But yet with moſt of them, it was much otherwiſe, they fell perpetually into ſuch miſerable penury, that they were forced to devour or ſqueeze moſt of their friends and ſervants, to cheat with infamous projects, to ranſack and pillage all their Provinces. This faſhion of Imperial Grandeur, is imitated by all inferior and ſubordinate ſorts of it, as if it were a point of Honour. They muſt be cheated of a third part of their Eſtates, two other thirds they muſt expend in Vanity, ſo that they remain Debtors for all the Neceſſary Proviſions of life, and have no way to ſatisfy thoſe debts, but out of the ſuccors and ſupplies of Rapine, as Riches encreaſes (ſays *Solomon*) ſo do the Mouths that devour it. The Maſters Mouth has no more than before. The Owner, methinks, is like *Ocnus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay, and an Aſs at the end perpetually eating it. Out of theſe inconveniences ariſes naturally one more, which is, that no Greatneſs can be ſatisfied or contented with it ſelf: ſtill if it could mount up a little higher, it would be Happy, if it could gain but that point, it would obtain all its deſires; but yet at laſt, when it is got up to the very top of the Pic of *Tenarif*, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no poſſibility of aſcending upwards into the ſeat of Tranquility above the Moon. The firſt ambitious Men in the World, the old Giants, are ſaid to have made an Heroical attempt of ſcaling Heaven in deſpight of the gods, and they caſt *Oſſa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*: two or three Mountains more they thought would have done their Buſineſs, but the Thunder ſpoil'd all the work, when they were come up to the third ſtory.

And what a noble plot was croſt.
And what a brave deſigne was loſt.

A famous perſon of their Off-ſpring, the late Gyant of our Nation, when from the condition of a very inconſiderable Captain, he had made himſelf Lieutenant-General of an Army of little *Titans*, which was his firſt Mountain, and afterward General, which was the ſecond, and after that, abſolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almoſt touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believed to have dyed with grief and diſcontent, becauſe he could not attain to the honeſt name of a King, and the old formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the power by a Wicked Uſurpation. If he could have compaſt that, he

he would perhaps have wanted ſomething elſe that is neceſſary to felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperor or a God. The reaſon of this is, that Greatneſs has no reality in Nature, but a Creature of the Fancy, a Notion that conſiſts onely in Relation and Compariſon: It is indeed an Idol; but *St. Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the World.* There is in truth no Riſing or Meridian of the Sun, but only in reſpect to ſeveral places: there is no Right or Left, no upper-hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diverſly compared. There may be perhaps ſome Village in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a Great Man; and in that caſe I ſhould be like *Cæſar*, (you would wonder how *Cæſar* and I, ſhould be like one another in any thing) and chooſe rather to be the Firſt man of the Village, then ſecond at *Rome*. Our Countrey is called *Great Britany*, in regard onely of a Leſſer of the ſame name, it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we conſider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That too, is, but a pitiful Rood of Ground in compariſon of the whole Earth beſides: and this whole Globe of Earth, which we account ſo immenſe a Body, is but one Point or Atome in relation to thoſe numberleſs Worlds that are ſcattered up and down in the infinite Space of the Sky which we behold, The other many inconveniences of grandeur I have ſpoken of diſperſtly in ſeveral Chapters, and ſhall end this with an *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly Copyed, but rudely imitated.

Horace. Lib. 3. Ode 1:

Odi profanum vulgus & arceo.

1.

HEnce ye prophane; I hate ye all;
Both the Great, Vulgar, and the ſmall
To Virgin-Minds, which yet their Native whiteneſs hold,
Not yet Diſcolour'd with the love of Gold,
(That Jaundice of the Soul,
Which makes it look ſo Gilded and ſo Foul)
To you, ye very few, theſe truths I tell,
The Muſe inſpires my Song, Hark, and obſerve it well.

2.

We look on Men, and wonder at ſuch odds
'Twixt things that were the ſame by Birth?
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,
Theſe Giants are but Pigmey's to the Gods.

The

The humblest Bush and proudest Oak,
Are but of equal proof against the Thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and Power
Have their short flourishing Hour;
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their Preeminence awhile;
Even so in the same Land,
Poor Weeds, Rich Corn, gay Flowers, together stand;
Alas, Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.

3.

And all you Men, whom greatness does so please,
Ye feast (I fear) like *Damocles*:
If you your Eyes could upwards move,
(But you (I fear) think nothing is above)
You would perceive by what a little Thread
The Sword still hangs over your head;
No Title of Wine would drown your cares;
No mirth or Musick over-noise your fears.
The fear of Death would you so watchful keep,
As not t' admit the Image of it, sleep.

4.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest Countrey Cottages;
His Poppey grows among the Corn.
The Halcyon sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he does find
Clouds and Darkness in their Mind;
Darkness but half his work will do:
'Tis not enough; he must find Quiet too.

5.

The man, who in all wishes he does make,
Does onely Natures Counsel take.
That wise and happy man will never fear
The evil Aspects of the Year;
Nor tremble, though two Comets should appear;
He does not look in Almanacks to see,
Whether he Fortunate shall be;
Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in th' Heavens conjoyn,
And what they please against the World design,
So *Jupiter* within him shine.

6.

If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
God to your Cares and Fears will set no bound.

What

What would content you? Who can tell?
Ye fear ſo much to loſe what you have got,
As if you lik'd it well.
Ye ſtrive for more, as if it lik'd it not.
Go, level Hills, and fill up Seas,
Spare nought that may your Fancy pleaſe,
But truſt Me when you have done all this;
Much will be miſſing ſtill, and much will be amiſs.

7. *Of Avarice.*

THere are two ſorts of *Avarice*, the one is but of a Baſtard-kind, and that is, the rapacious Appetite of Cain; not for his own ſake, but for the pleaſure of refunding it immediately through all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly ſo called; which is a reſtleſs and unſatiable deſire of Riches, not for any farther end or uſe, but onely to hoard, and preſerve, and perpetually encreaſe them. The Covetous Man, of the firſt kind, is like a greedy *Oſtrich*, which devours any Metal, but 'tis with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a ſhift to digeſt and excern it. The ſecond is like the fooliſh Chough which loves to ſteal Money onely to hide it. The firſt does much harm to Mankind, and a little good too to ſome few. The ſecond does good to none; no, not to himſelf. The firſt can make no excuſe to God, or Angels, or Rational Men for his actions: The ſecond can give no reaſon or colour, not to the Devil himſelf, for what he does; He is a ſlave to Mammon without wages. The firſt makes a ſhift to be beloved; I, and envyed too by ſome people: The ſecond is the univerſal object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been ſo pelted with good Sentences, and eſpecially by the Poets, who have purſued it with Stories and Fables, and Allegories, and Alluſions; and moved, as we ſay, every Stone to fling at it: Among all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one Line of *Ovids*.

Deſunt Luxuriæ multa, Avaritiæ Omnia.
Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which ſaying, I have a mind to add one Member, and render it thus.

Poverty wants Some, Luxury Many, Avarice
All Things.

Some body ſays of a Virtuous and Wiſe Man, That having Nothing, he has All: This is juſt his Antipode, Who, having

having All things, yet has Nothing. He's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold; *Audivi eos Amatores eſſe maximos ſed nil poteſſe.* They'r the fondeſt Lovers, but impotent to Enjoy.

And, oh, What Mans condition can be worſe
Than his, whom Plenty ſtarves, and Bleſſings curſe;
The Beggars but a common Fate deplore,
The Rich poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to paſs, that there has never been any Law made againſt him: Againſt him, do I ſay? I mean, for him; as there are publick Proviſions made for all other Madmen; It is very reaſonable that the King ſhould appoint ſome perſons (and I think the Courtiers would not be againſt this propoſition) to manage his Eſtate during his Life (for his Heirs commonly needed not that care) and out of it to make it their buſineſs to ſee, that he ſhould not want Alimony befitting his condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel fingers. We relieve idle Vagrants, and counterfeit Beggars, but have no care at all of theſe really Poor men, who are (methinks) to be reſpectfully treated in regard of their quality. I might be endleſs againſt them, but I am almoſt choakt with the ſuper-abundance of the Matter; Too much Plenty impoveriſhes me as it does Them. I will conclude this odious Subject with part of *Horace's* firſt *Satyre*, which take in his own familiar ſtile.

I 'dmire *Mæcenas* how it comes to paſs,
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that ſtate:
In which his own choice plants him or his Fate
Happy the Merchant, the old Soldier cries;
The Merchant beaten with tempeſtuous skies,
Happy the Soldier one half hour to thee
Gives ſpeedy death or Glorious Victory.
The Lawyer, knockt up early from his reſt
By reſtleſs Clyents, calls the Peaſant bleſt,
The Peaſant when his labours ill ſucceed,
Envies the Mouth which only Talk does feed.
'Tis not (I think you'l ſay) that I want ſtore
Of Inſtances, if here I add no more,
They are enough to reach at leaſt a mile
Beyond long *Orator Fabias* his Stile,
But, hold, you whom no Fortune e'r endears,
Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,
Who bount'ous *Jove* ſo often cruel call,
Behold, *Jove's* now reſolv'd to pleaſe you all.
Thou Soldier be a Merchant, Merchant, Thou
A Soldier be; and, Lawyer to the Plow.
Change all your ſtations ſtrait, Why do they ſtay?
The Devil a man will change, now when he may,

Were

Were I in Gen'ral *Jove's* abuſed caſe,
By *Jove* I'de cudgel this rebellious Race:
But he's too good; Be all then as you were,
However make the beſt of what you are,
And in that ſtate be chearful and rejoyce,
Which either was your Fate, or was your Choice.
No, they muſt labor yet, and ſweat, and toil,
And very miſerable be awhile.
But 'tis with a Deſign only to gain
What may their Age with plent'ous eaſe maintain.
The prudent Piſmire does this Leſſon teach;
And induſtry to lazy Mankind preach.
The little drudge does trot about and ſweat,
Nor does he ſtrait devour all he can get,
But in his temperate Mouth carries it home
A ſtock for Winter, which he knows muſt come.
And when the rowling World to Creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong ſide of the Year,
And ſhuts them in, with ſtorms, and cold, and wet,
He chearfully does his paſt labor eat:
O, does he ſo? your wiſe example, th' Ant,
Does not at all times Reſt, and Plenty want.
But weighing juſtly a mortal Ants condition
Divides his Life 'twixt Labor and Fruition.
Thee neither heat, nor ſtorms, nor wet, nor cold
From thy unnat'ral diligence can withhold,
To th' *Indies* thou wouldſt run rather then ſee
Another, though a Friend, richer than Thee.
Fond man! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of Treaſure buried under ground?
Which rather than diminiſht e're to ſee
Thou wouldſt thy ſelf too buried with them be:
And what's the diff'rence, is't not quite as bad
Never to Uſe, as never to have Had?
In thy vaſt Barns millions of Quarters ſtore,
Thy Belly for all that will hold no more
Then mine does; every Baker makes much Bread,
What then? He's with no more than others fed.
Do you within the bounds of Nature Live,
And to augment your own you need not ſtrive,
One hundred Acres will no leſs for you
Your Life's whole buſineſs than ten thouſand do.
But pleaſant 'tis to take from a great ſtore;
What, Man? though you'r reſolv'd to take no more
Then I do from a ſmall one? if your Will
Be but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,
To ſome great River for it muſt you go,
When a clear Spring juſt at your feet does flow?
Give me the Spring which does to humane uſe
Safe, eaſy, and untroubled ſtores produce,

He who ſcorns theſe, and needs will drink at *Nile*,
Muſt run the danger of the Crocodile,
And of the rapid ſtream it ſelf which may
At unawares bear him perhaps away.
In a full Flood *Tantalus* ſtands, his skin
Waſht o'r in vain, for ever dry within;
He catches at the ſtream with greedy Lips,
From his toucht Mouth the wanton Torrent ſlips:
You laugh now, and expand your careful brow;
'Tis finely ſaid, but, What's all this to you?
Change but the Name, this Fable is thy ſtory,
Thou in a Flood of uſeleſs Wealth doſt Glory,
Which thou canſt only touch but never taſte;
Th' abundance ſtill, and ſtill the want does laſt.
The Treaſures of the gods thou wouldſt not ſpare,
But when they'r made thine own, they Sacred are,
And muſt be kept with reverence, as if thou
No other uſe of precious Gold did'ſt know,
But that of curious Pictures to delight
With the fair ſtamp thy *Virtuoſo* ſight.
The only true, and genuine uſe is this,
To buy the Things which *Nature* cannot miſs
Without diſcomfort, Oyl, and vital Bread,
And Wine, by which the Life of Life is fed.
And all thoſe few things elſe by which we live;
All that remains is Giv'n for thee to Give;
If Cares and Troubles, Envy, Grief and Fear,
The bitter Fruits be which fair Riches bear;
If a new Poverty grow out of ſtore;
The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

A Paraphraſe on an Ode in Horace's *third Book beginning thus*, Incluſum Danaen turris ahena.

A Tower of Braſs, one would have ſaid,
And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,
And Guards as ſtrict as in the heat of Wars,
Might have preſerv'd one innocent Maidenhead.
The jealous Father thought he well might ſpare,
All further jealous Care,
And as he walkt, t'himſelf alone he ſmil'd,
To think how *Venus* Arts he had beguil'd;
And when he ſlept, his reſt was deep,
But *Venus* laugh'd to ſee and hear him ſleep.
She taught the amorous *Jove*
A Magical receit in Love,
Which Arm'd him ſtronger, and which help'd him more,
Than all his Thunder did, and his Almighty-ſhip before.

2.

She taught him Loves Elixar, by which Art,
His Godhead into Gold he did convert,

No Guards did then his paſſage ſtay,
He paſs'd with eaſe; Gold was the Word;
Subtle as Lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce.
Gold through Doors and Walls did pierce;
And as that works ſometimes upon the ſword,
Melted the Maidenhead away,
Even in the ſecret ſcabbard where it lay.
The prudent *Macedonian* King,
To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine did ſpring.
He broke through Gates with this *Petar*,
'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War;
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,
The Enſign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seamans Star.

3.

Let all the the World ſlave to this Tyrant be,
Creature to this diſguiſed Deity,
Yet it ſhall never conquer me.
A Guard of Virtues will not let it paſs,
And Wiſdom is a Tower of ſtronger Braſs.
The Muſes Lawrel round my Temples ſpread,
'T does from this Lighnings force ſecure my head:
Nor will I lift it up ſo high,
As in the violent Meteors to lye.
Wealth for its power do we honour and adore?
The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great
The vaſt *Xerxean* Army I retreat,
And to the ſmall Laconick forces fly,
Which hold the ſtraights of Poverty.
Sellars and Granaries in vain we fill,
With all the bounteous Summers ſtore,
If the Mind thirſt and hunger ſtill.
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.
Slaves to things we too much prize,
We Maſters grow of all that we deſpiſe.

5.

A Field of Corn, a Fountain and a Wood,
Is all the Wealth by Nature underſtood.
The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* beſtows
All which that grateful Earth can bear,
Deceives himſelf, if he ſuppoſe
That more than this falls to his ſhare.
What ever an eſtate does beyond this afford,
Is not a Rent paid to the Lord;
But is a Tax illegal and unjuſt,
Exacted from it by the Tyrant Luſt.

Much will always wanting be,
To him who much deſires. Thrice happy He
To whom the wiſe indulgency of Heaven,
With ſparing hand, but juſt enough has given.

The dangers of an Honeſt man in much Company.

IF twenty thouſand naked *Americans* were not able to reſiſt the aſſaults of but twenty well-armed *Spaniards*, I ſee little poſſibility for one Honeſt man to defend himſelf againſt twenty thouſand Knaves, who are all furniſht *Cap a pe*, with the defenſive Arms of worldly prudence, and the offenſive too of craft and malice. He will find no leſs odds than this againſt him, if he have much to do in humane affairs. The only advice therefore that I can give him, is, to be ſure not to venture his perſon any longer in the open Campagne, to retreat and entrench himſelf, to ſtop up all Avenues, and draw up all Bridges againſt ſo numerous an Enemy. The truth of it is, that a man in much buſineſs muſt either make himſelf a Knave, or elſe the world will make him a Fool: and if the injury went no farther then the being laught at, a wiſe man would content himſelf with the revenge of retaliation; but the caſe is much worſe, for theſe civil *Cannibals* too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about ſuch a taken ſtranger, but at laſt devour him. A ſober man cannot get too ſoon out of drunken company, though they be never ſo kind and merry among themſelves, 'tis not unpleaſant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a vertuous man ſhould love to be alone, It is hard for him to be otherwiſe; he is ſo, when he is among ten thouſand: neither is the Solitude ſo uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midſt of wild Beaſts. Man is to Man all kind of Beaſts, a fauning Dog, a roaring Lion, a thieving Fox, a robbing Wolf, a diſſembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vulture. The civileſt, methinks, of all Nations, are thoſe whom we account the moſt barbarous, there is ſome moderation and good nature in the *Toupinambaltians*, who eat no Men but their Enemies, whilſt we learned and polite and Chriſtian *Europeans*, like ſo many Pikes and Sharks prey upon every thing that we can ſwallow. It is the greateſt boaſt of Eloquence and Philoſophy, that they firſt congregated men diſperſt, united them into Societies, and built up the Houſes and the Walls of Cities. I wiſh they could unravel all they had woven; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again inſtead of our Caſtles and our Policies. They have aſſembled many thouſands of ſcattered People into one body: 'tis true, they have done ſo, they have brought them together into Cities, to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another: They found them Hunters

ters and Fiſhers of wild creatures, they have made them Hunters and Fiſhers of their Brethren; they boaſt to have reduced them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have onely taught them an Art of War: they have framed, I muſt confeſs, wholeſome Laws for the reſtraint of Vice, but they rais'd firſt that Devil which now they Conjure and cannot Bind; though there were before no puniſhments for Wickedneſs, yet there was leſs committed becauſe there were no Rewards for it. But the men who praiſe Philoſophy from this Topick are much deceived; let Oratory anſwer for it ſelf, the tinckling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm: it never was the work of Philoſphy to aſſemble multitudes, but to regulate onely, and govern them when they were aſſembled, to make the beſt of an evil, and bring them, as much as is poſſible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition onely were the firſt builders of Towns, and Founders of Empires; They ſaid, *Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower, whoſe top may reach unto heaven, and let us make us a name, leſt we be ſcattered abroad upon the face of the Earth.* Gen. 11. 4. What was the beginning of *Rome*, the *Metropolis* of all the World? What was it but a concourſe of Thieves, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? it was juſtly named by the *Augury* of no leſs then twelve Vultures, and the Founder cemented his Walls with the Blood of his Brother; not unlike to this was the beginning even of the firſt Town too in the World; and ſuch is the original ſin of moſt Cities: their Actual encreaſe daily with their Age and Growth; the more People, the more wicked all of them; every one brings in his part to enflame the cogitation, which becomes at laſt ſo univerſal and ſo ſtrong, that no Precepts can be ſufficient Preſervatives, nor any thing ſecure our ſafety, but flight from among the Infected. We ought in the choice of a Scituation to regard above all things the Healthfulneſs of the place, and the healthfulneſs of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But ſuppoſe (which is hardly to be ſuppoſed) we had Antidote enough againſt this Poiſon, nay, ſuppoſe farther, we were always and at all pieces armed and provided both againſt the Aſſaults of Hoſtility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable life to be ever in Alarms, though we were compaſt round with Fire, to defend our ſelves from wild Beaſts, the Lodgings would be unpleaſant, becauſe we muſt always be obliged to watch that fire, and to fear no leſs the defects of our Guard, then the diligences of our Enemy. The ſum of this is, that a virtuous man is in danger to be trod upon and deſtroyed in the crowd of his Contraries nay, which is worſe, to be changed and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impoſſible to eſcape both theſe inconveniences without ſo much caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is the Happineſs of his Life. Ye ſee then, what he may loſe, but, I pray, What can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri neſcio.* Juven. Sat. 3. What ſhould a man of truth and honeſty do at *Rome*? he can neither underſtand, nor ſpeak the Language of the place; a naked man may ſwim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch

Fiſh

Fiſh there; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no Nets, and uſe no Deceits. I think therefore it was wiſe and friendly advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arrived at *Rome*.

Mart. lib. 3.

Honeſt and Poor, faithful in word and thought;
What haſt thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought?
Thou neither the Buffoon nor Bawd canſt play,
Nor with falſe whiſpers th' Innocent betray:
Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get
A living by thy Induſtry and ſweat;
Nor with vain promiſes and projects cheat;
Nor Bribe or Flatter any of the Great,
But you're a man of Learning, prudent, juſt;
A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for truſt.
Why you may ſtay, and live unenvy'd here;
But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the caſe, yet the very ſight of Uncleanneſs is loathſome to the Cleanly; the ſight of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wiſe and Pious.

Lucr. lib. 2.

Lucretius by his favor, though a good Poet; was but an ill-natur'd Man, when he ſaid, It was delightful to ſee other Men in a great ſtorm. And no leſs ill-natur'd ſhould I think *Democritus*, who laughs at all the World, but that he retired himſelf ſo much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleaſure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to *Bedlam*, and have ſeen others very much delighted with the fantaſtical extravagancy of ſo many various madneſſes, which upon me wrought ſo contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholly, but even ſick with the ſight. My compaſſion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thouſand Madmen abroad, without any perturbation; though to weigh the matter juſtly, the total loſs of reaſon is leſs deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of humane Bleſſings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of Wit it ſelf, ſhould pity the abuſe of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wiſe man could paſs never ſo ſecurely through the great Roads of human Life, yet he will meet perpetually with ſo many objects and occaſions of compaſſion, grief, ſhame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all paſſions but envy (for he will find nothing to deſerve that) that he had better ſtrike into ſome private path; nay, go ſo far, if he could, out of the common way, *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum*; that he might not ſo much as hear of the actions of the Sons of *Adam*: But, whither ſhall we fly then? into the Deſerts, like the antient Hermites?

Meſam. 1.

Quia terra patet fera regnat Erynnis,
In facinus juraſſe putes.

One

One would think that all Mankind had bound themſelves by an Oath to do all the wickedneſs they can; that they had all (as the Scripture ſpeaks) ſold themſelves to Sin: the difference onely is, That ſome are a little more crafty (and but a little God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought when I went firſt to dwell in the Countrey, that without doubt I ſhould have met there with the ſimplicity of the old Poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but ſuch as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sidney* in *Arcadia*, or of Monſieur *d'Urſe* upon the Banks of *Lignon*; and began to conſider with my ſelf, which way I might recommend no leſs to Poſterity the Happineſs and Innocence of the Men of *Chertſea*: but to confeſs the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonſtrations, that I was ſtill in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forreſt*; that if I could not content my ſelf with any thing leſs then exact Fidelity in humane converſation, I had almoſt as good go back and ſeek for it in the *Court*, or the *Exchange*, or *Weſtminſter-Hall*. I ask again then, Whither ſhall we fly? or, What ſhall we do? The World may ſo come in a Mans way, that he cannot chooſe but Salute it, he muſt take heed, though not to go a Whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocation, or juſt neceſſity, Men happen to be Married to it, I can only give them St. *Pauls* advice. *Brethren, the time is ſhort, it remains that they that have Wives, be, as though they had none. But I would that all Men were even as I my ſelf.* 1 Cor. 7. 29. Verſe. 7.

In all caſes they muſt be ſure that they do *Mundum ducere* and not *Mundo nubere*. They muſt retain the Superiority and Headſhip over it: Happy are they who can get out of the ſight of this deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led ſo much as into Temptation; who have not only quitted the Metropolis, but can abſtain from ever ſeeing the next Market Town of their Countrey.

Claudian's Old Man of *Verona*.

HAppy the Man who his whole time doth bound
Within th' incloſure of his little ground.
Happy the Man, whom the ſame humble place,
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race)
From his firſt riſing infancy has known,
And by degrees ſees gentle bending down,
With natural propenſion to that Earth
Which both preſerv'd his Life, and gave him Birth.
Him no falſe diſtant lights by Fortune ſet,
Could ever into fooliſh wandrings get.
He never dangers either ſaw or fear'd:
The dreadful ſtorms at Sea he never heard.

He

He never heard the ſhrill allarms of War,
Or the worſe noiſes of the Lawyers Bar.
No change of Conſuls marks to him the year,
The change of ſeaſons is his Calendar.
The Cold and Heat, Winter and Summer ſhows,
Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
He meaſures Time by Land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the Dial of his ground.
A neighboring Wood born with himſelf he ſees,
And loves his old contemporary Trees.
H'as only heard of near *Verona*'s Name,
And knows it like the *Indies* but by Fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the *Red Sea*, and of *Benacus* Lake.
Thus Health and Strength he to a third age enjoys,
And ſees a long poſterity of Boys.
About the ſpacious World let others Roam,
The Voyage Life is longeſt made at home.

9. *The ſhortneſs of Life and uncertainty of Riches.*

IF you ſhould ſee a man that were to croſs from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very buſy and ſolicitous, and trouble himſelf many weeks before in making proviſions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and diſcreet perſon, or laugh at him for a timerous and impertinent Coxcomb? A man who is exceſſive in his pains and diligence, and who conſumes the greateſt part of his time in furniſhing the remainder with all conveniences and even ſuperfluities, is to Angels and wiſe men no leſs ridiculous; he does as little conſider the ſhortneſs of his paſſage that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas, ſo narrow a ſtreight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*. We are all Ἐφήμεροι (as *Pindar* calls us) Creatures of a day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our deſires to that little ſpace; as if it were probable that every day ſhould be our laſt, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a time. The Sun ought not to ſet upon our Covetouſneſs no more than upon our Anger, but as to God Almighty a thouſand years are as one day, ſo in direct oppoſition, one day to the Covetous man is a thouſand years; *tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, ſo far he ſhoots beyond his Butt: One would think he were of opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hoped for ſo long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almoſt ſuch a Life, made, we are ſure, leſs ſtores for the maintaining of it; they who lived Nine hundred

dred years ſcarcely provided for a few days; we who live but a few days, provide at leaſt for Nine hundred years; what a ſtrange alteration is this of Humane Life and Manners? and yet we ſee an imitation of it in every mans particular experience, for we begin not the cares of Life till it be half ſpent, and ſtill encreaſe them as that decreaſes. What is there amongſt the actions of Beaſts ſo illogical and repugnant to reaſon? when they do any thing which ſeems to proceed from that which we call Reaſon, we diſdain to allow them that perfection, and attribute it only to a Natural Inſtinct? and are not we Fools too by the ſame kind of Inſtinct? If we could but learn to number our days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we ſhould adjuſt much better our other accounts, but whil'ſt we never conſider an end of them, it is no wonder if our cares for them be without end too. *Horace* adviſes very wiſely, and in excellent good words, *ſpacio brevi ſpem longam reſeces*, From a ſhort life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They muſt be pruned away like Suckers that choak the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing fruit. And in another place to the ſame ſence, *Vita ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam*, which *Seneca* does not mend when he ſays, *Oh quanta dementia eſt ſpes longas inchoantium!* but he gives an example there of an acquaintance of his named *Senecio*, who from a very mean beginning by great induſtry in turning about of Money through all ways of gain, had attained to extraordinary Riches, but died on a ſudden after, having ſupped merrily. *In ipſo actu bene cedentium rerum, in ipſo procurrentis fortunæ impetu*, In the full courſe of his good fortune, when ſhe had a high Tide and a ſtiff Gale, and all her Sails on; upon which occaſion he cries, out of *Virgil*

Inſere nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites,

Go *Melibæus*, now,
Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vinyards plant;
Behold the Fruit!

For this *Senecio* I have no compaſſion, becauſe he was taken as we ſay, *in ipſo facto*, ſtill labouring in the work of Avarice, but the poor rich man in *St. Luke* (whoſe caſe was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me for he ſeems to have been ſatisfied at laſt, he confeſſes he had enough for many years, he bids his ſoul take its eaſe, and yet for all that, God ſays to him; *Thou fool, this night thy ſoul ſhall be required of thee*, and the things thou haſt laid up, Whom ſhall they belong to? Where ſhall we find the cauſes of this bitter Reproach and terrible Judgement? we may find, I think, Two, and God perhaps ſaw more. Firſt, that he did not intend true Reſt to his Soul, but only to change the employments of it from Avarice to Luxury, his deſign is to eat and drink, and to be merry. Secondly, that he went on too long before he *Luke* 12. 20.

thought of reſting; the fulneſs of his old Barns had not ſufficed him, he would ſtay till he was forced to build new ones; and God meted out to him in the ſame meaſure; Since he would have more Riches than his Life could contain, God deſtroy'd his Life, and gave the fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away ſometimes the Man from his Riches, and no leſs frequently Riches from the Man; what hope can there be of ſuch a Marriage, where both parties are ſo fickle and uncertain? By what bonds can ſuch a couple be kept long together?

1.

Why doſt thou heap up Wealth, which thou muſt quit,
Or, What is worſe, be left by it?
Why doſt thou load thy ſelf, when thou'rt to fly,
Oh Man ordain'd to dy?

2.

Why doſt thou build up ſtately Rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie:
Thou ſow'ſt and Planteſt, but no Fruit muſt ſee,
For Death, alas! is ſowing Thee.

3.

Suppoſe, thou Fortune could no tamneſs bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppoſe thou could'ſt on Fate ſo far prevail
As not to cut off thy Entail.

4.

Yet Death at all that ſubtilty will laugh,
Death will that fooliſh Gardner mock,
Who does a ſlight and annual Plant engraff,
Upon a laſting ſtock:

5.

Thou doſt thy ſelf wiſe and induſtrious deem;
A mighty Husband thou wouldſt ſeem;
Fond Man! like a bought ſlave, thou all the while
Doſt but for others ſweat and toil.

6.

Officious fool! that needs muſt medling be
In buſineſs that concerns not thee!
For when to future years thou extend'ſt thy cares
Thou deal'ſt in other mens affairs.

7. Even

7.

Even aged Men, as if they truly were
Children again, for Age prepare,
Proviſions for long travail they deſign,
In the laſt point of their ſhort Line.

8.

Wiſely the Ant againſt poor Winter hoords
The Stock which Summers wealth affords,
In Graſhoppers that muſt at Autumn dye,
How vain were ſuch an induſtry?

9.

Of Power and Honor the deceitful Light
Might half excuſe our cheated ſight,
If it of Life the whole ſmall time ſhould ſtay,
And be our Sunſhine all the day.

10.

Like Lightning that, begot but in a Cloud
(Though ſhining bright, and ſpeaking loud)
Whilſt it begins, concludes its violent Race,
And where it Guilds, it wounds the place.

11.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which do'ſt fair appear,
Only to Men that ſtand not near!
Proud Poverty, that Tinſel brav'ry wears!
And, like a Rainbow, painted Tears!

12.

Be prudent, and the ſhore in proſpect keep,
In a weak Boat truſt not the deep.
Plac'd beneath Envy, above envying riſe;
Pity Great Men, Great Things deſpiſe.

13.

The wiſe example of the Heavenly Lark,
Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley* mark,
Above the Clouds let thy proud Muſick ſound,
Thy humble Neſt build on the Ground.

10. The danger of Procraſtination.

A Letter to Mr. S. L.

I Am glad that you approve and applaud my deſign, of withdrawing my ſelf from all tumult and buſineſs of the World; and conſecrating the little reſt of my time to thoſe ſtudies, to which Nature had ſo Motherly inclined me, and from which Fortune, like a Step-mother has ſo long detained me. But nevethele ſs (you ſay), which, *But*, is *Ærugo mera*, a ruſt which ſpoils the good Metal it grows upon. But (you ſay) you would adviſe me not to precipitate that reſolution, but to ſtay a while longer with patience and complaiſance, till I had gotten ſuch an Eſtate as might afford me (according to the ſaying of that perſon whom you and I love very much, and would believe as ſoon as another man) *Cum dignitate otium.* This were excellent advice to *Joſua*, who could bid the Sun ſtay too. But there's no fooling with Life when it is once turn'd beyond forty. The ſeeking for a Fortune then, is but a deſperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one, if a man fling two Sixes and recover all; eſpecially, if his hand be no luckier than mine. There is ſome help for all the defects of Fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wiſhes, he may have remedy by cutting of them ſhorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneas* who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it ſeems) a bountiful perſon, to recommend to Him who had made ſo many Rich, one *Pythocles*, a friend of his, whom he deſired might be made a rich man too; But I intreat you that you would not do it juſt the ſame way as you have done to many leſs deſerving perſons, but in the moſt Gentleman manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his Eſtate, but to take ſomething from his deſires. The ſumm of this is, That for the certain hopes of ſome conveniences we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is neceſſary, eſpecially, when the uſe of thoſe things which we would ſtay for, may otherwiſe be ſupplyed, but the loſs of time never recovered: Nay, farther yet, though we were ſure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were ſure of getting never ſo much by continuing the Game, yet when the Light of Life is ſo near going out, and ought to be ſo precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandele*, The play is not worth the expence of the Candle: after having been long toſt in a tempeſt, if our Maſts be ſtanding, and we have ſtill Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants; *Utere velis, Totos pande ſinus.* A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Priſoner, and loſt his life afterwards, only by ſtaying to put on a Band, and adjuſt his Periwig: He would eſcape like a perſon of

Horat.

quali-

quality, or not at all, and dyed the noble Martyr of Ceremony, and Gentility. I think your councel of *Feſtina lente* is as ill to a man who is flying from the world, as it would have been to that unfortunate wel-bred Gentleman, who was ſo cautious, as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace*'s advice before yours.

———*Sapere Aude, Incipe*———

Begin the getting out of doors is the greateſt part of the Journey. *Varro* teaches us that *Latine* Proverb, *Portam Itinere longiſſimam eſſe*: But to return to *Horace*, *Libr.* 1. *Agric.*

———*Sapere aude,*

Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam.
Ruſticus expectat dum labitur Amnis, at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a Rivers Bank expecting ſtay,
Till the whole ſtream, which ſtopt him, ſhould be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on,

Cæſar (the man of Expedition above all others) was ſo far from this Folly, that whenſoever in a journey he was to croſs any River, he never went one foot out of his way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry, but flung himſelf into it immediately, and ſwam over; and this is the courſe we ought to imitate, if we meet with any ſtops in our way to Happineſs. Stay till the waters are low, ſtay till ſome Boats come by to tranſport you, ſtay till a Bridge be built for you; You had even as good ſtay till the River be quite paſt. *Perſius* (who you uſe to to ſay, you do not know whether he be a good Poet or no, becauſe you cannot underſtand him, and whom therefore (I ſay) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd expreſſion of theſe Procraſtinators, which, methinks, is full of Fancy.

Jam Cras Heſternum conſumpſimus, Ecce aliud Cras
Egerit hos annos. *Perſ. Sat. 5.*

Our Yeſterdays To morrow now is gone,
And ſtill a new To morrow does come on,
We by To morrows draw up all our ſtore,
Till the exhauſted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate*, and *Feſtina lente*, and three or four other more of your New *Latine* Sentences: if I ſhould draw upon you all my forces

forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as Triary for your next charge. I shall only give you now a light skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so, *Vale.*

Mart. Lib. 5. *Epigr.* 59.

To morrow you will Live, you always cry;
In what far Countrey does this morrow lye,
That 'tis so mighty long e'r it arrive?
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?
'Tis so far fetcht this Morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very Old and very Dear.
To morrow I will live, the Fool does say;
To Day it self 's too late, the Wise liv'd Yesterday.

Mart. Lib. 2. *Ep.* 90.

Wonder not, Sir, (you who instruct the Town
In the true Wisdom of the Sacred Gown)
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold
Patiently out, till I grow Rich and Old.
Life for Delays and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet, made haste enough to Live.
Let him defer it, whose prepostrous care
Omits himself, and reaches to his Heir.
Who does his Fathers bounded stores despise,
And whom his own too never can suffice:
My humble thoughts no glittering roofs require,
Or Rooms that shine with ought but constant Fire,
I well content the Avarice of my sight
With the fair guildings of reflected Light:
Pleasures abroad, the sport of Nature yields
Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields.
And then at home, What pleasure is't to see
A little cleanly chearful Family?
Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her
Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,
No, not too Rich, too Fair, too Fond of me:
Thus let my life slide silently away,
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

11. *Of my Self.*

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a man to write of himſelf, it grates his own heart to ſay any thing of diſparagement, and the Readers Ears to hear any thing of praiſe from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune, allow me any materials for that Vanity. It is ſufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preſerved me from being ſcandalous, or remarkable on the defective ſide. But beſides that, I ſhall here ſpeak of my ſelf, only in relation to the ſubject of theſe precedent diſcourſes, and ſhall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than riſe up to the eſtimation of moſt people. As far as my memory can return back into my paſt Life, before I knew, or was capable of gueſſing what the world, or glories, or buſineſs of it were, the natural affections of my ſoul gave a ſecret bent of averſion from them, as ſome Plants are ſaid to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themſelves, and inſcrutable to mans underſtanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, inſtead of running about on Holydays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to ſteal from them and walk into the fields, either alone with a Book, or with ſome one Companion, if I could find any of the ſame temper. I was then too, ſo much an Enemy to conſtraint, that my Maſters could never prevail on me, by any perſwaſions, or encouragements, to learn without Book the common Rules of Grammar, in which they diſpenced with me alone, becauſe they found I made a ſhift to do the uſual exerciſe out of my own reading and obſervation. That I was then of the ſame mind as Iam now (which I confeſs, I wonder at my ſelf) may appear at the latter end of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other Verſes. The beginning of it is boyiſh, but of this part which I here ſet down (if a very little were corrected) I ſhould hardly now be much aſhamed.

9.

This only grant me, that my means may lye
Too low for Envy, for contempt too high.
Some Honour I would have
Not from great deeds, but good alone.
The unknown are better than ill known.
Rumour can ope' the Grave,
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of Friends.

10.

Books ſhould, not buſineſs, entertain the Light,
And ſleep, as undiſturb'd as Death, the Night.

My

My Houſe a Cottage, more
Then Palace, and ſhould fitting be
For all my Uſe, no Luxury.
My Garden painted o'r
With Natures hand, not Arts; and Pleaſures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

II.

Thus would I double my Lifes fading ſpace,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
Theſe unbought ſports, that happy State,
I would not fear nor wiſh my fate,
But boldly ſay each night,
To morrow let my Sun his beams diſplay,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to Day.

You may ſee by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Concluſion is taken out of *Horace*; and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which ſtampt firſt, or rather engraved the Characters in me: They were like Letters cut in the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree ſtill grow proportionably. But, how this love came to be produced in me ſo early, is a hard queſtion: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head firſt with ſuch Chimes of Verſe, as have never ſince left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take ſome pleaſure in it, there was wont to lye in my Mothers Parlor (I know not by what accident, for ſhe her ſelf never in her life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lye *Spenſers* Works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Gyants, and Monſters, and brave Houſes, which I found every where there: (Though my underſtanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the tinckling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, ſo that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as immediately as a Child is made an Eunuch. With theſe affections of mind, and my heart wholly ſet upon Letters, I went to the Univerſity; But was ſoon torn from thence by that violent Publick ſtorm which would ſuffer nothing to ſtand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to Me, the Hyſſop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in ſuch a Tempeſt; for I was caſt by it into the Family of one of the beſt Perſons, and into the Court of one of the beſt Princeſſes of the World. Now though I was here engaged in ways moſt contrary to the Original deſign of my life, that is, into much company, and no ſmall buſineſs, and into a daily ſight of Greatneſs, both Militant and Triumphant (for that was the ſtate then of the *Engliſh* and the *French* Courts) yet all this was ſo far from altering my Opinion, that it onely added the confirmation of Reaſon to that which was before but

but Naural Inclination. I ſaw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch, or intice me, when I ſaw that it was Adulterate. I met with ſeveral great Perſons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their Greatneſs was to be liked or deſired, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a ſtorm, though I ſaw many Ships which rid ſafely, and bravely in it. A ſtorm would not agree with my ſtomach if it did with my Courage; though I was in a croud of as good company as could be found any where, though I was in buſineſs of great and honourable truſt, though I eat at the beſt Table, and enjoyed the beſt conveniences for preſent ſubſiſtance that ought to be deſired by a man of my condition in baniſhment and publick diſtreſſes; yet I could not abſtain from renewing my old School-boys Wiſh in a Copy of Verſes to the ſame effect.

Well then; I now do plainly ſee
This buſy World and I ſhall ne'r agree, *&c.*

And I never then propoſed to my ſelf any other advantage from His Majeſties happy Reſtoration, but the getting into ſome moderately convenient Retreat in the Countrey, which I thought in that caſe I might eaſily have compaſſed, as well as ſome others, who with no greater probabilities or pretences have arrived to extraordinary fortunes: But I had before written a ſhrewd Propheſie againſt my ſelf, and I think *Apollo* inſpired me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it.

Thou, neither graet at Court, nor in the War,
Nor at th' *Exchange* ſhalt be, nor at the wrangling Bar;
Content thy ſelf with the ſmall barren praiſe,
Which neglected Verſe does raiſe. *&c.*

However by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the deſigne which I had reſolved on, I caſt my ſelf into it *A Corpus perdi*, without making capitulations, or taking counſel of Fortune. But, God laughs at Man, who ſays to his Soul, *Take thy eaſe*: I met preſently not onely with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with ſo much ſickneſs (a new misfortune to me) as would have ſpoiled the happineſs of an Emperor as well as Mine: Yet I do neither repent nor alter my courſe. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum*; Nothing ſhall ſeparate me from a Miſtriſs, which I have lov'd ſo long, and have now at laſt married; though ſhe neither has brought me a rich Portion, nor lived yet ſo quietly with me as I hoped from Her.

——Nec vos dulciſſima mundi
Nomina, vos Muſæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.

Nor by me e'r ſhall you,
You of all Names the ſweeteſt and the beſt,
You Muſes, Books, and Liberty and Reſt;
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forſaken be,
As long as Life it ſelf forſakes not Me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation; becauſe I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verſes, I will maintain the Humor to the laſt.

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem, &c.

SInce deareſt Friend, 'tis your deſire to ſee
A true Receipt of Happineſs from Me;
Theſe are the chief Ingredients, if not all,
Take an Eſtate neither too great nor ſmall,
Which *Quantum ſufficit* the Doctors call.
Let this Eſtate from Parents care deſcend;
The getting it too much of Life does ſpend.
Take ſuch a Ground, whoſe gratitude may be
A fair encouragement for induſtry.
Let conſtant Fires the Winters fury tame;
And let thy Kitchens be a Veſtal Flame.
Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law;
And rarely, very rarely Buſineſs draw.
Thy active Mind in equal Temper keep,
In undiſturbed Peace, yet not in ſleep.
Let Exerciſe a vigorous Health maintain,
Without which all the compoſition's vain.
In the ſame weight Prudence and Innocence take,
Ana of each does the juſt mixture make.
But a few friendſhips wear, and let them be
By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.
Inſtead of Art and Luxury in food,
Let Mirth and Freedom make thy Table good.
If any cares into thy Day-time creep,
At night without Wines Opium, let them ſleep.
Let reſt, which Nature does to darkneſs wed,
And not Luſt, recommend to thee thy Bed,

Be

Be ſatisfy'd, and pleas'd with what thou art;
Act chearfully and well th' allotted part,
Enjoy the preſent Hour, be thankful for the Paſt,
And neither fear, nor wiſh th' approaches of the laſt.

Martial Book 10. *Epigram* 96.

ME who have liv'd ſo long among the great,
You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat:
And a Retreat ſo diſtant, as may ſhow
No thoughts of a return when once I go.
Give me a Countrey how remote ſo e'r,
Where happineſs a mod'rate rate does bear,
Where poverty it ſelf in plenty flows.
And all the ſolid uſe of Riches knows.
The ground about the houſe maintains it there,
The Houſe maintains the ground about it here.
Here even hunger's dear, and a full board,
Devours the vital ſubſtance of the Lord.
The Land it ſelf does there the feaſt beſtow,
The Land it ſelf muſt here to Market go.
Three or four ſuits one Winter here does waſt,
One ſuit does there three or four Winters laſt.
Here every frugal Man muſt oft be cold,
And little Luke-warm-fires are to you ſold.
There Fire's an Element, as cheap and free,
Almoſt as any other of the Three.
Stay you then here, and live among the Great,
Attend their ſports, and at their Tables eat.
When all the bounties here of Men you ſcore:
The Places bounty there, ſhall give me more.

Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

Hic, O Viator, ſub Lare parvulo,
Couleius *Hic eſt Conditus, Hic Jacet*
Defunctus humani Laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuaque vita,
Non Indecora pauperie *Nitens,*
Et non inerti *nobilis* otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitis animoſus hoſtis.

Poſſis

Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En Terra jam nunc Quantula *ſufficit?*
Exempta ſit Curis, viator,
Terra ſit illa Levis, precare.
Hic *ſparge* Flores, *ſparge breves* Roſas,
Nam vita gaudet Mortu Floribus,
Herbiſque Odoratis Corona
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.

FINIS.